

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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EMERSON COLLEGE of ORATORY

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SUMMER SESSION.

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"For ill can poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime;
And painting, mute and motionless
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought
Illusions perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought
And sculpture to be dumb."

GREETING.

To all our friends, both old and new, we extend most cordial greeting. With this issue we begin the fourth year of our existence. We rejoice at the success of the year just closed as judged by the condition of our treasury, and by the many pleasant words both written and spoken, which we have received. We want to do greater and better things this year. We want to supply just the needs of our students and general readers.

We hope to issue seven numbers this year in place of the six of the year just closed. This was our promise, could we be assured of one hundred and fifty *new* subscribers. That

number has not yet been reached but we believe it will be, in which case we stand ready to adhere to our part of the bargain.

We believe we can live up to the high standard already attained by our paper, and in some cases we hope to exceed it. We have articles promised from leading educators, in which we shall hope to include every department of our work. One lecture each month from President Emerson is assured to us, and as this is the only form in which his lectures may be obtained this year, every student will feel the necessity of having the Magazine for these alone.

We are always glad to receive articles from our graduates, and to answer any questions which they may send to us, hoping thereby to open up topics for wider discussion which may prove of inestimable benefit to all readers.

There have been some few changes in the Management. We are glad to announce as associated with us:—

Ass't Editor: B. C. Edwards.

Editorial staff; Anna H. Whitehead, Edith M. Whitmore, Mary E. Cameron, Frank J. Stowe, Frederic Metcalf.

We feel that we are launching our little bark into known waters. We anticipate pleasant seas and sunny skies, and we fondly hope that she may return to us freighted with the sincere thanks of those whom we, in our weakness but with earnest desire of helpfulness, have been the means of aiding.

The growth of Emerson College is almost phenomenal. This year finds her with a fuller attendance than ever. Canada, California, and Washington are represented here; and so are also Australia, Armenia and Japan. What of the future?

SUMMER SESSION.

The annual summer session of the Emerson College of Oratory was held at Cottage City, in connection with the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute. It was conducted under the management of the following members of the Faculty: Prof. Kidder, Prof. Tripp and Miss King. As usual there was a large class of teachers and students from all parts of the country. Prof. Tripp was in special charge of the Physical Culture. Miss King of the voice work, while Prof. Kidder directed the studies in Vocal Physiology. The classes in Evolution of Expression were taught by all the teachers, and lectures upon the philosophy of the work, were given by each member of the Faculty. The enthusiasm of the classes was marked throughout the course, and the work closed with congratulations from all, including the management of the Institute, who expressed a desire that the session should be conducted next summer under the same auspices.

Next month we shall publish the lecture recently given before the school by the well-known Shakespearean scholar and critic, Dr. William Rolfe, on "The Baconian Lunacy."

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

The Emerson College Library is steadily growing, about 600 volumes having been added since last year. These, together with those before purchased, make a total of about 1,000 volumes, all on the shelves and ready for use.

During the last vacation, these new books were added, and the whole library re-classified and re-numbered. A new catalogue has been issued, and is now in the hands of the printer. It is hoped that in a very few days the copies will be in the reading room and ready for use.

We believe the library has already proven its great value to the whole college, and it is pleasing to note the free use made of the books, as evidenced by the number of students to be seen in the library room after school hours.

We hope that the members of all the classes will remember that it is for their use, and designed to aid them in their work.

Our friends are cordially invited to step in and inspect the books.

FREDRIC A. METCALF,
Chairman Library Committee.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Miss Mildred Southwick, and Master Earle Seymour Kidder, two of the new additions which the summer has brought into our Faculty-circle—we extend the warmest of greetings and the heartiest of congratulations. We congratulate the happy parents, also, but our especial felicitations are extended to the fortunate little strangers themselves. Their lots have been cast in pleasant places.

"With an attent ear" we shall listen for the first utterances of those tiny tongues, and our faith in heredity will be eternally shaken if we do not hear "maza scaha" and the "high back" scale articulated with artistic artlessness.

We trust that neither Miss Mildred nor Master Earle will be moved to select the still small hours of the night or early dawn for the practice of their vocal exercises, but we feel confident that should they manifest this fatal tendency their respective parents are "armed and well prepared" so to place "right objects of thought" before their infant minds as to correct the fault in its incipency.

The fairies might have made things more interesting for Miss Ruth and Master Emerson, if they had seen fit to send Miss Mildred to Melrose and Master Earle to Beverly, but we look forward to the future with the hope that perhaps Cupid will effect the interchange later on.

And speaking of Cupid reminds us of the pranks that sly little chap has been playing with the heart and the moustache of Prof. Metcalf. Most of our readers know that on Wednesday, September 18th, Miss Winifred J. Woodside, '92, and Mr. Frederic A. Metcalf, '89, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock; and most of our readers know, also, that the

smiling face of this same Mr. Professor turned up on opening day, save the moustache which had for several years been one of its chief adornments. Whether two such material changes following each upon the other so closely have any nearer connection than appears on the surface, we can only conjecture. We deplore the loss of this, our last Faculty-bachelor, but find some little consolation in the fact that the fair bride is an Emersonian, and our most cordial good wishes go out to the happy couple. May all joy, peace and prosperity attend them.

M. E. C.

OPENING DAY.

PROFESSOR SOUTHWICK'S ADDRESS UPON "RESPONSIBILITY."

"Who is there? O, I wish I were!" Such is the sentiment of those absent ones who have experienced the annual home-gathering at Emerson College.

"We are all here." That was the way it seemed when, at the usual hour, the faculty entered Berkeley Hall and Dr. Emerson stood before us and, in a few short sentences, made every one feel at home.

After the other members of the Faculty had spoken their words of welcome, Professor Southwick made an earnest, practical, eloquent address, which we gladly give in full because of a number of urgent requests for it and because it conveys, as no words of ours can, the spirit in which the work of the year has begun.

FELLOW STUDENTS:—Rest assured that you are most heartily welcomed here, if at this hour you yet entertain any doubts. We meet with you in a body, this morning, to make you feel this and to tell you what you are to do and how, so that to-morrow you may all be at work. You can hardly expect much instruction to-day, and I shall not attempt any setting forth of the work of the Emerson College, any description of the studies or discussion of its methods. If Pres. Emerson does not present these matters to you to-day they will be rapidly unfolded from day to day in the work itself.

The little I have to say is essentially personal, and is what I would say in a friendly talk with each student, if I could have such a talk with each one. Nor need I apologize for presenting to freshmen ostensibly, but in reality to all fellow-workers,—principles which have long been familiar to older students here, for a large part of a teacher's duty, consists, not in telling new things, but in reminding others of what they already know and inspiring them to the best use of this knowledge.

You have come to begin work at the largest school of oratory in the world. Some of you, perhaps, have come because of that fact. That is a good reason. (Laughter and applause.) But it is not because of its advanced elocution only that it is the leading school. That is a tributary influence. It is because the development of true manhood and womanhood are put before all attainments, (applause) and because the New Philosophy of Expression deepens sources of power rather than counterfeits its effects, or chases its appearances. It is because of the results attained in life and usefulness, the living, leavening influence of those who go forth, helping and doing and being. It is because of the spirit of the founder, which by appealing ever to what is highest in others, not only draws out but draws up; (applause); and expressed through methods of education that develop the potentialities, that shape the lives of others. I might almost say in the recollection of certain persons who come to my mind, that "make over" others. This institution has grown because of the kind of man, the kind of woman sent forth from its doors.

And, if amid the great procession of those who go back to their homes, or go forth to fields of labor, stronger, nobler than they came, there be a few who having eyes saw not and having ears heard not, their very separation has made them conspicuous if not shining marks. Many there be in the world who stumble through ignorance and weakness, but if you want a first-class devil you must find him in one who rebels in *heaven*.

Some of you who have newly come have heard something about the "Emersonian Spirit."

You have encountered a little of it in the office and corridor this morning. You have heard some expression of it as we of the teaching staff have come upon the platform. Now we have neither been atheistic enough to believe these greetings insincere, nor vain enough to suppose them elicited by any special merit in ourselves. But these cheers evidence a belief on the part of those who know us that we have come back with the ability and with the consecrated purpose to help them, and that they call for the best that is in us, and, moreover, declare their readiness to stand with us shoulder to shoulder, and give their loyal and earnest support in every effort for a common cause. (Applause.) And these cheers are at once a pledge and an appeal. We accept them as such, and feel upon us a demand and a duty to which we will respond with every ounce of strength that in us lies. Such is the Emersonian spirit. It is an enthusiasm of a common purpose and a mutual helpfulness. A few outside folks, souls in outer darkness, who have never felt enthusiasm for anything and never will, deprecate it. I am real sorry for them. They are a dry and stringy kind of people. (Laughter.) The wise know that love and enthusiasm are the mainsprings of every generous and healthy soul, and of them are born all noble achievements. (Applause.) They are great working forces in this world.

That which gives power to the individual should give blessings to the race. Your knowledge, my knowledge is for others. We complain of the unrighteous distribution of wealth. There is such a thing as an avarice of knowledge as well as an avarice of wealth, and it is even more unrighteous. You will immediately agree to this if you think of it, and the place and time to begin the distribution of this knowledge for the benefit of others is here and now, not elsewhere and hereafter. The common saying is fallacious, because of the half truth contained in it, that school is a preparation for life. It is life. The ideal society is to be found in the ideal school. It is the place to learn and to obey God's laws; to learn that self-government, to discover and establish that

relationship of the individual to society and its separate members, which constitute the ideal community. Individual students are educated in the class-room, and society from the pulpit and rostrum and printing press, but the true *relationship* of the individual to society should be taught and established in the ideal school. The aim of education has been defined as the enlarging and enriching and uplifting of the whole nature of man. This is good, but perhaps too indefinite to become much of a working force. Let me venture a definition of my own. The end of education is the development of an enlightened responsibility for others. (Applause.) As it is now conceded that education means development and not merely acquisition, I am inclined to think that this definition will hold. If a man have not this enlightened responsibility surely he is not educated,—that is, developed, even though stuffed full of erudition. Responsibility needs enlightenment to save the man from the danger of narrowness, but enlightenment without responsibility is always inefficient, often dangerous. Responsibility makes all virtues effectual. It is the brawn and muscle of character. Education imperatively demands a developed, intelligent sense of accountability for one's self and his relationships,—for others and to others. In its more limited sense it is the first thing to be sought in training; in the larger ethical and spiritual relations it is also the last. It is both cornerstone and key-stone in education. It is the vital principle of training. If I can give one impulse that will quicken this sense of accountability right here in our school work and life, I shall do more than in all my teaching of the branches of study during the whole three years' course. No more hopeless thing can be said of one man by another than: "he lacks all sense of responsibility." No more useless, dangerous student can remain in a school than an irresponsible one. Rudderless and crewless he drifts about a derelict, a menace to navigation.

If you have come here without a purpose, responsibility will find you one. If your aspirations are high but you have habits which do not help you toward your goal, responsibility

will straighten and steady them. If you have little sympathy responsibility will grow it in you. If you are a grumbler responsibility will lay her hushing finger upon you and set you to work. If you have a petty little selfish ambition, she will take it from you, and give in its place an aspiration. If you would succeed in life—in any relation except that of a horrible example and a warning—develop responsibility. If you cannot do this go away and die, first apologizing to the world for ever having been born.

Responsibility being thus the corner-stone of character, success and usefulness and the dominant motive in the best education, we shall aid you in its development by its exercise, and that in every possible way. We shall place responsibilities upon you and hold you up to your best selves at all times. Your failings will not be blazoned forth save as an incentive. You will be helped but neither flattered nor coddled. You will be given your work and expected to do it with just accountability to yourselves, your fellow-students and your College.

For your personal conducts within these walls and without them you will be placed upon your honor and accountability. You will find no system of faculty police. At the fewness of our rules you will feel surprise. Such as we have are to aid you in the direction and limitation of energies to educational work, to strengthen all that aids, to eradicate all that would hinder it. For rules which are for the highest good of the school family we have no apology whatever. Concerning obedience of these few rules there will be no question. They *must* be obeyed by all who care to work here with us.

But the truth we would impress, fellow-students, is that this place is, by your own election, *your* place in which to make the most of yourselves. And with your entrance into this school community, as upon your entrance into any community, there comes,—whether you at first recognize it or not,—a duty to the community in which you live. You become your “brother’s keeper.” These fellow-students are your charge. If they do not do well it is your

affair as well as theirs and ours. These are your teachers. If they do not always give you of their best, help them and compel them to do so. This is now your school. Her success and her fame have been built by the life and work of your predecessors. Her prosperity and her honor are now in your keeping. All you are or ever can be worth to your community, to the world, is your influence. This truth runs through all home life, school life, church life, civic life. From it there is no escape for one who would be educated to manhood or womanhood,—no escape save in failure.

The responsible student is not only good but good for something. He is not disturbed by the popular notion that he was born too early or born too late, and might have succeeded if he had come upon the stage of activity either somewhere in the golden past or in the good time coming. With him the lucky time is *now*. He knows of the inequalities, class distinctions, lack of opportunity which often hinder us from becoming what we would be in the world, but he knows that in school life there are no such limitations. Nothing stands in the way of the individuals becoming what he should be.—nothing outside of himself.

The responsible student is a sincere truth-seeker. Knowing that greater than art is the man who makes the art, his work will be honest and without pretense. He knows that if he expresses what he is “he will want to be what he ought to be.”

The responsible student guards carefully his habits—those architects of character and fortune. If he looks abroad and sees some genius, whose fame he would gladly emulate, weakened or degraded by some evil habit he considers how much more the man, how much whiter the memory, could that be blotted out; nor does he commit the fashionable absurdity of seeking to attain greatness by taking on the weaknesses and limitation of the great.

The responsible student is known by the choice of his friends. Socially they may be higher or lower; their wit may be of homespun or of the texture of the finest of old lace, but the *moral needle ever points north*. (Applause.)

He does not seek to annex or to absorb them, or to make them into the likeness of himself, but shows forthwith accountability for their welfare. The friends of the responsible student *improve* as students and as men and women. He sees to it that they shall improve.

The responsible student does not waste *time* and expect to mysteriously reap harvests which he has never sown. He would as soon waste cents and expect to have dollars. He feels that the only possible place for him during class hours is in his class. He knows the value of "*redeeming time*."

The responsible student is faithful in his preparation and never neglects *details*. He knows that real genius never despises details, that Napoleon, the Great, won as often by his thorough personal knowledge and command of all the minutiae of the art of war, as by the brilliancy of his conceptions. The responsible student is certain that a perfect whole must consist of perfect parts, nor seeks a "mere general effect," only to reach a general muddiness. He knows that if he is ever faithful to the right means, he may in the wisdom of a perfect trust, leave the results with God.

The responsible student feels an accountability for his *manners*; exercises a benevolence in matters small as well as great. He is accountable for his good temper. He has discovered this to be an affirmative and not a negative matter, one that comes, not through suppression, but through expression. He knows that this good temper will emanate as a radiance of light and of love which will enoble him and help others.

The first consciousness of responsibility is naturally the sense of the importance of one's own example, of walking uprightly in the eyes of men and before the face of God. One feels that he is responsible for making the most of what has been given him of talent and opportunity. But with this new responsibility for self, comes quickly a broader and more enriching sense of responsibility in one's relationships. He is "his brother's keeper." Now can he no longer crowd down the man upon his right nor trip him on the left. No longer can

he follow the path of a selfish ambition. He sees, as an eminent writer has put it, that "the higher that path ascends the more difficult it becomes, until at last it terminates in some elevation too narrow for friendship, too steep for safety, too sharp for repose; and where the occupant, above the sympathy of men and below the friendship of angels, resembles in the solitude if not in the depth of his sufferings, a Prometheus chained to the Caucasian rock." (Applause.) And in this growing sense of responsibility for his brother's welfare ambition gives place to emulation.

The sense of responsibility for others exalts the entire being and makes beautiful every life in exact proportion as it finds true expression. Insight into the needs, experience of the feelings and a working sympathy with the struggles of others and a helping hand, are doubly blessed. The receiver of this heart's bounty is gladdened on his way, the giver robed with new power, knowledge, and insight and influence, and building a character which like a noble monarch lends dignity and lustre to them all. In the study of oratory this is preeminently true. "How can this be?" I hear one say! "This is a noble sentiment, but does it not belong to the realm of sentiment? Can I not build up my voice, learn what gestures to make, know the rules of oratory, the secrets of the trade, and prove a success without ever a thought of doing for others, and feeling responsibility for their welfare?" No! Precisely that is eternally impossible, thank God! To succeed on a few occasions as an orator succeeds, one must have the powers of an orator. This involves Knowledge and Purpose. Knowledge of the technicalities of speech is but a part and the smaller part. The larger part is knowledge of the common chords of human hearts, their needs, passions, struggles, aspirations which may be known only by him who has that sympathetic insight learned by knowing and helping others. Purpose, which together with Knowledge in the great orator, constitutes his power, is born of assumed responsibility for their thinking and feeling and acting. The history of all oratory from Demosthenes to

Philips and Beecher, proves that responsibility is the life-blood of all true oratory. (Applause.)

According as you assume responsibility for others will you grow. Think about it. The law is inexorable and those who disobey it incur the penalty of perversions and failures which attend upon the disregarding of laws of all kinds. They know not what they lose. In the last few years I have seen a number of students,—some gifted with brilliant faculties and much of possible success, who held themselves aloof, refused responsibility, gave no help and even whetted their cheap wit upon the mistakes and stumblings of poor, struggling fellow-workers, to whom nature had been less kind. But if they make the unskilful laugh they surely make the judicious grieve. Cynicism will rarely pass current for wisdom. It is counterfeit. It is the "green goods" of the moral market place, deceives only the ignorant, is welcomed only by rascals. The cynic who makes you feel that nothing "is worth while," who is full of sneers at generosity, laughs at sentiment, distrusts conscience and glibly asserts that every man has his price, lacks honesty enough to tell his own if you ask him. Fault finding is the cheapest as well as the easiest work one can do. It spreads moral atheism and darkens the soul of him who makes it a habit. "Let our prayer," said an eminent divine, "be that we may unlearn contempt and learn to adore." And what has become of those students of whom I spoke a moment ago? Failures every one so far as they have pursued the course of him who was "nothing if not critical," melancholy tombstones to buried possibilities. Keep out of that graveyard!

But there are many who believe in the verbs "help" and "serve," to whom these are always intransitive verbs, ever passive—never active. Such people are all ready to be served and be helped and be loved. They hold others to strict account for their supposed duty to them. They appropriate service and affection as a right and straightway annex the one who extends these as so much personal property. Then they weigh and measure this affection and take its temperature day by day. "Are

you sure, dear, you are not a little cooler in your feeling than once you were?" (Laughter.) Or, "Do you love me as much this morning as you did last Wednesday afternoon?" (Renewed laughter.) They spend so much time in probing others that they forget their own duties and drive away that which they would secure. "To have friends," says the philosopher, "one must be friendly." It is to "the merciful" whom the divine teacher gives promise that "they shall obtain mercy." One must serve if he would be served, be helpful in heart and lovely in spirit if he would be helped and loved. Doing for others is the only way of educating yourself to a sense of responsibility with its blessings and its power. Yes, and doing "for the least of these," encouraging, helping, watching, *feeling responsible* for their right thinking and doing and growth. And it is ever our duty to give to others the highest we know how to give; not merely to give them the highest they know how to ask.

It is precisely the presence or absence of this enlightened responsibility, with what it involves in its practical and spiritual manifestations, which determine success or failure of your whole life here and everywhere. No man or woman is good for anything in any department of life without it. No kitchen scullion can earn her wages without it; no farm hand be worth his hire. No clerk can get promotion until responsibility has made his employer's interests his own. No machinist may become a locomotive engineer without it; no wearer of gay uniform is a true soldier whose country's honor is not dear as heart's blood. No priest, devoid of the sense of responsibility for the souls of men may perform the sacred function without blasphemy. No real teaching can exist without it. No resident is truly a citizen until heart and mind bear their burden of his city's welfare. He who dodges responsibility is a coward, a cynic and a whimpereer. The animal who evinces it is most human; the human without it is nearest to the brute. Because it virtually precluded the growth of responsibility, slavery inflicted its deepest curse, and infatuated persons, failing to find that sign

of manhood which their system had repressed, talked of the slave as if he were less than a man; and a later generation sees the inherited fruitage of an evil system in that very irresponsibility which still fetters the progress of the children of the slave. When the negro feels *responsible* we shall hear no more of his failure as a scholar and a citizen. All a man is worth to the world is his influence upon it, and intelligent responsibility determine the nature of that influence. It alone brings the true meaning into wifehood, fatherhood, motherhood. It is the sunrise of a character and the afterglow of its memory. The harvests of Responsibility are the sorrows which hallow, and the loves which are the sunshine of the Soul. Responsibility for the thinking and acting of others is the life-blood of oratory. Responsibility, mother of every Heroism, consummate flower of Love! Every philanthropy in its perfume, every martyrdom its cross of duty, every reform its crown of glory,—its very incarnation in Him, who died that we may live. It showers blessings upon earth and holds the very keys to Heaven.

My reason for introducing and emphasizing this thought to-day is that I want you to start right; and when I say "you" I mean myself, all of us. Let your personal motto be *responsibility* for the well-being of your bodies and their tenants, for your conduct and influence, for your fellow workers and the least among them; for your division, your class; for the honor of your college. We shall, under God, hold you to your very best, and you must so hold us.

Now out of this sense of responsibility spring inevitably ideals, one's own ideals, not rainbows that light another's sky. According to a man's own ideals so is he, and the true ideal of each man is not the standard of another, but the attainment of his *potential self*, that uttermost which God gave him of possibilities. This is his work. "Man is not made," says Goethe, "to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do." Each one is responsible for the use of his own talents, be they one or fifty. If you are strong you will do strong things; if you are weak you can do but

weak things; if you are true you will do right things. If you can help and serve there will surely be a place for you, for the world is too selfish to let alone any who can serve and help. Personal progress is of two kinds; *outward* in achievement and power and reputation; *inward* in strength, sweetness and light. We can attain unto this inward progress by doing each day's work as well as we can. We are to seek not the reformation of the world so much as the reformation of ourselves in relation to the world; and in the measure of our success, even as the pebble falling into the pool causes ever growing circles, will our influence widen until it touches the remotest shore. It is not how much we do as how we do it which chiefly concerns us. Capacity and opportunity often regulate the first. The last is ever of ourselves and in our own keeping. If we do well what we can, straightway do we find we can do yet more, and thus do we ever become more and more ourselves,—I mean our greater selves. According to a man's ideals so is he. A man sometimes borrows ideals to high that he knows he can never attain to them and his hand is palsied and his heart fails him and he does nothing. But such ideals are of imitation of another's career and success and fame. Responsibility necessitates and creates ideals of your own. They neither fade nor mock. And though our footsteps may falter, and the weakness of the flesh prevail at times over the strength of the Spirit, and we may pray:

"Not what I did but what I strove to do;
And though the ripe ears be sadly few
Thou wilt accept my sheaves."

Yet these ideals mark ever the true self, keeping white and high above the mire of life. Your true ideal is yourself *Sublimated*; and the only road to its attainment is the road of *Responsibility*. Fellow students and Brothers, men and women of Emerson, will ye take the way!

In response to long continued and earnest applause, Prof. Southwick arose and said, "This is the most gratifying applause which I have ever received, and this because I recognize in it not a personal compliment but evidence that this note has found its true resonance in your hearts."

A TEN MINUTE TALK.

(GIVEN BY PROF. ALBERT B. CHENEY BEFORE
THE COLLEGE ON OPENING DAY.)

In the few minutes at my command this morning, I shall not attempt to do more than to outline some of the leading points in what I consider a true system of vocal culture.

In speaking of such a system of voice culture, I have principally to place before you, and to emphasize the universal laws of truth that are the foundation and sustenance of this great institution.

We are here to study and to develop the being, the man. All true tone is an expression of the being, the man; hence the only true method of vocal culture is the method that seeks the center of life in tone, and that once found, expresses it.

The hollow, meaningless tones heard too often in reading, singing, and even in conversation, are not an expression of the speaker or singer, but false, superficial tones, the result of meaningless methods and bad habits.

They are the result of methods directed to the external; directed to the machinery rather than to the power that moves the machinery.

It is the function of the voice trainer to lead the student of the voice to express himself fully, truly, through each tone.

The first tone, and every tone must be something of the true self of the speaker or singer. So the *what* that we seek in vocal culture is the *tone of truth*.

The *why* we seek this tone of truth, is that we may express what God has put into us for the delight and benefit of mankind. When you produce this tone of truth, you are the tone; you live it, and your spirit touches the spirit of the listener. How to obtain this tone of truth is the question confronting all who seriously cultivate the voice either for speaking or singing.

All students of the voice, are seeking the tone language, the only direct language of the soul—the only language that brings soul and soul face to face, so to speak.

A soul cannot come face to face with

another soul through the voice, i. e. it cannot be expressed through the voice, if the mind must think of making head tones, and chest tones, and of registers at which to stop and change running gear. The soul can speak completely only through an unbroken line. This is the reason that singers, that is the average students of singing, fail to do with the voice what they wish to do. They have been greatly trammelled by the thought of the machinery of the voice. The division into registers of the simple, straightforward action of the voice, which naturally follows an unbroken line, that I have named the Physical Tone-line, is one of the fatal mistakes in vocal culture. Usually when the voice is considered well placed, it is so thoroughly well mired that the true voice is lost. The Physical Tone-line is as smooth and unbroken as the perfect curve of the rainbow. It is as flexible but still unbroken, as the succession of motion in the undulating curves from tip of ear to tip of tail of the leopard as he moves in his restless beauty. In order clearly to realize this unbroken physical tone-line, a mental tone-line is placed before the mind which corresponds to the physical tone-line. For instance, we think in curves and the tone comes in curves.

On this mental tone-line we place the tones. The point of contact between the tone and tone-line we call the mental tone point. It is from this imaginary needle-like point that the physical tone center is acquired, for this mental tone point corresponds to the actual resonance center or poise of the tone on the physical tone-line.

When the singer has full and perfect radiation from the tone center, he has command of the voice, he is an artist. It is worse than useless to attempt to become an artist by placing the mind on the adjustment of the organs of the throat. Correct muscular adjustment comes of itself from the proper placing of the tones through correct mental action on *tone*, not on muscle.

The great artist in opera or oratory, singing oratory or speaking oratory, is the one whose tone is perfectly poised and centered on the

tone-line. Training for the singing voice is the fundamental training for the speaking voice.

For recitation, as for singing, the tone-line must be faithfully followed. The singing or sustained tone, properly balanced is the fundamental tone for all voice action. Habitually perfect adjustment of the vocal organs by means of, and during the production of tone, is the primary condition for all voice action. When this condition is once established, all the forces of the body work in harmony for the full expression of the mind of the singer or speaker.

The law of economy is obeyed. This economy of life, of force—this harmonious use of the beautiful temple of the mind not only moulds the true tone, the tone of the artist, but moulds the individual character as well. And he or she *only* is a great artist who is a great character.

We come now to the consideration of the form and quality of tone.

Tone has both form and quality and it is upon these attributes of the voice, that the volume of the individual tone depends at any pitch. Tone has actual form. We always think of the sound of *O* as round. With equal propriety should we think of the form of other vowel sounds. The correct tone-form is obtained from the free and centered tone—the perfectly balanced center determines the exact limit of vowel sound or form.

A free or centered tone always gives the correct tone-form of a vowel or consonant or a combination of the two, which is a word.

Quality is the life, the power of the individual tone, but it is dependent upon form for its expression. If the form is lost, that is, if it wavers between a circle and a triangle, for instance, the tone loses its poise and the quality is lost, and the singer has been but imperfectly expressed.

I would say a word about the English language so often called "unsingable."

Americans who have worked falsely and thus failed to produce a pure tone in English, undertake to cover their deficiencies by singing in

what they consider a "*singable*" language. They proceed to hack and chop the Italian language or the German language, or the French language with the crude tone-production with which they ruined the native music of the language in which Chaucer, Spencer, and Shakespeare sang their immortal songs. The result of all this, is a production in a foreign language more ludicrous if possible than that in their own tongue. The greatest song writer that ever lived, wrote some of his most perfect songs to English words, though he was a German. What is more "*singable*" than Schubert's "Hark! Hark! the Lark," and "Who is Sylvia," or than Schuman's "My love is like the red, red rose." It matters not what language we use if we sing in true tone form.

It is not enough that the necessity for true tone is recognized, the entire being must be open, ready to receive impressions of truth from all nature, for from impressions come expressions. It is from these impressions that the ideal of a true tone must come, and from the ideal comes the actual true tone.

The aim and object of all art instruction should be the expression of the individual self.

Cut and dried methods with a name, limit and deaden not only the voice, but the individual. They kill the God-given power. The *method* for art development, with a wise teacher, will develop itself with each pupil and for each pupil.

It is the great privilege and duty of the teacher to create an atmosphere of clear, high seeing, in which the pupil unfolds himself or herself, and to prove to the pupil that the only limit to accomplishment, is the limit of *will*. In vocal work there is no limit to tone but the limit of *mind*. As you think so shall you sing.

We are glad to announce the issue of a special autograph edition of "Light and Life from Above," by Rev. Solon Lauer, a book which has already been extensively mentioned in our columns. Copies may be secured from the author, Station A., Pasadena, Cal., or from J. A. E. Stewart, 68 Chauncey Street, Boston.

PERSONALITY.

OCTOBER 19, 1895.

My theme to-day is personality. What is your personality? It is your soul. If the soul is your personality, what is the body? It is the natural manifestation of that personality. It is the fitting servant of that personality, and that too, in every individual; whether the body is large or small, that body is that soul's most fitting instrument. No other body could fit that soul as well; no other kind of body could serve that kind of soul as well. Some people wish to be shorter than they are. If you were shorter your body would not fit your soul as well as it does now. Some wish to be taller than they are. If your body was taller, it would not fit your soul as its instrument as well as it does now.

The height or the size of the body does not determine the power of the personality. Some men of large physique have had a powerful personality; some of a small physique have had a powerful personality. It was said of a clergyman in Massachusetts some years ago, "He has a pigmy's body but the soul of a giant." Of the same person it was once said, "He has a small body but an immeasurable personality." I wish your mind to stop and poise a moment upon this thought of the body being but the natural servant for manifesting the soul—that every part of the body is an instrument through which that soul manifests its personality. You cannot stand in a way not to represent the present state of your personality. You cannot move in a way not to represent the present state of your personality. The houses that men build for themselves express them, unless they are crippled by the imposing fashions. A man who dares build a house to suit his own thought, without knowing it, will certainly build a house that expresses his soul.

All the powers of the soul are set towards expression. It is so divinely ordained. The clothes a man wears, the very cut of them, will express the state of his soul, unless, as in the case of the house, the man is enslaved by fashion. Some people never dare wear clothes in which they feel themselves most at home,

for fear they will not be serving the fashions. The fashions should serve the man and not the man the fashions. The great teacher has said that the "Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." If that is true in regard to Divine ordinance, how much more manifestly true must it be in regard to the common affairs of life.

Some people dress for dinners, for parties, for morning, for afternoon, for evening. Such persons are slaves to fashion. If a narrow brimmed hat is best for afternoon wear, it is best for morning wear, because the hat was made for the head, and not the head for the hat. Talk to me about a fashion, about certain things having to be worn for such and such places and on such and such occasions—why, your clothes are not for occasions, they are for you! They will tell whether you are a man or a slave. So in everything you do, remember that there is one controlling law—that what you do is the manifestation of your personality. In spite of the choice of the individual, the outward will manifest the inward. The law will be expressed just so far as circumstances allow,—it will be only modified, not set aside, by circumstances.

You study for culture. What is the end of this culture? To manifest the innate powers of the soul. That word "innate" may offend some minds—it may offend a Lockeite. But there are innate powers of the soul, innate tendencies, innate relations, and every year the philosophers in metaphysics and psychology are demonstrating this fact. There are certain innate tendencies in your organism. They are not in all particulars precisely the same tendencies as those in others. Your culture is to manifest your highest tendencies, else it is not culture but mere acquirement.

Let us apply this principle to physical culture. In the nature of things there is no other purpose allowable in physical culture, but the purpose of cultivating the body that it may best manifest the soul. Some have said—"Cultivate the body so that it may work better—so that you may perform manual labor better." I do not say that right culture will not involve

this, but this should never be the end sought. In all kinds of culture a man should remember that his culture is for the purpose of manifesting his individuality,—his own personality. In your work here you are cultivating your bodies. What for? For the purpose or looking like somebody else? No. For the purpose of performing some manual labor better? No. But *for the purpose of manifesting your individuality.*

I wish you to value your individuality. Your individuality is the most precious thing to you. Another person's individuality is not yours. You cannot borrow it—you cannot use it. But your individuality is your own. It is a God given power. It was that which made it necessary for you to be brought into this world. God would never have brought you into this world had it not been for the purpose of manifesting your private individuality—that is, your separate individuality. Your individuality will manifest something, or it is capable of manifesting something in God's kingdom, that no other individuality ever did manifest or will manifest. Remember that the world is much richer because you are in it.

There is a little tendency—perhaps a great one,—in these days, to ignore the power of individuality, and rather to mass men. This is simply because there are so many men and women in the world that people cannot comprehend them as individuals, so they lump them together in masses. A man said to me not long since, "We used to think we did not know how to get along without the Reverend Doctor So-and-So, but we had to give him up. Death took him, and we have seemed to get along just the same." Yes, sir. "Does not this prove that one individuality is of no particular consequence in the government of God in this world?" No, sir. You could not get along without that man and do as well in your denomination while he was in the body. When God called his personality elsewhere that man had done his work here. None of these things indicate that we can get along without a single personality. While that personality is in the body it fills a place nobody else can fill. If the person should step aside or

fail to develop his personality, there is a wheel left out of the machine. A man cannot step aside while he is in the body, without that stepping aside being a positive injury to the great body politic. If any individual fails to develop his personality, it will be a positive want to the common good. "No man liveth unto himself."

How often we have heard this expression and read it too,—“Never imitate.” Of course that has a wide meaning. It does not mean that for the time being a person shall never, for some special purpose, represent some other character, or the peculiarities of some other character. It means that imitation is not educational, does not develop the individual, does not add to a man's power, because when a person imitates what does he imitate? He never imitates a man's truth. You cannot imitate another's truth. You cannot imitate another's thought,—another's mental discovery, the horizon of another's soul. You can only imitate a man's peculiarities which are his limitations. Therefore all you can ever imitate in the nature of things is limitation. Imitating limitations, you can see logically, cannot develop the power of the individual.

You have a certain voice, perhaps; the peculiarities of it have not been approved by the best critics; you yourself do not exactly like it. You wish you had a voice like such a one. That person has a magnificent voice organ-toned; therefore you may go to work and imitate his tones. What have you done? You have neither his tones nor your own. Your voice is your own, nobody can ever have it but you. So the man's voice that you admire so much is his own—nobody can ever have it but himself, if it be *his* vice, i. e., if it be a true voice. Every individual has a voice of his own. Nature made it for him. And what is the individual to do? Leave his voice and take another? Never. He is to develop what is his own. Develop what is your voice. Find what is yours—your teacher is to help you to find it—and then develop that which is your own.

Some persons might have admired Choate's gestures more than they did Webster's and

some, perhaps a majority of people, admired Webster's gestures, better than they did Choate's. They were very unlike, but if Choate had borrowed Webster's gestures he would have succeeded no better in slaying his legal foe than David would have succeeded had he worn Saul's armor. Think of that little, nervous, intense, man, Choate, moving like lightning imitating the majestic movements of Webster. Think on the other hand, of Webster having noticed that Choate was very skillful and very effective with the jury and so powerful was he in getting his clients acquitted, even though they had committed a crime, that some one said that every thief before attempting to steal always inquired after the health of Choate. Suppose Webster had noticed that Choate wielded a Damascus blade, for in some instances Choate excelled Webster, and as the majestic Webster came, in his natural bearing, before the Court, he had said to himself, "Well, now, Choate's effective, and I will be Choate." An elephant might as well attempt to dance on a slack wire. The elephant can be more of an elephant, but he can never be a monkey. The monkey may be more of a monkey, but he can never be an elephant.

In one sense, a spiritual sense, a person may have a new birth, but in no other sense is this true. You must take what is given to you at birth, whether it be a slow phlegmatic temperament, an intense nervous temperament, a ponderous temperament or a temperament of might, and do the best you can with it. If your temperament, is not just what you most admire, what are you going to do? Must you say to yourself: "I am not fitted to be successful," and sigh and be mournful and make yourself as uncomfortable as you can? Oh, no. Depend upon it, success is yours. The very peculiarities which you inherited and which you are most sorry for, are elements of power in you if you use them rightly. "Well," says one, "I inherited a temper. I have had to fight with that bearish temper all my life. I took it from my grandfather. What am I going to do?" Why, that very temper which makes a devil of you now may be so directed as to be a mainspring

of power and thus give you influence for good in the world.

One of the most successful pastors and preachers with whom I ever was acquainted, and by success I mean success in his sphere of life—was born a little deaf. He did not hear common conversation, and was compelled to wear an ear trumpet. In the second place he could see with only one eye, and that but poorly. In the third place he had a certain peculiarity about his jaw,—it always seemed to be working on some kind of a patent spring. He lost his teeth early, which you know is not so very sad since they have plenty of them in the market. But he could never get a set made to fit him. If I should speak of that divine in the state in which he labored and where the older ministers and the people remember him so well, I should speak of him with bated breath in sympathy with the reverence they feel for the memory of that great and good man. The significance of the way in which he used his ear trumpet, seemed to be part of the man, and so far as his jaw was concerned that was a mighty emphasis. It seemed to snap the truth right home. He was like one of old, who with the jaw bone of an ass could slay a thousand men. After I have seen that man and seen his success, for I saw him in my youth, I felt that all things were possible to them that love the Lord. A man who makes every crooked thing serve a holy purpose, surely has developed his individuality.

Speaking of voice, I knew a renowned man who was a bishop. He went long ago to his blessed reward. He was known as a mighty preacher all over the United States and to some extent abroad. He had the most peculiar voice I ever heard. If Webster had tried to use this man's voice he would have failed in his first and last case, because his first would have been his last. But this man did not fail—it was his voice. Although it was only about as big around as a goose quill, yet with that voice he could express every emotion in the human heart. I never heard a voice in my life of any size, or compass, which could suggest the vast, the universal, the immeasurable, the infinite,

that could describe oceans and planets, as his voice did, small as it was. But he did not whistie or hiss, it was his voice perfected. You or I would not crave to be born with such a voice. It would not belong to us perhaps.

We have said a good deal about personality. What is it? Concretely, what is your inherent potential personality? If your personality is developed to the highest degree, what is it and what distinction can I give it? Your personality is your relation to Universal Being. All persons by nature are related in some way to Universal Being. They are branches of a vine. So long as they maintain their relation to the vine they do not wither but flourish and bear fruit. No two persons may be said to be related to Universal Being in precisely the same way, and it is this relationship which determines each one's individuality. Now, if a man wishes to develop power he must develop it along the line of that relationship, whatever it may be.

I want to speak more fully of a point that I made in the opening of the lecture and it is this, that there are limitless possibilities in every personality. You cannot say that one person's personality is intended to develop so far and no farther, that another one's personality is intended, in the nature of things, to develop a little further and then stop there. There is no place at which to stop. That person whom you think has the smallest capabilities of any one you know has infinite capabilities, potentially. He is being supplied from the same fathomless fountain of power as is that person who seems to have the greatest capabilities.

When Richard the Lion Hearted appeared before the Infidels, as they were called, on his crusade to the Holy Land he expected to overawe the Mohammedans by his own strength and by the strength of his "English bulldogs," i. e. his English soldiers. It is related that one day he appeared before their leader, Saladin, and showed a feat of personal prowess. The gigantic Richard laid upon a block a rod of solid iron an inch in diameter and, taking his sword, with one stroke cut the rod in two.

Saladin looked on but did not attempt to do the same thing. This was not in the line of his power. But he took a wad of lint, the finest possible lint, so light that it seemed to have no weight, and throwing it into the air cut through it with his sword. Richard stood in awe, his own personal prowess seemed as nothing. He thought to himself "How could I meet this man in battle hand to hand—how could I be sure that I could get one stroke at him? With one stroke of my mighty hand I could cut him in two. But before I could get a stroke at him my sword might fly into the air." So to a greater or less degree Richard's lion heart was subdued. From that time he felt it was impossible to conquer that people. Richard had met another kind of power, another kind of skill, another kind of personality. And so it is in life everywhere. Sometimes we look with contempt upon people who seem to have less power than we have. Do you know what you are doing when you feel contempt for such people? These very persons have a power that you have not, if they will only live close to that power, and perfect their relationship to that power.

The question is, how can these natural powers, or rather this personality of yours or mine, and they are entirely different, be developed? If developed they will enable you to take a rank in God's kingdom which no other man can take, I care not who he is. Your comrades have perhaps despised you. That despising on the part of your comrades has lessened their relationship to power universal; but it does not weaken you. How can these natural relationships be developed? First by adherence to the law—that *the ultimate end of life is to increase the wealth of the common good*. This is no matter of sentiment. It is not true because you find it on this man's lips or on the page of that book. It is eternally true. Those who never look in poems nor bibles, and have only studied science, believe this to-day.

We have in our College library Drummond's last work, "The Ascent of Man"—a thoroughly scientific book, in which he proves that a man's power as an individual develops in just

the ratio that he recognizes the idea I have just stated as the end of existence and labors toward it. He proves to you through chemistry, through botany, through animal physiology, that this is the legitimate order of evolution. If all the forces of nature are set this way, if gravitation, with its limitless powers, if chemical affinities, with their infinite and subtle forces, if the laws of relationships in matter; if all the planets so swing as to influence each other in this way — what is the use of my contending against them? If I could see the forces of heaven combined with the forces of earth all moving in one vast panorama, from the time when the earth was but a mist up through its liquid period to its solid state; if I could follow all the planets through the same processes up to the time when the first vegetable appears, and then to the time when the first animal appears, and then watch the evolution of that animal, first physically and finally mentally, until the great end is seen coming — it would all prove this one thing, that the end of all life is to increase the wealth of the common good.

The time is coming when, in every school, science shall make this clear to our students. Oh, I have some times been almost in despair about science ever really becoming, as some have called it, the handmaid of Divine Truth and Christian beneficence. But the time has come in which it is proclaimed that all nature moves this way. The time has come when science proves that if the legitimate end of anything in the organic world is not obeyed and followed, destruction comes to that organism. Drummond in the *Ascent of Man* demonstrates by science his affirmation of love which he made some years ago when he said it was "The Greatest Thing In The World." Now he goes down into the minutiae of science and proves this even from protoplasm itself as it ascends upwards to organization through differentiation. Beginning with the egg and with every seed, he follows them on and traces them, not making an argument but simply following fact by fact. Oh, Science has found good in everything. Science has been able to demonstrate with that English member of the

Literati said some years ago in his work, "There is a divine tendency in the world."

After you have placed your feet squarely on this doctrine of which I have been speaking, of believing that the legitimate end of life is to increase the common good, the second thing is to work to enrich the common good *by serving those next to you*. I have no doubt you have seen people with whom nobody could ever live happily. Perhaps these very persons think they are waiting for some chance to do great good somewhere, and meantime are acting most outrageously towards everybody about them. There is no other way of increasing the common good except through the mediumship of the individual souls around you. If you pray for and ask God to bless the people three or ten thousand miles away and never think of helping your neighbor, you cannot increase the common good. That the foreigner should be blest, we grant. But the only persons who can bless him are those who are the best brothers and sisters, the best children and parents, the best husbands and wives, the best fathers and mothers.

The third point to be observed is to *report the truth which you see*. Never attempt to report the truth that somebody else has seen until you have seen it yourself. Never quote another for the sake of influencing those to whom you speak. Only quote another when his words will convey your meaning better than other words that come to your mind at the time. A truth is not yours until you see it. When you see a truth that Shakespeare saw you do not borrow from Shakespeare—it is yours.

You must develop your personality by reporting the form of beauty which you see. There are some people so constituted that they do not seem to see any beauty. Every person sees beauty except those who have not looked in the right place for it.

Some people will see beauty in one thing, and that is the thing for them to see it in first. Others will see it in something else.

I heard some one say the other day that it was quite important that a person should have

artistic perceptions. So it is, else God would never have given it to every person. Take Shakespeare's poems, for instance. Are you trying to report what you see there, or what that gifted person beside you seems to see? You think you have no art perception. You have potentially as mighty an art perception as that person beside you, I care not how gifted he may be.

I have been teaching a good many years, and my experience with students have been a series of surprises. I mean surprise at the power that is put into all classes of people. The teacher should know how to touch them on the side of their highest powers. First and foremost, every teacher, whether he be a school teacher or one filling a higher office, must respect what is sacred in the eyes of heaven—the *individuality of every person with whom he has to deal*. If people are asking for the secrets of success here or there, I can tell you if any school or any individual has succeeded it has been because, first of all, because that school or individual has respected most religiously, as before God, the individuality of all whom he was sent to teach.

Let me dwell, in closing, on the power of personality. When we say that personality is the last analysis of power and that if such and such a person succeeds it is because of his powerful personality we have said the important thing. But remember that personality cannot be seen. If you look for it you look in vain. Let me illustrate. A very celebrated clergyman by the name of Crane was expected at a certain place at a certain time. A large body of distinguished people came out to receive him, but finding no one who met their idea of what this distinguished clergyman should be they concluded he had not arrived. Finding himself not received and looking over some old letters and noticing the name of a certain person in the place Mr. Crane made his way to that person's home. The woman of the house met him. She had been one of the crowd who had gone to the depot to greet him. He gave his name as Crane. She looked at him. "Mr. Crane," she asked, "the man that was expected?"

"That is my name," he said. "It cannot be possible," she replied, "you look much more like a toad than a crane." The personality is not to be seen, it cometh not with observation, it is always hidden. Therefore do not look at the man or the woman with your outer eyes.

In what does personality hide itself? In the effects that it produces in others. Therefore, let no Diogenes go around with a lantern to hunt up an honest man, or a great personality. He will die disappointed as did that old man. Look for the effects. If you have a grand personality, those who associate with you will become better, wiser and truer. The effect you produce in others is the only test that God has given us of your greatness of personality.

What determines greatness? The greatness of a man's personality is determined by the amount of his share of the Divine or Universal personality. There is but one absolute personality in the universe. All others are relative, and are personalities only because they are in relation to this one. The greatness of each is determined by the amount of his share of that Universal personality. The power of a great teacher does not consist in his methods. His power is in his personality.

When you go forth from this institution, your success in life will be in just the ratio of the development of your personality. People sometimes ask me "What is the secret of the success of Miss So and So, or Mr. So and So." We tell it to all the world. The development of their personality—their obedience to the laws of their personality. Personality is the majestic conquerer. It never can be crushed, never can be set aside. No enginery of earth or of the lower regions can ever successfully antagonize an individual with a pure personality. We hear much about originality; people are praised for possessing it, or are condemned for the want of it. The only successful originality comes from obedience to the laws of one's personality. When the law is obeyed a man is everywhere and at all times successful. He mounts higher and higher, so long as his body can possibly be considered the servant of his mind. He is ever growing and will never

cease to grow so long as his organism is his instrument and he obeys the laws of his personality.

Now just one word. Are every one of you going to take hold with us to develop your personality? If not there is no hope for you. Every lesson put before you in this institution by any teacher is presented for the purpose of developing your personality. The method by which each one teaches is the method for developing that power and there is no other reason for that method. To read this well or that well depends entirely on the personality of the individual behind it. When the elder Salvini first appeared in this country the critics were after him with double edged knives, but he finally became the only Othello in the world, because behind that Othello he put the mightiest personality that in his day appeared acting that character. You say he gave the part with correctness and intelligence. Yes, he did, but it was his personality that gave him the clear perception of character, and the quick adaptation. It was his personality that made every part live.

Read the sermons of ten ministers who have gone from this earth. Perhaps three out of the ten were men of whom tradition will always speak as the mightiest pulpit orators of their time. Read their sermons, especially scan them carefully from the standpoint of theology, of metaphysics, of learning, of oratorical eloquence, and you will see nothing in them that distinguishes them above the other seven. But if you hold yourself passive and receptive, you may feel something which you do not from the others. Had you seen or heard these men, they would have seemed the most quiet and least pretentious of all, but you would have gone to hear them again and again for you would have been drawn to the magnet without knowing why. The why would have been that omnipotent power was coursing through those clergymen which for want of a better name, we call personality.

A great personality never displaces other personalities. It makes room for itself and room for others. A person who pretends to personality is always trying to crowd somebody else

out to get room for himself, for he fears some one else will take his place. He sees some great personality and wants to kill that personality thinking there will then be room for him, but there is no room for an evil spirit in the world. A great personality never comes to kill but "to make alive," and thus allow the divine spirit to force its way through the human soul. This is the office of a great personality. This all nor the best. The best thing about a mighty personality is that he awakens personality in others. If permitted I would go around the globe in order to come within sight or hearing of an individual of great personality, because personality is such an awakening power. It stands as a quickening spirit in the valley of dry bones and the Most High breathes into that spirit, saying "Prophecy to these dry bones that they live." And the spirit speaks to the dry bones and they come part to act with part, and finally it breathes upon them and they stand up an exceeding great army. Ah, this is the power of personality. It is the power that raised the widow's son.

A certain man was asked what he would do if he was God. And the Colonel — I thank him for it, said "I would make health contagious." Thank God, personality is contagious. The divine spirit is sweeping through the universe, carrying with it the breath of life, which giveth power to all. I have heard people say, "There is nothing particular in such a speaker or preacher—it is the kind of personality he possesses." Nothing particular? Why, do you know, sir, that you pay that man and his congregation the highest compliment possible to human lips, because if that preacher has a great personality, let him stay long enough, and his congregation will have a great personality. There is a voice going forth from him that will be answered by the souls of others.

The sun is moving and yonder vast planets are coursing about it. The inspired man comes to understand that the heavens "declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Does he see God's hand holding the sun there? Does he see God's hand burning the stars or carrying them around this

great luminary? No. Does God ever need to stretch forth His hand that the world may see its blazing light? No. His silent personality does it all. His silent personality does not exhibit itself in form, it sends forth a voice and says, "Let there be light," and the sun shines and the stars reflect its light. Personality is God. There is but one. Today at the beginning of your course in this college, I want to join hands with you, and say let us use all our intellectual power, all our studies, all our practice, under the leadership of this Divine purpose of developing personality, by obedience to the principles which have been announced in this lecture. (Applause.)

PHONETICS IN OUR HIGH SCHOOLS.

This Article is republished from the *Wisconsin Journal of Education* by consent of the author. Professor Saunderson is Instructor in Elocution and Oratory in the University of Wisconsin, and this paper was part of his attempt to arouse an interest on the subject of Phonetics among the teachers of that State:

It is unfortunate, yet doubtless true, that the term Phonetics will need to be defined for many readers. Phonetics, or phonics as it is sometimes called, is the science of articulate sounds and their relations. It deals not merely with sounds as sounds, but also with their physiological and mechanical formation. As the difference between articulate sounds depends upon the difference in the form, position, and action of the vocal organs, it is evident that a true science of voice sounds must be based upon the form, position, and mode of action of the articulating organs.

The principles of this science are extremely simple. A teacher who has mastered them can make them clear to a child of twelve. Yet in spite of this simplicity and of the fact that many of the philologists and language teachers in our colleges and universities are familiar with its principles, little or nothing has been done with it in our public schools, except in a few cities mostly in the east. It is also true that there are few if any studies that offer so much saving of labor to the teacher and the student of language as Phonetics.

The teacher of a foreign language usually tries

to teach his pupils to pronounce it. How difficult the process is, and how unsatisfactory are the results in most cases, only the language teacher fully knows. To reduce this process to a minimum of labor with a maximum of result is the practical benefit found in the study of Phonetics. The student learns the form and position of the vocal organs for each articulate sound, and learns to associate the perception of the sound with the perception by muscular sense of the form and position of the organs producing the sound. He further learns the positional and form relations of the various articulate sounds. He is now ready to recognize the sounds of a foreign language, knows how each sound is made, and can reproduce it when heard. Even if his training does not go so far as to make him a master of all foreign sounds,—as it usually will not,—still training only on the English sounds and forms will enable him to recognize the position and form of most sounds not English, and to reproduce them much more readily and accurately than he could have done without such previous study.

The economy of this method is almost self-evident. Both teacher and pupil are familiar with a form system covering the entire field of articulate sounds. The teacher has but to refer any new sound to its articulate position and the pupil understands it at once. Perfect training would enable the pupil to recognize the vocal form and position from the sound itself, but it would be assuming too much to expect this in every instance. Furthermore, the knowledge of pronunciation which one gets in this way is far more clear, definite and satisfactory than that which comes from mere imitation. There is the same difference that always distinguishes systematized and scientific knowledge from that which is not.

Although it is in learning to speak a foreign language that the value of Phonetics is most easily apparent, its influence upon our English is very important. Few persons, if asked to tell what positions the articulating organs take in pronouncing a single short word, could do so with any degree of accuracy. And not only is this true but the ordinary pronunciation of English that one hears is very careless and slovenly. The pronunciation of the average high school pupil

or college student is very far from correct; and even that of many of our teachers is unworthy of imitation. Nor are these imperfections, even among our teachers, confined to those mooted or doubtful words in which we expect variety and disagreement; they are too frequently the habitual mispronunciation of certain simple sounds. This mispronunciation is often only just enough to imply local misuse or general want of culture, and in many cases probably had its origin in a wrong impression of the form in childhood. The practical study of phonetics not only overcomes all these defects, but adds a clearness and accuracy of pronunciation that carries the suggestion of education and culture. Even the mere knowledge of the right articulate forms, once definitely acquired, will do much toward producing correct and cultured speech without special practice; for knowledge, especially of this kind, once in the mind of a thinking man, tends to work itself out into practical form unconsciously.

Probably some readers are by this time asking, "How can an additional study really save time and labor?" This is a fair question; but it is much the same kind of question that the ancient workman who hammered out coins might ask of the modern coin maker whom he saw making a die before beginning to make coin. The ancient could without doubt hammer out several coins while the modern was preparing his die, but the die once at work outstrips the hammer in no time both in the quantity and the quality of its coin. So it is easier to learn two or three sounds by imitation than to learn a system of phonetics; but the system once learned serves for all spoken sounds.

And it is not difficult to learn. A bright teacher once said to me, "Bell's System of Phonetics is so simple that it can be learned in a single evening." While this is too short a period for the average intellect to secure a working knowledge of it, a bright high school scholar who means business can get a practical knowledge of the subject, sufficient to begin work on, in ten or a dozen lessons; and the teacher by reason of his superior mental training can prepare himself to begin teaching it in an equal number. Language teachers have told me that in attempting to teach only one foreign language it is time saved to begin with a few lessons in pure Phonetics, to say

nothing of the greater satisfaction in dealing with the subject in a systematic way. If this is true of one language, it is doubly so of two. And I believe that the majority of those who study language study more than one. Concede this, and the question of economy is answered. The saving will not be seen in two weeks, nor in six probably, perhaps not in twelve; but in a year it certainly will, and it will be more and more apparent with every added year. Recall also the improvement in speaking English that comes from this study, and its practical usefulness is still more evident.

It is now barely thirty years since the true scientific basis for the study of speech sounds was discovered by A. Melville Bell, and set forth in a system, which he called Visible Speech. All subsequent work of any value has been built upon the foundation that he laid. Although scarcely a generation has passed since Professor Bell's researches reduced the subject to scientific methods, there has been marked progress in its study and development. It has already secured a permanent place as an aid in philological and other language study; and the time ought not to be far distant when it will be deemed folly to attempt to teach pronunciation of any language without a knowledge of *Phonetics*.

There is but one thing more to be added, and that rather by way of postscript, and only for the sake of avoiding a possible misunderstanding of my position. This argument is limited to high school and other advanced work; it is not my purpose to urge drill in phonetics or on phonetic rules in the primary and intermediate grades even though a scientific system were used, for I doubt its value to the child till he is able to grasp the subject as a system. Much less do I favor the laborious drill that was so often given upon the sounds and rules found in the old dictionaries and spelling books and was called, or rather miscalled, phonetic. Bells' Visible Speech, however, is a very valuable aid to all *teachers* of the lower grades both as a scientific basis for their own speech, and as a most convenient means of correcting those defects in the pronunciation of their pupils which arise from a dull or defective ear.

Madison, Wis. G. W. SAUNDERSON.

Join the Southwick Debating Club.

EXCHANGE.

Not the least among the many encouraging features of the Magazine this year is the size and quality of our exchange list. We hope to become better acquainted with our neighbors in the educational field, whether they are located in old New England, in Canada, or on the Pacific Coast: to all who have at heart the interest of education, and are striving for an advance along any line, we send greetings. We call on all our graduates to help us in getting acquainted with the schools and colleges of the land by seeing to it that their school or college paper is on our exchange list.

The Normal Exponent, Los Angeles, Cal., sends us the first number of their Volume IV; as we are just four years old also, allow us to extend across the Continent our congratulations and greetings.

A student should know four things.

1. He should know how to study.
2. He should know the value of time.
3. He should understand the science of law and order.
4. He should fully comprehend the meaning of the word persevere.—*Ex*

Good teachers, like good strawberries, will always be found at the top.—*Ex*.

The first Ph. D. given by the University of Chicago was conferred upon a Japanese.—*Ex*.

The *Arena* begins its seventh year in December. The prospectus for ninety-six gives promise of a continual feast of good things throughout the year. Among other things of great note interest to students, and teachers, we have a series of articles by O. B. Flower under heading, "Well Springs of Life," also "The Power of Imagination and the Importance of High Ideals," and "True Education." There will be a series of "Pen Pictures of the Great Social and Political Crises of the Centuries in the English-speaking World," by Richard J. Hinton; this series will give an insight into the great Corn Law agitation and the social condition of England at that time. "The Boston of the Fifties," giving a sketch of the abolition

crusade, with "Pen Pictures of Emerson, Phillips, Sumner, Garrison, Parker," and others, covers a period of American history, without a knowledge of which, no student can understand either the trend of our own times or the literature of the age.

We believe the great success of the *Arena* is due largely to the absolute freedom with which it discusses the questions of the hour from all points of view. While we firmly believe the *Arena* will keep its present high standing and worth, we are sure that the reduction of the subscription price from five to three dollars per annum will greatly increase its influence for good.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT.

FREDERIC A. METCALF, '89, EDITOR.

With this number we begin another year, and with the new year come new demands and new experiences. We, of E. C. O., are separated in space if not in spirit, and each can give from his practical work much of interest and profit to others.

Your experience which seems, perhaps, of small value may contain the answer to questions in other minds, and the expedient used by you in meeting a difficulty may solve the perplexity arising in another's work. Many questions naturally confront us as we go out into the world as teachers, and it is the purpose of this column to discuss them and furnish satisfactory, or at least, helpful answers. This we will endeavor to do, if you will only let us know what these questions are.

It is especially desired that topics relating to the teaching of our work in schools be freely ventilated.

Thus far, the responses to our calls have been few, and usually obtained with more or less difficulty. This year it is earnestly hoped that all will avail themselves of this column and contribute freely. We can easily omit some things if we are over crowded, but when there is lack of material, what can we do?

It remains with you, fellow teachers, to make this department profitable or otherwise. Which shall it be this year? Actions sometimes speak louder than words. Act at once.

The following letter from one of our graduates who, for the past two years, has been teaching in the South, will no doubt prove interesting and helpful to our readers.—ED. NOR. DEP'T.

DEAR STUDENTS AND FRIENDS OF E. C. O.:

In response to the call for experiences, I offer a few words, not so much to tell my experience as to try and impress upon all how much our work is needed, and what a field is open for our grand work.

Coming from a part of the United States where the work of Emerson College is very little known and where it is needed more than I can tell you, where minds are waiting and hearts are hungry for it, I can truly say that the need for competent teachers is very great.

When I entered upon my duties two years ago, in Southern Alabama, no one in that vicinity, with the exception of one person, had ever heard of our work, or our College. This surprised me, for I knew how many of our students had gone forth as teachers. It seemed strange to realize the separation from all Emersonians.

The institution which employed me was a young ladies' college—an old institution, but then under an entirely new faculty. The success of each department depended entirely upon the special teacher in charge.

The ages of the young ladies were from fourteen years upwards.

Elocution was looked upon as a very superficial and trifling study, and indeed, it had formerly been so in that institution. The teacher had taught the pupils to say a piece, and just how and where to make each gesture, etc., and this constituted the sum and substance of Elocution as there taught.

The minds with which I had to deal were not trained to think and disciplined by systematic study. All training had been superficial in the extreme.

Physical culture was something that had merely been heard of and in time to come might be practical, but as yet had no part in education. You can, perhaps, understand the responsibility felt by me in facing my position, but the truth was bound to prevail, if only I was true to the principles of our College. The Emersonian spirit, you all know, is one of helpfulness, and when one is determined to help others there are always those who are ready and glad to be helped.

The work was a revelation to the students, and many who came to criticize proved, in the end, the most enthusiastic workers. Every student of oratory loved it, and finally devoted much time to it.

The first step in the Evolution of Expression was the hardest one to conquer, but when this one step was mastered the others were comparatively easy.

In building up the Physical Culture, I had to work very carefully, for the idea of introducing Physical Culture into the school was entirely new. One by one the barriers gave way, and now most of the young ladies are enthusiastic in the subject.

It was the *beauty* of the movements that first caused the physical work to win favor in the minds of the people, and lastly, the *results* which were so apparent that established its practice among the students.

Since my going South, several other graduates of E. C. O., have taken positions in the Southern States.

There is a welcome for every one of our students who carry our work South, and Emerson College is now well known in Georgia and Alabama.

In April of '94, I had charge of the work at the Chatauqua, held at Albany, Georgia, and the work was enthusiastically received.

A little later, many students from this section of the country, who have become lovers of the Emerson System, and who are now preparing to enter our College, will be with us and will help to carry our grand work throughout the land. WINNIFREDE WOODSIDE METCALF.

PERSONALS.

Allyn, Louise H. '95, is teaching in Putnam Seminary, Zanesville, Ohio. She has over fifty students in oratory and physical culture. A criticism made on her was that she had "unbounded enthusiasm."

* * *

Allen, Marjorie L. '95' has found a niche in Andrew College, Cuthbert, Georgia. She says, "We start with new faculty, new furniture, and new darkey servants."

* * *

Burney, Maude '95, is with her usual energy, settling down for a busy winter. She has private classes in Lynn, Chelsea, and Cambridge. In addition to this, she has been given a position in the Cram School, Boston, and has several hours weekly of high school work. She still continues to delight her many friends by public readings.

* * *

Cassett, Bitha, a former well known teacher of Pennington Seminary, New Jersey, and a student of Emersonian principles, is now at her home in Ohio, recuperating after quite a serious illness.

* * *

Curry, Mrs. Sara Jeffries who resides in Philadelphia, has been meeting with her usual success during the past winter. During June, she filled an engagement in Harrisburg, Pa., during which she read afternoon and evening for one week. Mrs. Curry's greatest power is in her imitation of bird song, and the beauty and suggestiveness of her tones cause the same audience to demand her work again and again.

* * *

DeVol, Mrs. Alice White, has opened a course of lectures and instruction in Literature, Expression and Physical Culture. Mrs. DeVols Interpretation, Lectures and Readings have met with great success. The subjects of these readings include Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," Tennyson's "Princess" and "The Lotus Eaters," "In Memoriam," Browning's "Andrea Del Sarto," "The Flight

of the Duchess," "Pippa Passes." The *Ohio State Journal* says: "The literary feature of the afternoon was the Browning recital given as the closing study of the club year, with Mrs. Alice White DeVol in the difficult role of interpretative reader. The intensely dramatic programme was a crucial test of mental scope, dramatic ability, and physical endurance. The lighter vein of "rest numbers" was conspicuous by its absence, and the artistic success of the rendition of this program was unrelieved seriousness, tragedy, and pathos was signal, combining the rare attributes of a richly endowed and highly cultured mind, a melodiously resonant voice, and rare historic talent. Mrs. DeVol personifies "the ideal" interpreter of men's divinest thoughts.

* * *

Farrell, Lizzie D. '95 believes in carrying Emersonian principles into the home. She has undertaken the preparation of her twin brothers for High School work and gives as part of their instruction, physical culture and expression. She has also a number of private pupils in Stoughton and surrounding towns.

* * *

Gatchell, Maud, is at her home in Chelsea, Mass.

* * *

Gaylord, Joseph, one of our past graduates is taking a course in psychology and subjects of a like nature in Graduates School, Harvard University.

* * *

Holt, Ruth, P. E. has accepted a position in Otis Skinner's theatrical company, and is winning for herself much commendation. The critics say that Miss Holt's great variety and power in expression are her most pleasing traits.

* * *

Harris, Albert W. Post Graduate, is teaching oratory with his old time vigor in Western Reserve School of Oratory, Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

Hasie, George, Post Graduate, has been introducing Physical Culture into the public schools of Texas. We are glad to welcome

him once more among us and to hear of his excellent work.

* * *

Leonard, Lena, of Morriston, New Jersey, is to be married this fall to a gentleman from Ohio.

* * *

Marshall, Susie, '95, is demonstrating as well as exemplifying in her own enthusiastic self, the truths of Oratory at the State Normal School, Denison, Iowa.

* * *

Metcalf, Frederic A. of our College Faculty, has relinquished all bachelor propensities in favor of Miss Winifred Woodside, a former student. We extend to Mrs. Metcalf a warm welcome and wish the happy couple a most prosperous future.

* * *

Saunderson, Mrs. Harriet Colburn, wife of Prof. George W. Saunderson of the University of Wisconsin, has been appointed University Extension Lecturer on Physical Education in the University of Wisconsin, and is now giving a very successful course of extensive lectures on that subject in Milwaukee.

* * *

Taylor, Josephine '95, is teaching Literature, Oratory, Physical Culture, and Composition in Louisville Academy, Louisville, New York. Miss Taylor finds good results obtained by carrying on quite an extensive reading course in connection with her class work in English Literature, thus bringing the minds of the students into actual contact with the author of whom they are studying. Miss Taylor is enjoying her work with the keen zest of an earnest teacher and wishes to be remembered to all her Emersonian friends.

* * *

Underhill, Corinne '95, is filling the position of private secretary to Dr. Isaac Lansing, pastor of the Park Street, Congregational Church.

* * *

Upton, Henrietta '95 is introducing the

work in the best circles of society in Salem, Mass. Miss Upton receives pupils, private and in classes, at her studio in that city.

* * *

Webster, Louise '94, is teaching in a young Ladies' Seminary, Lockville, New Brunswick.

* * *

White, Frances '95, drops in to see her old friends often, though she is busily engaged daily at her office on West St., Boston.

* * *

Wood, Nellie, '95, left this week for Los Angeles, California, where she expects to do private teaching. Miss Wood has friends in that city who have assured her of ample opportunity to practice her profession.

* * *

Ashton—Jones. An event of especial interest to Emersonians was the marriage of Mr. Willard H. Ashton '96, to Miss Grace E. Jones '95, at Dansville, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1895. The ceremony took place in Miss Jones' cottage, "The Woodbox" on the Sanatorium grounds. The reception room was beautifully decorated with branches of oak, maple and bitter-sweet, among which woodbine and madeira hung in graceful drapery. Just after sunset, the wedding party assembled, and Rev. O. P. Gifford, formerly of Warren Ave. Baptist Church, performed the ceremony. The Emersonian spirit showed itself in the simplicity, informality and friendliness that pervaded the entire evening. Dr. E. L. Wood and Mrs. Wood (Anna Courtney '93) were among the guests.

Copies of Mr. Robert's excellent chart which has been approved by Dr. Emerson, may be secured through the Emerson College Magazine Association. Communicate with Mr. Stowe. The chart is invaluable to teachers and students of our work.

Have you read of the inducement offered by us for new subscribers? To every subscriber who will send in with his own name, the names of five *new* subscribers, we will send the Magazine free for one year.

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CHARTS.

A chart of the Emerson System of the Philosophy of Expression has been prepared by Jesse M. Roberts, A. M. The chart gives an outline, with key-sentences, of the Sixteen Steps in Evolution, and the Sixteen Perfective Laws. The chart is highly recommended by Dr. Emerson, and is invaluable to all teachers of our work; though we would not recommend it to outside persons wishing to get a knowledge of the system, as a mere outline might be misleading. Charts will be sent on receipt of price to any address. Charts mounted on rollers, to hang on wall, \$1.00: unmounted 50 cents.

DISCOUNT TICKETS.

Discount tickets for the use of students may be obtained at the desk in the Library.

Address all communications to

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"If what seemed afar so grand,
Turn to nothing in the hand,
On again! the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize."

LINES TO TENNYSON.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Shakespeare and Milton—what third blazoned
name
Shall lips of after ages link to these?
His, who beside the wild encircling seas
Was England's voice, her voice with one acclaim,
For threescore years; whose word of praise was
fame,
Whose scorn gave pause to man's iniquities.

* * * * *

Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade away
Into the darkness, poets of a day;
But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass! Thy fame in every clime
On earth shall live where Saxon speech has
sway.
Waft me this verse across the winter sea
Through light and dark, through mist and
blinding sleet
O winter winds, and lay it at his feet;

Though the poor gift betray my poverty,
At his feet lay it: it may be that he
Will find no gift, where reverence is un-
meet.

We have given in full as the Doctor handed it to us, his lecture on the "Baconian Lunacy," feeling that it is one of the most important contributions made to our magazine this year, and that we could not deprive our readers of one of its interesting points. That Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare we have no doubt, nor, we believe, have any of our readers, but we need to be fortified at all points, having a "reason for the faith that is within us," and, while studying for ourselves into all these points as closely as we may be able, we can accept no better authority than that of Dr. Rolfe, who has spent so many years of time, and labor, in making researches in Shakespearean lore.

In the perusal of the report of the Committee on Colleges on the National Convention of Elocutionists, which we publish in full on another page, two thoughts are very strongly brought home to us; first, the importance which the study of elocution, or using the broader term, oratory, is assuming in the schools and colleges of our country; and secondly, the demand which is peremptory that the teachers of this branch shall be persons of the highest degree of culture.

The days have gone by among us (to our shame be it that they ever existed) when the teacher of elocution aimed only to give his pupils a few artificial airs and graces, to put on certain "finishing touches" (which about "finished" the listener if they did not the pupil) and then sent this acquired combination of peacock and parrot forth to breed others of their kind. To-day this branch is assuming its proper place in the curriculum of school and

college, while preacher and lawyer, alike with lecturer and actor, attest its value.

The study of oratory is the study of human nature. Its province is two-fold; first, to put the student into an all-embracing sympathy with human nature in its various aspects that he may understand its ruling motives, and second, to free him from all obstructions which may be in the way of a perfect revelation of this to others. That preacher of the Gospel, understanding thoroughly the needs, the aspirations and the hope of mankind, who yet by his poor delivery in the pulpit, draws the attention of his hearers from the *what* he is saying to the *how* it is said, limits his own power in just so far as he does so. The lawyer who makes the most forceful plea is he who is freest from those outer "mannerisms" which obtrude between his cause and his audience. It is because our leading educators, who must fit men for every department of life, are beginning to realize the value of these principles, that chairs of Rhetoric and Oratory are being established in all our leading colleges.

And with the realization of the importance of the study comes also the realization that those who profess to teach it must be thoroughly equipped for their work. The teacher must know not only his own subject, he must know all around it, and he must possess in everything the stamp of culture. Thus in nearly every leading school and university in the country, the chair of Elocution is held in connection with one or all of the allied branches of English Literature, Rhetoric, or Logic. We are glad to emphasize this demand for more scholarly and more cultured teachers. It has been in the past a crying evil in our lower schools, but every year, both in these and in the higher schools. in this and every branch of learning, weak and inefficient teachers are weeded out, and strong and able ones are chosen to fill their places.

All of our readers will be interested in Sir Henry Irving's analysis of the character of *Macbeth*, which we print upon another page. In

its general outline this conception of the thane's character is familiar to the students of this college, but there is one point upon which many of us will differ with the great actor. For ourselves, we cannot yet see that there is any probability that Macbeth was hypocritical toward his wife, in that he "led her on to believe that she was leading him on." That Macbeth was a villain at heart we thoroughly believe. The "sisters" found fertile soil for their seed, if indeed it be not true that they had only to nourish a germ which they found already there. It is also true, that Macbeth never really lost sight of the contemplated deed for a moment; that actually he meant always to commit it rather than to lose the coveted crown, but we believe that in spite of this he did actually waver in his own mind, not from any shrinking from the deed, but from a fear of consequences. Could he have been sure; moral coward that he was,

"—— that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here.

But here upon this bank and shoal of time," he would have been perfectly willing to "jump the life to come." The wavering might have led only to a delay in the actual performance of the deed, but it would very likely have had this effect, had it not been for Lady Macbeth. He hesitated, with a fine nicety allowing himself to torture himself into fits of poetic frenzy, deceiving if anyone, only himself. Surely he never deceived her who knew all these fine imaginings to be but the "very painting of his fear."

"—— these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear."

She knew them to be but "flaws and starts" but she recognized how detrimental they were as such to the success of the plan the two were formulating, and from this point of view she did sustain and encourage him. Lady Macbeth's character can be interpreted successfully only by one who recognizes the immense power of good which it contained. Love and ambition for her husband were the primary causes which turned all the forces of her being in this perverted direction, but having once brought all the power of her mighty will to bear upon the carrying out of this plan, she could carry it through

to the bitter end, never giving way, at least in her waking moments, to the tendencies of nature.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Alumni and friends of E. C. O. will be pleased to learn that a College Annual will be published this year, by the students of the College. It will differ from the regulation Annual in eliminating all unkind personal allusions. The spirit which pervades the school will find expression here and it will be made as nearly as may be a perfect exponent of the life of the College.

No effort will be spared in making this volume a valuable souvenir of the College course, for besides the conventional jest and jollity, it will contain the pictures of the faculty, also of the members of the different classes.

In order to bring the past in close touch with the present the Alumni will be given a prominent place, and an endeavor will be made to get a concise history of each from the time of their graduation until now.

The business manager has made arrangement where-by a 1 x 1 ½ inch half tone engraving can be obtained for one dollar.

It is earnestly desired that each Alumnus will send his or her own history concisely written, a cabinet photograph and one dollar for the cut, which will be mailed to owner after publication.

It is necessary that each Alumnus should send a terse sketch of his work, thereby saving the historian an endless amount of correspondence and labor, nor should the photograph be forgotten.

If each Alumnus but respond and assist the students in this endeavor, what a valuable and interesting souvenir it will be! The binding will be of royal purple cloth, stamped with silver, and the price will be one dollar a volume.

Will not each Alumnus and undergraduate do all in his power to make the first E. C. O. Annual a brilliant success. Address all letters of inquiry to M. W. Brown, Jr., Editor, or of business, to C. D. Workman, Business Manager.

GROWTH.

I.

The spirit that makes for truth and good,
That leads us toward places high,
That crowns true man and womanhood,
It will flourish. It cannot die.

II.

For deep, as the unseen springs of life
Which well from the rock of truth,
Is this source of help— This light of the world
That keeps us in sunshine and youth.

III.

We bless the pilgrims who, journeying far—
Have gathered and garnered each gem,
And brought them to brighten our smaller world,
Our thanks and our love circle them.

IV.

No truth is so small in the gamut of life
But 'tis needed for melody's sake,
No thought without worth, if it mirrors the
truth—
But it everything better will make.

V.

We live in the fragrance of beautiful lives,
Which dawn on our hearts like the day,
If we brush back the curtains, and lift up our
souls
And the vision of truth obey.

VI.

There's many an angel walks close by our side,
If the eyes of the spirit could see,
And we miss much of heaven sent down to us
here,
Which is meant our uplifting to be!

VII.

Look up and look out! Let your horizon grow,
Trim the branches of soul life each day,
Turn its leaves to the sun. Let it blossom and
shine,
In its truest, its Maker's own way!

EMILY LOUISE McINTOSH.

THE CHARACTER OF MACBETH.

BY SIR HENRY IRVING.

An extract from an address delivered by the celebrated actor before the students of Columbia College.

NEW YORK, Nov, 20, 1895.—Sir Henry Irving delivered a lecture on the character of Macbeth before the students of Columbia College this afternoon.

"The generally received opinion regarding Macbeth has been that of a good man, who has gone wrong under the influence of a wicked and

dominant wife. This tradition has been in force for many years, and was mainly due to the power of the rendering of the character of Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Siddons, whose strong personality lent itself to the view of an essentially powerful and dominant woman, and, as the play was not given as often as might have been expected, the tradition flourished without challenge of any kind, save now and then some scholarly comment, which practically never reached the masses.

"Now, I should like it today to be our work to examine briefly this proposition. I think we shall find that Shakespeare has in his text given Macbeth as one of the most bloody-minded, hypocritical villains in all his long gallery of portraits of men, instinct with the virtues and vices of their kind. It is in the very text that, before the opening of the play—before the curtain rises upon it—Macbeth had not only thought of murdering Duncan, but had even broached the subject to his wife, and that this vague possibility became a resolute intention under the stress of unexpected developments; that although Macbeth played with the subject, and even cultivated assiduously a keen sense of the horror of his crime, his resolution never really slackened.

At the time of the opening of the play Macbeth was the next heir to the crown, and it was only human that he should dream of natural possibilities of succession. It is true that Duncan's sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, stood between him and the succession, so long as the King lived, but then these were both minors and, as such, unable to succeed if not of age to bear arms. This point is of importance, as we shall see presently. When Duncan hailed Macbeth as "cousin" it was not merely a vague designation of kinship; the two men were first cousins, each being the only son of one of the co-heiresses of King Malcolm, the predecessor of Duncan, who was the common grandfather of them both.

While it was only natural for Macbeth to dream of succession to the kingship of Scotland, there was no need for any unnatural crime to achieve such a possibility. Why, then, was it that the presage of the witches created such a tumult in the mind of the victorious Thane? The answer is simple. Because he had long before discussed

with his wife the question of the murder of the King. When Duncan is in Macbeth's castle, he, Macbeth, begins to play with his conscience, after his habit, as a cat does with a mouse; this is after he has made up his mind definitely to commit the murder. He tells his wife that he will not go on with the project, to which she replies:

What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
* * * Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their
fitness now
Does unmake you.

"Is there any possibility of mistaking the significance of this passage? Here it is definitely stated that before that time the subject of the murder had been broached, and that it was Macbeth who had broached it. Is there any evidence of a good man gone wrong under the influence of a wicked wife?

"Let us see how far recorded history bears out the view, and Shakespeare had his Holinshed before him. Holinshed says:

"The same night, that of the day of seeing the witches, and, in sequence, before his coming to his own castle, at supper, Banquo jested with him and said: 'Now, Macbeth, thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied; there remaineth onlie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe.' Whereupon Macbeth, revolving the thing in his mind, began, even then, to devise how he might "attain the kingdome."

"It is quite possible that Macbeth led his wife to believe that she was leading him on. It was a part of his hypocritical nature to work to her moral downfall in such a way. His hypocrisy runs throughout the play, and there is no stronger instance of it than when, in the presence of his wife, he pathetically pictures the aspect of the murdered King and the innocent attendants, whose faces he and his 'dearest partner of greatness' had smeared with blood. This certainly was a little too much for the lady—for she faints and is carried away. He was a poet with his brain—the greatest poet that Shakespeare has ever drawn—and a villain with his heart, and the mere appreciation of his own wickedness gave irony to his grim humor and zest to his

crime. He loved throughout to paint himself and his deeds in the blackest pigments and add to the exercise of his wickedness the conscious deliberation of an intellectual voluptuary. All through the play his darkest deeds are heralded by high thoughts, told in the most glorious word painting, so that, after a little, the reader or the hearer comes to understand that the excellence of the poetic thought is but a suggestion of the measure of the wickedness that is to follow.

I can see the tears trickling down Macbeth's cheeks as, in the image of pity for Duncan, he pictures the new-born babe tossed about by the tempestuous winds, but when Lady Macbeth suggests how the murder of Duncan can be accomplished without any fear of discovery, every thought of pity vanishes under his resolve to play his part to the end.

"Now, to return for a while to the first act. We have seen that Macbeth had, even before the opening of the play, a vague purpose of murdering Duncan. He considers the possibility that time and chance may do for him what he wishes without active interference on his part.

"Then something happens which furnishes every spur needed to his wicked intent. The King, in his full-hearted generosity, flushed, as he is, in the full tide of warlike and political success, gives away great rewards to all. Among other things, he gives that which does not belong to him, for he makes his eldest son Prince of Cumberland, thus naming him to the succession of his throne. 'This placed an obstacle in Macbeth's way which nerved him to action. It should always be borne in mind that this point is the pivotal one in the action of the play. The position of affairs now is, in the development of the story, that Macbeth has his former inchoate intention of murder crystallized into an immediate and determined resolve to do the deed, for he realizes that the King's unconstitutional action will day by day raise an ever heightening barrier between him and the throne. Up to this moment there was, constitutionally—in the present and in the immediate future—but one life between him and the golden circle. Now there are two, and possibly three, for what

was done in case of Malcolm may yet be done in case of Donalbain, and so Macbeth, who is all-resolute when his mind is made up for action, has already decided that the overleaping of the barrier must be done this very night.

"When the murder is accomplished Macbeth is spared the further exercise of his craft, for Malcolm and Donalbain, who suspect him as the author of the deed, run away to seek shelter out of Scotland, and he has only to blacken their characters by pointing to their flight as an evidence of their guilt, and he at once steps into his place as King of Scotland.

"There is one other side light upon the character of Macbeth which Mr. George Fletcher has pointed out—the view taken of the usurper by the weird sisters and their mistress, Hecate, as Shakespeare calls her. In the fifth scene of the third act Hecate takes the witches to task for their presumption in their dealings with Macbeth:

How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;

* * * * *

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son.
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends.

"Here we have it on high authority, for it is a supernatural being who speaks; that Macbeth is 'spiteful and wrathful,' and is also a 'wayward son.' To what paternity he is attributed is not set forth, but in Winton's legendary 'Crony kil,' it is laid down that the actual father of Macbeth was none other than the devil himself, who had, in the shape of a 'Fayrman,' made love to his mother on a hillside. We must, of course, take these things for only what they are worth, but they most certainly must be considered, for Shakespeare had them within his observation, and throughout the play there are distinct evidences of his study of the chronicles.

"On one point I wish no one to mistake me; that is as to Macbeth's bravery. Of this there can be no doubt, either historically or in Shakespeare's play. Indeed, Shakespeare insists throughout on this great manly quality, and at the very outset of the tragedy twice puts into the mouths of other characters speeches couching this declaration in poetic form. It is to his moral quali-

ties which I refer when I dub him villian. He bears witness himself at the close of act three, when he announces his fixed intent on a general career of selfish crime, and this to the wife whose hands have touched the crown, and whose heart has by now felt the vanity of the empty circlet.

For mine own good
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

"How any student, whether he be of the stage or not, can take the above passages, and, reading them in any light he may, can torture out a meaning of Macbeth's native nobility of honor, I am truly at a loss to conceive. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles, and how any one can believe that a wish for and an intent to murder—and for mere gain, though that gain be the hastening to a crown—can find lodgment in a noble breast, I know not. Let it be sufficient that Macbeth—hypocrite, murderer, traitor, regicide—threw over his many crimes the glamor of his own poetic, self-torturing thought. He was a Celt in every phase of his life; his Celtic fervor was manifest. It is not needed that we, who are students in our various ways of an author's meaning, should make so little of him as to lose his main purpose in the misty beauty of his poetic words."

THE BACONIAN LUNACY.

The so-called "arguments" in behalf of the theory that Francis Bacon wrote William Shakespeare's plays and poems are so many and various, that it would be impossible even to mention them all in a brief paper like this; but the theory can be refuted without considering all its details. It is a Hydra-headed monstrosity, but it is not necessary to crush every separate head in order to kill the creature; and when it is once dead we need not trouble ourselves to stab it again and again, as Falstaff did the corpse of Harry Percy.

The theory is literally a *baseless* one. The fundamental assumption on which it rests is utterly false—namely, that Shakespeare could not have written the works ascribed to him,

and that Bacon could have written them. We are told that all we know of Shakespeare's life and character is incompatible with the supposition of his being the author of the works, while all that we know of Bacon as a man and an author favors the hypothesis that he was their author. On the contrary, every careful student or critic is inevitably forced to the conclusion that the works *must* have been written either by Shakespeare or by some man whose education and experiences were like his, so far as we have become acquainted with them; while it is absolutely impossible that they could have been produced by a man whose training and fortunes were what we know Bacon's to have been.

The facts concerning Shakespeare's personal history that have come down to us are few indeed, but they are important and significant in the study of his works. His life is a key to much that would otherwise be perplexing in his writings; and on the other hand, the writings throw light upon the life, and assist us in filling out the meagre outlines of the biographer. The Baconians are fond of telling us that every new fact concerning Shakespeare or Bacon drops neatly into its place in their theory; but this is strikingly true in regard to the orthodox view, as we may call it. In these latter years the chronology of the plays has been pretty well settled, and all the more important questions concerning their authorship—what plays are wholly Shakespeare's, what are his only in part, how the mixed authorship is to be explained, etc.—have been satisfactorily answered. Now, the better we understand the order and the history of the plays, the clearer it is that they are the work of a playwright who began his career, and who went on, step by step, in that career, as we know Shakespeare did. It is evident that the author was not an amateur, writing plays in the intervals of his more serious occupations, but a man who had his fortune to make and who, after securing some humble position in the theatre, worked his way up as actor and dramatist until he had gained reputation and wealth by his labor. His first literary work was evidently

such as a manager would entrust to a promising tyro in that day—the retouching of old plays in order to give them a new lease of life on the boards. The earliest plays, as the critics almost unanimously agree, are of this sort—not the finished composition of an amateur in dramatic composition, like the Bacon of the theorists. Next we find our playwright trying his hand at original pieces,—light comedies, followed by historical dramas of the same general character as those he had formerly been set at work in furbishing for the stage, but all showing the handicraft of the practical man of the theatre, no scholar but familiar with the obvious requirements of his profession and endowed with *genius* that made him to a great degree independent of learning and literary culture. It is unnecessary to trace him through all the stages of his career as actor and author. Suffice it to say that from first to last we recognize him as the same man, and a man as unlike the learned and cultivated sage of St. Albans, amusing himself with the occasional writing of plays in the seclusion of his closet, as can well be imagined.

The point to be emphasized in this connection is, that Shakespeare was not a learned man, and that the author of the plays was not a learned man as the Baconians wrongly assume. It is amusing that Shakespearian scholars and critics should ever have got the impression that there is evidence of learning in the plays when the proof of the contrary is so manifest and incontrovertible. The misconception could only have been possible (except to a Baconian) before the plays had been minutely examined, their anachronisms and other literary faults and defects carefully scrutinized, and their relation to the sources from which their materials were drawn critically investigated. This kind of study shows beyond a doubt that, marvellous as was the *genius* of the author of the plays, and the insight into human nature and all its capabilities and possibilities which that genius gave him, he not only was no scholar, but all the details of his work show that he had not the scholarly or critical way of working. We see clearly how, notwithstand-

ing the immense advantage the possession of extraordinary genius gave him, the lack of scholastic training was, in certain minor respects, a serious disadvantage to him. If he had had the learning of Bacon superadded to his own natural gifts, he would have done his work differently and in some respects better.

I need not give illustrations of Shakespeare's want of learning. The *anachronisms* in the plays are of themselves a sufficient refutation of the Baconian hypothesis. The advocates of that hypothesis have made no attempt to explain them, except to say that they may have been intended as a "blind," or to guard against discovery. But this is the height of absurdity. These same people tell us that the plays are so full of the evidences of erudition that, if they had come down to us as anonymous productions of the time, we should at once say they were Bacon's; and yet these occasional anachronisms were deliberately inserted to prevent our suspecting that the scholarly Bacon was the author! The plays, it is said, show a familiarity with Greek and Latin authors that had not then been translated into English, and also with the best science and philosophy of the time; but scattered references to "holy churchyards," nuns, striking clocks, and mediæval manners and customs were put into the Roman plays that we might not suspect how profound a scholar had written them!

It may be said that Shakespeare himself knew that the Romans burned their dead, though he makes Menenius speak of "graves in the holy churchyard," and Marc Antony of coming to "*bury* Cæsar;" but this simply illustrates what I said of the unscholarly habits of the dramatist. He knew these things, but not as Bacon or any thorough classical scholar knew them. He was not so much at home in Roman life that when writing of it he was safe from these lapses, which are much like those of a schoolboy, who is apt to get his every-day manners and customs mixed up with those of the ancient times he is studying. Call his attention to the slip and he sees it; but a better scholar would not have needed the admonition.

If Shakespeare had revised his works for

publication, he would probably have corrected some of these mistakes; but we are told that Bacon did revise the plays carefully for the folio of 1623, and yet left the anachronisms in all their original enormity. But of this I shall have something to say further on.

Shakespeare's use of his *historical materials* is another striking illustration of his lack of learning and culture. In the Roman plays, for example, he draws his material almost exclusively from Plutarch's Lives. Bacon was of course perfectly familiar with Plutarch in the original Greek, and would have gone to the original if he had written the plays, rather than to a translation of a translation (Sir Thos. North's Englishing of Bishop Amyot's French); or if it were conceivable that he resorted to this as a matter of convenience, he would at least have corrected the palpable misprints which had crept into North's book.

Shakespeare was not familiar enough with the minutiae of Roman history to put *Decimus Brutus* in place of North's *Decius Brutus*, or *Calpurnia* as the name of Cæsar's wife instead of the impossible Latin form *Calphurnia*. Bacon could as soon have written the "Richard Conqueror" of Sly the tinker instead of *William Ditto*, as this *Decius* for *Decimus*. Indeed, he gives both this name and *Calpurnia* correctly in a passage in his Essay on Friendship which is quoted by Judge Holmes (p. 289) to show the similarity in style between the essay and the play. The Judge has been comparing certain other passages from Bacon and Shakespeare, which he says make it "scarcely possible to doubt, either that the story of Plutarch passed through his pen into this scene, or that the play was written by him." He then goes on confidently thus: "But if there be a lingering doubt in any mind, it must certainly be removed by a comparison of these further passages from the Essay of Friendship with the second act of the play." And yet nothing can be clearer than the fact that the writer of the essay was perfectly familiar with what the writer of the play was ignorant of.

In like manner, in I. Henry IV. i. 1, 71, the

King speaks of

"Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas";

but he was not the son of Douglas, but of the Duke of Albany. How did Shakespeare make this mistake which Bacon could never have made? He was misled by the accidental omission of a comma in the edition of Holinshed which he followed. Mordake is thus apparently described as "son to the gouvernour Archembald earle Douglas" and not merely son to the governor, or regent, the office then held by the Duke of Albany.

Again, in Henry V. i. 2, 56 fol. Shakespeare copies an arithmetical blunder from Holinshed without detecting it. Canterbury says:

"Nor did the French possess the Salic land,
Until *four hundred one and twenty years*
After defunction of King Pharamond."

He proceeds to state that Pharamond died in the year 426, while it was not until the year 805 that Charlemagne conquered the Saxons and extended the French domain beyond the river Sala. But 426 subtracted from 805 leaves 379, not 421, as Holinshed and Shakespeare (or Bacon) make it.

It is possible of course for a careful scholar to make these slips now and then, and for others to copy them without seeing or suspecting them (I was the first editor of Shakespeare, so far as I am aware, to detect this error in subtraction); but there are too many of them in the plays to justify this excuse for them all. A man of Bacon's training and habits could not have been guilty of such repeated and preposterous mistakes—especially in history, where he was so thoroughly at home.

But I pass to a line of argument which, so far as I am aware, has never been followed in dealing with these Baconian heretics—the bearing of the folio of 1623 upon the question.

We know what use Donnelly makes of this first collected edition of the plays, published seven years after the poet's death. According to him it was most elaborately revised and "doctored" by that eminent dramatist Francis Bacon, in order that it might preserve to coming generations the cryptogramic evidence that

he, and not Shakespeare, was the author of its contents. According to Judge Holmes, Mrs. Pott, and others, the volume was published by Bacon, two years after his downfall, at a time (to quote Mrs. Pott,) "when his poverty and his failing health caused him to press forward the publication of all his works." The differences between the earlier quartos and the folio are said to be due to the revision of the plays by the author. Both Judge Holmes and Mrs. Pott lay much stress on this, and both give illustrations of the changes made because of Bacon's "increased knowledge and new interests." Now, if we assume that the folio is just what it purports to be, a collection of plays made after the author's death, by two of his fellow-actors—persons of small culture and of no experience as editors—who did little except to gather up old manuscripts that had been used in the theatre and were more or less dog-eared and mutilated, to say nothing of the abridgement and other alterations to which they had been subjected for stage purposes—the earlier quarto editions, perhaps interlined and otherwise modified in the theatre, being in the case of some of the plays used instead of manuscript copies,—and all this matter put through the press, according to the usage of the time, with no proof-reading worthy of the name—if, I say, we assume this to have been the history of the volume, its peculiarities and its imperfections are in the main easily accounted for. But if it is to be regarded as an edition compiled by the author, and presenting the plays in the revised form in which he desired to hand them down to posterity—and especially if we are to believe that he has wrought into the texture of certain plays the secret evidence that they are his and not another's—if this is the view of the volume that we are to take, its peculiarities are absolutely inexplicable. No author, least of all one so orderly and systematic as Bacon, ever issued a collection of his works in such a fashion—so badly arranged, so wretchedly printed—with such inequality of wretchedness withal, for portions of it are far worse than others in respect to misprints and corruptions of the text. If it is the

author's own revised edition, how are we to explain the fact that it contains certain plays which are manifestly nothing more than a slight remodelling of earlier work by other hands? that others are apparently pieces left unfinished and corrupted by another playwright—in some cases by one so inferior that no author would allow his work to be touched by such a bungler? If it be said (as by a very small minority of critics) that all the matter is from one and the same hand, this is not absolutely inconceivable if the collecting and publishing of the works has been done by an incompetent or unscrupulous editor after the author's death; but how can we explain it if the author himself is editor?

Why, to refer to a single play, should *Timon of Athens* be left in the state in which we find it—pure gold, with a large admittance of the basest alloy, stuff utterly unworthy the 'prentice days of the dramatist? Scarcely a critic of the present century has been willing to regard the play as the work of a single hand. Portions of it are written in the merest burlesque of verse—as if the author had no ear, unless an asinine one—and the thought and sentiment are in keeping with the versification—while other portions bear the marks of the poet's most mature and finished style. According to the Baconians, this was one of the latest plays, if not the latest play, their philosopher wrote, and *Timon* is meant as a representation of him. If, deserted by his parasite friends after his fall. Is it conceivable that he could have written it as we have it, or that, if any other inferior writer had a share in it, Bacon would have printed it all as his own? These and similar questions concerning the folio have never been put to the Baconians so far as I know, and I cannot guess how they would attempt to answer them. *Can* they answer them satisfactorily?

A few minor arguments against the Baconian theory may be briefly attended to.

The relations of Ben. Jonson to Bacon and Shakespeare, are a stumbling-block to the heretics, as they may well be. Ben was an intimate friend of both men. The Baconians be-

lieve that he was in the secret of the authorship of the plays, and that in 1623 he did what he could to promote the sale of the folio, because Bacon was poor and needed the money that the publication might bring him. But Ben was a scholar, and knew that the author of the plays was not a scholar. We have his own testimony that he criticised some of Shakespeare's work on this account. At the same time he had a personal liking for the dramatist, —a love, as he himself says, which was only short of idolatry. It is amusing to see how Judge Holmes endeavors to reconcile these facts with his theory. Ben was perhaps speaking ironically, he says, and, when eulogizing Shakespeare, he was thinking more of the works than of the man; and the like. But this does not touch the fact that the manner in which he qualified his praise of the dramatist is that of the scholar criticising the work of one, who, with all his genius, was not a scholar—and it is impossible that he could have spoken of Bacon in that way. It is clear that Ben supposed Shakespeare to be the author of the plays ascribed to him; but the Baconians are unquestionably right in assuming that if Bacon wrote them he would almost certainly have made Ben his confidant.

The Sonnets are another stumbling-block to the Baconians. As Grant White says, that Bacon wrote them is "morally impossible"—and, as I should add, practically impossible. But whoever wrote them must also have written the plays; the "parallelisms" of style in the plays and the sonnets are far more remarkable than any which the Baconians imagine they find in the works of Bacon and Shakespeare. Mr. W. D. O'Connor, in his *Hamlet's Note Book*, agrees with Grant White that the Sonnets cannot be Bacon's; "the considerations he (White) advances are manifestly conclusive." "He might have gone further," adds Mr. O'Connor, "and shown that their autobiographic revelations are no less incompatible with the history of Bacon's life." Walter Raleigh wrote the *Sonnets*, we are then told—as one G. S. Caldwell far away in Australia had maintained nearly ten years earlier—in 1877;

but he was consistent enough to assign the plays also to Sir Walter. The title of his book, or 32-page pamphlet, is "Sir Walter Raleigh, The Author of Shakespeare's Plays and Sonnets." Raleigh was lame after being wounded in 1596, as the author of Sonnets 38 and 89 represents himself, if we take the passages literally, etc. On the other hand Judge Holmes has no doubt that the Sonnets, like the plays, were written by Bacon. "The similitudes of thought, style and diction," he says, "are such as to put at rest all question on that head. They bear the impress of Bacon's mind; and they exhibit states of mind and feeling which will find an explanation nowhere better than in his personal history." This is illustrated at considerable length by quotations from the Sonnets.

Of the "cipher" cranks I have no time to speak, and they are not worthy of serious attention. Coleridge said he didn't believe in ghosts, because he "had seen too many of them"—an excellent reason, though seeming, at first thought, of the Hibernian type. And there are too many of these ciphers. Half a dozen or more independent ones have been found by different investigators; each believes that all the others are delusions—and they are all right in this conclusion.

The most noted of them stupefy themselves in arguing that Bacon wrote not only his own works and Shakespeare's, but a large part of the other literature of the time. Donnelly ascribes to him all the so-called "doubtful plays" (at one time and another, supposed to be Shakespeare's), fifteen in number; and also the plays supposed to be written by Marlowe, Marston, Massinger, Middleton, Greene, Shirley, and Webster; together with Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Montaigne's *Essays*. Dr. Owen, while including most of these, adds all of Spenser's works, though the *Shepherd's Kalendar* was published when Bacon was seventeen, and we have evidence that parts of the *Faerie Queene* were in manuscript before he was eighteen.

These "cranks" tell us that we have just the same grounds for believing that Bacon

wrote all these works that we have for believing that he wrote Shakespeare's plays and poems! Here I can heartily agree with them. If Bacon wrote any one of these things he unquestionably wrote all of them — and any other Elizabethan literature which Donnelly, Owen, and the rest will take the trouble to analyze and decipher after the same fashion.

W. J. ROLFE.

NOTABLE LECTURES AT EMERSON.

We have had the pleasure this term of listening to two lectures, both of which were practical illustrations of the principles of oratory. Both speakers met an enthusiastic reception to which they responded by giving us of their best, and from both we received new courage to persevere in our work, and to be satisfied with nothing less than excellence.

On November 13th, Dr. Albert E. Winship, Editor of the Journal of Education, addressed the College. His subject was the "Elocutionist as Soloist," or as he preferred to say, "The Elocutionist as Solist." We give here a few of the many inspiring words which he said thinking they may be helpful in recalling to memory the gist of the lecture.

The solist is not a genius; is not original. He takes the work of a master and puts himself into it; his *rendering* of the masterpiece makes him mighty.

When you have heard Patti sing "Coming Through the Rye" you appreciate the fact that the secret of her power is that she takes the words of the master and gives them her own interpretation.

Real individuality consists in putting our personality into conventionality. The solist who has individuality puts himself so thoroughly into the masterpiece that you never think of him, but of the masterpiece.

You are not to seek an original interpretation for everything, but if you see the masterpiece through your own eyes, the time will come when your interpretation will be individual.

The elocutionist with courage to take masters and give individuality to these grand

themes which have come down to us possesses power.

If you have art and have not the patience to wait and develop that art, you cripple your power. Art that will abide its time, that *will* be master, when it gets a hearing, will keep that hearing to its grave. What you want is not too early a recognition, but eternal recognition.

There is an absolutely limitless field for elocutionists. The world needs that inspiration which can only come when a master's thought is sent, charged with the individuality of a noble soul, into the minds of men.

Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant, a well known lecturer and reformer, of London, spoke to the students on December 6th.

Mrs. Chant did not announce any subject but said she would speak the thoughts which came to her from the minds before her. The words that followed brought a grand spiritual uplifting to every soul in the audience. The yearnings after the good, the rebellion against the injustice of the world, the struggle between the ideal and the material, the struggle of every aspiring soul after the unattainable found expression from her lips. We might be able to give in general terms some of the things she said but only a very few of her expressions found their inscription in the note book. Here they are:

The quality of humility is a necessary one. It is humility born of strength which can say "I don't know," or better still "I don't know yet." Close to humility is reverence, which is the temple of the soul.

Place your ideals very high and don't let anyone laugh you out of them.

This life is but a prophecy of the life to come.

Let us find God in each other.

The critic's real function is to admire, to uplift and to encourage. Just in proportion as you have encouraged that which is good, you have discouraged that which is evil.

We are nothing but incarnations of possibilities of future divinity.

The blasphemy of to-day is the absolute truth of to-morrow.

The fire of a deep, indomitable love, is what the world needs. "Immortality is love forevermore."

While Mrs. Chant spoke "the fire of a deep indomitable love" beamed from her eyes and spoke in her voice. We felt that every noble word she spoke found expression in the daily acts of her life; and President Emerson expressed the heartfelt thought of his students when he said we should thank God for the divine truth which had been expressed to us through a free channel.

In response to enthusiastic applause, Mrs. Chant asked all to join her in singing the National Hymn, "America," and she promised to address us again before leaving for England, on the "Coming Woman," and we anticipate another intellectual treat in the near future.

VOICE.

BY PRESIDENT EMERSON.

The subject of the voice is old, and yet nobody feels that it is old because everybody feels so much interest in the subject. The study of human nature is very old, but nobody feels that it is old; it is ever new, because no one in any philosophy has ever yet sounded the depths of the human soul, so we are still learning of its wonderful manifestations. For similar reasons the subject of the voice is ever new, because it represents man—it tells of man. You study each other—all people study each other—more, perhaps, through the voice than through any other manifestation. If the voice be natural, so far as the impression made on the hearer is concerned, it is true that the voice is the man and the man the voice. Your judgment cannot determine where one leaves off and the other begins. This, of course, would not be true of an artificial voice.

We wish to-day, to consider the voice in several aspects. Why, first of all, does the voice affect us so much when we listen to it? Even though we hear no words, yet, by the tone, we are strangely affected sometimes in every part of our being. The rea-

son is this: the voice expresses all the activities of the soul, and they are innumerable. They can be resolved, as they have been by the best thinkers, into three general activities. These, of course, are so diversified, so related, so mixed, if you please, that the variety of voices seems to be infinite. In every person's voice, while we recognize its individuality as a whole, yet it is so varied and so variable that it does not sound twice just the same. It does not sound just the same throughout a word. It is a little different at the beginning, from what it is at the middle or the ending of a word. We may not always discern this difference, but without question the difference is there. Its variations, expressing the individual in his varying moods, appeal directly to other individuals in their varying moods.

There are certain leading characteristics in the voice which appeal to the three principal activities of the mind. What are these three primary activities of the mind? You are told so often in your studies here that, doubtless, the words are very familiar to you. The three primary activities of the mind are,

1. Intellect;
2. Sensibility or feeling;
3. Will, or as a corresponding term, choice.

These are so compounded and therefore so varied that there are an infinite number of activities and a corresponding number of peculiarities of voice, according to the various mixtures, if you will allow that term, of these activities.

Now, let us see what it is in the voice which appeals to different activities of the mind. We may designate the three most marked peculiarities of the voice:

1. Form of the voice;
2. Color of the voice;
3. Quantity of the voice.

Of course when we say voice we mean the substance of the voice, and form, color, quantity, are the peculiarities or characteristics of the substance of the voice.

The voice, as voice, appeals to the sensibilities of man. (I am not speaking of words, but of voice itself.) Voice appeals to these sensi-

bilities through different characteristics. For illustration, the form of the voice appeals to sensibilities through the intellect. The color of the voice appeals to sensibilities directly. The quantity of the voice appeals to the sensibilities through the will. In brief,

Form appeals to Intellect,

Color appeals to Sensibility,

Quantity appeals to Will.

Form, remember, always appeals to the intellect. In statuary, in literature, in architecture—wherever form is noticed as form, it is the intellect that notices it and it is the intellect that is quickened by it. Color always appeals to the feelings, whatever color it is. Quantity, wherever found, always appeals to the will. We are not speaking now of bulk, but of actual quantity. A thing may have great bulk and little quantity, or little bulk and great quantity.

These facts are very noticeable when we consider how we are affected by sounds. We listen to the song of a bird, it is sweet and beautiful. Yet the will is not affected. The quantity of sound, while apparent, is scarcely appreciable. In the lion, we hear quantity of voice. He has the greatest quantity of voice of any of the animals that walk the earth. Does this quantity of voice,—the lion's voice, which stands for quantity—affect the will or not? Let us see. When the lion roars the smaller animals hide themselves; their will is overcome; their courage demoralized. When you listen to the tremendous blast of his awful trumpet, how is your will affected? Your courage is put to the test, and courage, you know, is largely made up of will. Your courage is aroused or it is crushed because of the quantity of his voice.

Quantity does not come because the lion's throat is larger; it comes from the explosive power of his breath, which is caused not only by the strength, elasticity and proper adjustment of the muscles which compress the air in the lungs, but also by the cartilages which control the vocal cords, so that the stroke of his voice is like the stroke of a cannon. The inward force, or rather the strength, that is in her vocal cords is tremendous. And

now the charge—if you will allow the illustration—of his voice is sent out through the vocal cords just as the charge that is in the cannon is forced out by the explosion of the powder.

To-day we will devote most of the time to the matter of *form*, but I wish to have you understand what we mean by the other characteristics of the voice—color and quantity. Why do we say the voice has will in it? Because it appeals to the will. This is the only way we have of judging the voice. The voice appeals to the will just in the ratio of its quantity.

We say the voice has color. You might reply: "It is a curious thing to talk of color, when we cannot see the voice. The eye is the instrument by which we discern color. Now you talk about discerning color by the ear." By the color of a sound we mean the way in which it makes an individual feel. Strictly speaking, you might say, possibly, that there is no color in the voice, because the ear does not recognize color. Why, then, do we call it color? Because a certain quality in the voice or in the sound affects you just as a certain color affects you. This quality in the voice which we call color affects you when you hear it just as the sight of color affects you when you see it. So that the name is taken from the feeling it produces, because the feeling it produces is exactly the same in a certain quality of tone as that which a certain color produces. Therefore, a certain sound in the voice corresponds in its effect upon the feelings to color that we see in the flowers or elsewhere.

We say that certain tones have form. Can we see that form? Can we feel that form through the sense of touch? We think of a substance having form, because we can see or feel that form. In the form of the voice we cannot see the form, because we cannot see the voice itself. You cannot judge of its form by touch, because you cannot sense it through the fingers. There are substances in nature that cannot be discerned by the natural eye unaided; still, by instruments we determine that they have form. But it is not so in regard to the voice. You judge of form as you judge of

color — by the effect it produces upon the feelings. There are certain tones which affect you as certain forms do. No two forms affect you in just the same way. A square block affects your feelings in a given way. Another substance, the characteristic of which is flatness, affects your feelings in a certain way because it is flat. Another substance is round. It affects your feelings in still another way because it is round. And so we might go on through all the innumerable variety of forms.

There is something in the voice that affects your feelings just as a certain shape affects your feelings, therefore we say the voice has that shape. "You say: 'There is something so square about such a person's tone.'" Why? Because there is something about it which affects your feelings, just as a certain substance which is square affects your feelings. Then again you say a certain sound is flat. Why do you say it is flat, when you cannot touch it, when you cannot see it, when no microscope can reveal it to you? Why? Because it affects your feelings just as something that is flat affects the feelings. Thus we judge of the forms of sound by the way they affect our feelings. We have no hesitation in giving a common judgment, designating sounds as round, square, flat, etc.

It is by the intuition of the majority of individuals that we determine upon the quality or character of any substance or subject. If a person should say that the sun was always black at noonday you would say that there was some trouble with the man or with his eyes. Why would you think so? Has not he as good a right to believe his sight as you have to believe yours? Yes, but the majority of mankind intuitively see that the sun is of a bright color, and not black. From time immemorial people have spoken of the sun as being bright and luminous. Now, if there is one person who sees it black, you will know there is something wrong with his eyes. We determine the qualities of voice in the same way. The majority of people will hear a sound either flat, round, curved or straight; so we agree almost intuitively upon these tones in regard to their form.

Hence you see, we are judging all the time of sounds by the feelings they produce. The same kind of feelings are produced in all classes of people, therefore you do not question that a certain tone is curved and a certain tone is straight.

People judging introspectively of their feelings as to a curved tone, have received pleasure from this tone. All the pleasure we derive from the rainbow does not come simply because of the beautiful colors. The form has as much to do with our pleasure as the colors have. I cannot tell which gives human beings greater pleasure, form or color. Some will enjoy form a little more than color, others will enjoy color a little more than form, there is diversity of taste in this respect.

I wish you to notice that the form of the voice which we see, or rather feel in the mind has an actual basis on its mechanical side. There is a reason and a scientific reason for perceiving that a certain tone is curved or a certain tone is straight or a certain tone is flat. It has been settled long since that a curved line is the line of beauty, which means that a curved line conveys a much greater impression of beauty to the imagination than a straight line does. A straight line sets you to thinking — awakens the mathematics in you, but a curved line awakens the feeling of pleasure.

How do you know that a certain voice is good or bad? You say such a person has a bad voice. In some instances this conclusion would be erroneous, because it is your individual and private conclusion, and nobody else would feel it to be a bad voice. You perhaps have come to this conclusion through some science, falsely so called. Sometimes a scientific person will make greater mistakes in matters of feeling than a person who is not scientific, because the former has biased his feelings with certain theories, therefore his feelings are not natural, not spontaneous. The majority of mankind in their intuitions are worth more than the mere opinion of one individual, however scientific that individual may be. I repeat, in matters of feeling this is true.

Why do you pronounce a certain voice

good? Because it gives people pleasure when they hear it. Why do you pronounce another voice bad? Because it gives people more or less pain when they hear it. If the voice seems to be free and melodious, you say it is a pleasant voice; therefore it must be a good voice, because it produces pleasure. Thus we settle upon good and bad in their relation to pleasure and pain. A good voice gives pleasure and a bad voice gives pain, therefore we settle the matter of good and bad in the voice as we do the matter of good and bad in morals and conduct, because of the pleasure or pain that follows in the result produced.

I think all persons will agree with us that a voice which appeals to the feelings as being curved is more beautiful than one that is straight, because all people have settled on the conclusion that a curved line is more beautiful than a straight line. So we need have no question as to this point of the discussion. All persons will tell you if left to their instincts and intuitions—persons who have not come to this conclusion through miscalled science—that curved movements of the body are more beautiful than straight movements. You have but to look at a movement to determine this. If a person habitually makes curved movements—though you may not think anything about it—other things being equal, you are more pleased with this person than you are with one who is constantly moving in straight lines, and therefore in angles. The voice is capable of producing curved lines, straight lines or angles, thus giving you the same feeling that an individual does in his movements.

We are going to deal with the voice in its relations to the feeling because art is the language of feeling. In voice culture we must relate the voice to the feelings and judge of the voice by the feelings. I have heard people say again and again that the masses of the people do not know a good voice from a poor one. Perhaps their judgments do not, but there is something in man deeper than his judgment. He *feels* that it is a good voice or a poor one, and all the science concerning

the voice has been developed by the observation of voices which please and voices which displease.

No scientific man in the world can set a fashion for the voice and say to all people, "You shall admire such a voice and you shall be disgusted with other kinds." The people will not follow any such dictum. There is an intuition within the human soul, and upon this intuition of the common people rests the judgment of truly scientific men in regard to the voice. All the teachers of Christ's time judged him to be an incorrect teacher; the learned men of his time said that his teaching was incorrect, and tried to stir up the people against him. Still the common people heard him gladly.

There is an intuition in the human heart which is the last judgment that men can offer. It corresponds with the judgment of God, because a man's intuition is that share of the mind of God which he possesses. To each person is given a share of the mind of his Creator, and that share has been denominated his intuitions. The word intuition has been abused. It has been made to explain almost anything and everything. There *is* an intuition in man; it has perhaps a small sphere, but it is there, and upon this we have to rest finally all judgment, because the common intuition of human beings is the only thing we can rest upon with absolute certainty. This common intuition tells us whether a voice is good or bad.

The science of mathematics is based upon intuition concerning numbers. The science of color is based upon intuition concerning colors. The science of sound is based upon the intuition that perceives sound. So every other science that may be truly called a science is based upon an intuition. No one questions the intuition, for it is common to all. There is an intuition in man concerning holiness and concerning right and conscience. You may have a science of morals, but that science has to rest upon the intuition of right and wrong which is common to all people. I am not promulgating anything new in regard to these mat-

ters. The reason I am dwelling upon this principle so much at this point is this: I want to convince your minds that it is safe in judging of these matters of art to trust the common intuition—that is, the intuition that is common to people—and that you have no other basis to rest science or final judgment upon than that which is laid in the human constitution.

I wish now to dwell particularly upon the scientific side of that which affects your intuition in regard to form—flat, round, square, oblong, curved, straight, or any other form that you please. I wish, in the first place, to call your attention to the matter of curved lines. The voice, other things being equal, in the ratio that it suggests to your mind a beautiful curve, pleases you. The voice that suggests a straight line or something which approaches a straight line is unpleasant. The stream of tone which is produced and which we call voice is curved, if the tone is natural. It is shaped by the instrument through which it passes. Let us look for a moment at the instrument. Here we have a cast of one half of the human head and face. Here is the mouth. There is the tongue, which lies in the bottom of the mouth. There is the roof of the mouth, sometimes known as the hard palate. There is the aperture back of the nose, called the nares. Other details of the anatomy on which the physiology of the voice rests I need not enter, because they are already familiar to you from the instruction you have received from the professor of Visible Speech or Vocal Physiology.

Let us see where the voice begins. Let us look first at the windpipe, commonly so-called, or the trachea. At the top of the trachea is the larynx, sometimes called the "music-box," and sometimes vulgarly called "Adam's apple," perhaps suggestive that Adam's apple stuck in his throat. He had some conscience left, it is said, so he could not swallow the apple easily, so there it stuck. It is larger in man than in woman. But I do not think it is a question of conscience between the two sexes. Some might say that Eve had no conscience, so she swallowed her apple, while Adam's conscience

resisted the swallowing and held the apple there in his throat. Yet it may be that Adam undertook to swallow a bigger apple than Eve.

In this box, or the trachea, there are two bands stretched across from back to front, called the vocal cords. These two bands are capable of being contracted or relaxed. By their contraction and by the air which is forced from the lungs striking over their edges, a sound is produced, and this is the basis of that which we call voice. The sound thus produced is taken up and moulded by the tube called the windpipe, and also and more especially by the chambers of resonance in the head. If you notice the chambers which mould the tone, you will find that their general shape is curved. Let us trace on the cast the aperture above the vocal cords. You will see that it is curved. The tone cannot be otherwise than curved, because it is put into a mould that curves it. You know very well when you pour melted lead into a mould it hardens into the shape of the mould. So other substances that can be moulded take the shape of the mould. The voice can be moulded into different shapes, according to the shape of this aperture.

This aperture is termed the resonant chamber. It is divided into resonant chambers, but as a whole it is a resonant chamber. The resonant chamber gives the voice its curves. The various adjustments of the parts of the mouth or the throat give the voice other shapes as round, flat, square, etc. For instance, the tongue is readily adjustable—easily moved. The relation which the tongue sustains to the roof of the mouth, sides of the throat, etc., will determine whether the tone shall be round or flat or whether it shall take some other form.

The difficulties in giving the right mould to the tone are two. The first difficulty comes in obeying the curved line which exists in the structure of the organs. The second difficulty comes in so adjusting the tongue and the other organs that surround the tongue that the shape of the tone shall be beautiful. A certain adjustment of the tongue with the other parts of the mouth seems to give you

a free tone—as free as the zephyrs—as free as the sound when the wind blows gently through the pine trees. Another adjustment of the tongue to the surrounding parts, together with a certain condition of the vocal cords, gives you a hissing tone. Another adjustment and you have something that is as flat as the sound which you hear from a duck. The duck gives you that shape; he cannot do otherwise, because, forsooth, he is a duck. The human voice is capable of imitating that sound, although man is not a duck.

A person can so adjust the vocal organs as to represent the sound of the duck, “quack-quack-quack.” Now, what makes that tone so flat? It is the adjustment of the tongue, and if you could look into my mouth you would see it was of a similar shape as that of the interior of the duck’s mouth. You would see that what you hear in the mind as a flat tone is the only sound that could be moulded in a mouth so shaped. And if you should give a round tone you would see by looking into the mouth that you could not give other than a round tone. If the tone in its progress through this vocal aperture is as free as it can be and still receive its perfect form, it is pleasing to the ear. If, on the other hand, the tone is in any place restricted—as we sometimes say, squeezed or modified,—the result is unpleasant.

The different parts of the tongue, when pressing upon the tone, will give it different qualities—in other words, different characteristics. If the back of the tongue presses hard against the pharynx, so that the tone is not perfectly formed, the individual gives you a characteristic tone that seems as though he was contending—as though his temper was not just right. And so he will give you a different character every time he presses the tongue at a different point. Pressure at one point gives you the quality of anger; pressure at another gives you the tone of extreme and feigned solemnity; at another, of self-importance, etc. [Pres. Emerson here illustrated his points by drawing upon the blackboard lines to represent the tongue, the roof of the mouth and the pharynx.]

Suppose an individual while speaking presses

the back of the tongue a little nearer the pharynx than is necessary to give a free and well formed tone. This reduces the size of the aperture through which the voice passes. The tone which I give while the organs are in this position makes you feel that I am offended, or if I am not offended I shall soon offend you. (Illustrating.) It indicates wrath. “I hate!” And in your feelings very soon you begin to associate this tone with me. You feel that I am antagonistic and might be antagonized by you. All this is the result of pushing the tongue against the pharynx at this point. Suppose we leave the tongue free at that point of which we have been speaking but press it more than it is necessary at another point, and you will hear a tone that will make you feel that I am asserting myself. (Illustrating.) I do not consider myself of any great value, but I am fully determined that you shall accept me as of great value. You say I recognize my own importance. I do not, but I want you to, so I assert it. All done by pressing the tongue at this point. (Indicating upon the black board.)

Now, we will begin at another point of the tongue, near the top of the tongue, and press it there, and you hear this tone. (Illustrating.) It resembles the other tone somewhat, you think. Now, let us press the tongue at another point. Remember it is not lifting the tongue to a normal point that gives these voices, it is by lifting it abnormally that these results occur. Now, you have another kind of voice. (Illustrating.) Another kind of person is speaking. You meet a person sometimes and say “Good morning” to him. He says, “good morning.” What is the trouble with his “good morning”? The “good morning” stuck on the top of the tongue, because he brought the tongue too high. You see there is a slight resemblance to the other tones that passed along here, (indicating upon the blackboard) but it is not precisely the same, after all; it has been changed.

You can hardly realize when you hear a certain sound of voice, that it is a certain adjustment of the tongue at a given point which gives that particular quality—a quality taken from the shape or the form given. One could go on

endlessly, almost, in making these points of pressure on the tongue nearer together, and you would find the voice more gradually changing. Then again you might choose two points of pressure at the same time. (Illustrating.) You will hear the voice of one who is determined to control you by making you think he is very sweet and nice, while at the same time there is a quality which says, "If you don't think I am sweet and nice, you must except me any way."

Change the points of pressure and you get another tone. (Illustrating.) You will notice I am exceedingly pleasant on one side, but I shall force my way through if I cannot flatter it through. The person with this kind of voice is hard, determined and resisting; at the same time he will get in by flattery if he can — if he cannot he will get in by force in whatever he seeks, whether it is your money bag or something else. I use these illustrations merely to show you that form in the voice has a scientific basis and can be judged of scientifically by direct observation. Your intuition tells you that this person's voice (Illustrating) is full of hate, while your science tells you what has caused that sound. Your intuition tells you that this (Illustrating) is a very self-asserting man, but science tells you how that tone was formed.

Think of form, hold the idea of form in tone in your mind. The different forms will give you different characters — one character of voice has one form, another has another form. There is a certain form that indicates kindness, and also a certain pitch that goes with it. I shall illustrate this more fully in a lecture which I call, "The Relation of Pitch to Resonance." I only touch upon the subject here to give you some idea that there are other sides of this question to be discussed than the strict matter of form.

These things point us to universal laws—laws which are over and above your control or mine. In the different forms of speech I have been giving, notice one thing: it was impossible to give any other kind of voice, any other character of voice, any other tone of voice while the tongue was held in a certain position, because it is a law of form, and these laws are universal and far-reaching. The law

of form is a divine law. Although it finds its place in the intellect of man, it proceeds as a law from the Infinite.

In closing the discussion of the subject of material law, I never like to leave your minds confined to any special adaptation of that law, lest you may not think largely enough of the universality of that law; and hence you may close your thought on that subject while the mind is in a narrow, defining condition rather than in an open and receptive one. These laws are circuits in God's universe; they are without beginning and without end. We can never comprehend a universal law. We may study its effects and study them in a very definite way, but we can never comprehend the law—by comprehend, I mean surround. We cannot surround a natural law with our minds, because our minds are finite, while law is infinite. There is no manifestation of a universal law that does not lead our thoughts upward, that does not lead our thoughts into the realm of holiness, into the realm whence all love and all beauty come.

We have been speaking at this hour of the possible beauty of the voice, of beauty of form. Beauty is an attribute of God. How beautiful is our thought of Deity,—the Perfect, the Ideal! You have seen the manifestations of beauty, but you never have seen beauty itself. If the manifestation of beauty is so glorious, what must be beauty itself? I see the manifestation of beauty in a flower; I do not see the beauty, but only the manifestation. I see the manifestation of beauty in a beautiful act, but I do not see beauty, only a manifestation in a greater or less degree. I see the manifestation of beauty in the perfect and well cultivated human form; I do not see the beauty; it is forever hidden from mortal gaze. Thankful ought we to be if we can get the perception of its manifestation. If there is a manifestation, there must be a reality somewhere. If we do not see beauty itself but see its manifestation, we cannot see the manifestation of a thing that is not. Beauty is the reality and its manifestation is but the suggestion to our minds of that reality.

I would like to close the lecture with your thoughts lifted in regard to this matter of beauty.

We are apt to think of beauty as confined to some particular expression of it. We speak of a beautiful face. Yes, it is full of beauty, but it is not beauty. If that face is so beautiful what must Divine beauty be, which is a reality? Thus the expression of things, the suggestion of things, points to the things themselves. It is well for our thoughts to be lifted through this avenue of beauty to that which is pure and holy, because sometimes when we get into a cynical or melancholy state of mind, and things look to us very dull, very wicked, very ugly, and the world seems hardly worth struggling in, if we will just turn our minds toward a star—it is not beauty, but it suggests something behind it—or turn our minds toward a flower—it is not beauty, but it suggests something behind it—then we realize, if there is so much pleasure in a beautiful thing, what glory ineffable must there be in beauty itself!

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

The report of the *Committee on Colleges* which was read before the meeting of the *National Association of Elocutionists*, held in Boston, June 24-28, 1895, contains so much of suggestion in the way of just what is needed in our line of work in the schools and colleges of our country, that we have decided to publish it for the benefit of all our readers. Many, probably the majority, of our own pupils are hoping some day to fill positions in school or college, and it is well that such ones should realize how absolute is the demand that the teacher of oratory should know much more than just his own branch,—that he should be thoroughly cultured.

The report was presented by Mr. William B. Chamberlain, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, who was elected President of the next Convention.

Following is the report in full:—

Your committee, continued from last year, have conducted correspondence with colleges and universities as instructed, and would make the following report: Our circular-letter was sent especially to those who did not respond last year,

and we have received a comparatively small number of answers. Following is a digest of data gathered:

STATISTICS:—

A majority of the schools reporting have no separate department of Elocution or Oratory; the work is usually given in connection with other subjects as:—Rhetoric, English, Physical Culture, etc. As a rule few hours are required, but in nearly half of the cases some work is required of all the students. A majority report some kind of entertainment given by the students. A majority of the schools give credit for the work in Elocution equal to that given for other subjects. Just one half give regular examinations as in other studies. Only one school reports any diminution in the work, while several indicate addition or increase.

The college libraries are evidently deficient in the literature of our subject: Precisely one half report the instructor in Elocution as a regular and full professor; less than one half are graduates from technical or professional schools, and still less hold the Bachelor's, Master's or Doctor's degree. There are almost as many women as men among these professors. A majority are paid a regular salary, which as a rule is about equal to a regular professor's, but a considerable number receive their compensation in some special manner, as in tuition fees. In no reported case is there any endowment for elocution.

SUGGESTIONS:—

The work is felt to demand; "More time," more distinct alliance with "Oratory" and with "Literature." It should be treated more as a "Study." There should be more thorough "Vocal Training." The majority desire to have text books that shall be more scientific and yet more simple; there is a feeling that many of the treatises are too technical and professional. There is call for good analytic reading-books, and books giving scientific and practical treatment of gesture. A majority would not think it advisable to put any form of Elocution among the requirements for admission to college.

All favor, and many urge, extempore speaking as a part of the course. There is practical unanimity in the sentiment that we need more intelligent and cultivated teachers of expression in the secondary schools. Some fault is found with boards of education for not providing for this subject.

There is but feeble response to the query

"How can we arrange courses essentially equivalent in different schools, and how arrange for exchange of credits on such courses?"

Whatever light is suggested is in the direction of Teachers Associations, and of committees appointed for the purpose.

In addition to the above general showing, your committee would add the following

SPECIAL REPORT.

Personal letters were sent to professors and presidents of twelve leading institutions in the East.

These were, Boston Univ., Williams, Amherst, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Dartmouth, Hamilton, Yale, Harvard, Wesleyan, Colgate and Cornell.

Of these the first seven reported, several adding personal letters. Following is a generalization of the answers of the seven:

STATISTICS:—

In all Elocution and Oratory are taught in connection with English Literature, Rhetoric or Logic. In most there are but few hours of required "Elocution," but many hours of required speaking in orations, debates, etc.

Prize contests are found efficient in promoting public speaking. All, as far as reported, count Elocution equally with work in other subjects on credit toward degree. Most hold examinations as in other studies; in all but one the instructor is a regular and full professor. Many professors hold the higher academic degrees. All are men.

The salary in each case is equal to, or above, that of other professors; though in only one case is any separate endowment for this department reported.

SUGGESTIONS:—

We receive among others the following hints:—

College work in Elocution and Oratory is suffering from "the failure of professors or instructors to command the situation, and, hence to secure for this department the same consideration shown to other departments;" there is too much of the dramatic, not enough thought "*** the physical dominates *** there is too much desire to show off the speaker rather than interpret the thought." All would insist upon the culture of extempore speaking.

These college men want more "Oratory" and better "Public Speaking." They want it associated with Rhetoric and Logic, and desire to give it the same treatment as other subjects in the curriculum receive.

The work should be "all on a rhetorical and literary basis." The desideratum is an "efficient communication by spoken language," and educationally the end sought is the "development of the whole mental power of the man as applied to public speaking."

A professor in one of the best schools says, "For mere 'Elocution' we care little." Another says, "I see no reason for combining in association the dramatic and the academic."

From the above quotations it appears that the Elocution which is to commend itself to influential educators must make good its claims by a genuine and thorough alliance with literary and psychological studies, and must show its practicality by developing a manly style of public speech in connection with original composition devoted to the highest purposes of cultured manhood and earnest citizenship.

It may not be impertinent in connection with this report from the colleges to state that many professors would have been glad to attend this convention, had it been held at some more convenient time; in many cases it conflicts with college commencements.

Respectfully submitted, for the committee,
WM. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

HAMLET'S AFFECTIONAL NATURE.

Herbert Spencer tells us that man is the product of heredity and environment. Spencer may often repel by his heavy style and pompous language, but the conciseness and mathematical exactness of this definition have a charm, suggesting, not the simplicity of elementary effort, but rather the simplicity of epitome; indicating that the statement was made at a point in the pathway of human experience, where the spiral completes a circle and *seems* to touch the place of beginning, and we say "extremes meet."

Let us then use this definition as a formula of inquiry, as to what the affectional nature of Hamlet was. Let us consider the various strands of hereditary influence, as figures composing a multiplicand, and beneath, for a multiplier, assemble the units of the several denominations representing the forces of his environment, and find what the product *should* be.

Then compare our result with the answer that is written in the play. Is this too audacious? Dare we question whether Shakespeare knew the arithmetic of human nature? But no—this is not a *radical* inquiry, for we have assumed that Shakespeare really lived, and have not said a word about Bacon! Dr. Holmes said: "A man's education should begin with his grandfather." He might have said that it *does* begin there.

Now Shakespeare knew better than to offer the subject of genealogy for entertainment, and we are left wholly to our own conjectures, as to what sort of people Hamlet's grandfathers and grandmothers were, and, consequently, what the beginnings were, of his affectional education. Hence the left hand figure of our multiplicand would be a cipher, and need not be written.

The question then arises, did he, whom "this side of our known world-esteemed," "valiant," possess those other qualities which so rounded out his nature, as to make him "a man, take him for all in all?" Ah yes! Recollection answers:

"So loving to my mother
That he might not between the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly."

A man whose suffering spirit was so generous to his sinning widow—as to bid his son

"—, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught,"

and again urges him to

"—step between her and her fighting soul."

It is true at another time he refers to "my most *seeming* virtuous queen," but in the same passage tells of the dignity and faithfulness of his love for her. Surely affection was an active quality in Hamlet, the elder; and we must write the full nine units in this denomination of our factor.

Shall we ask if Queen Gertrude was affectionate? She was a *mother*, and motherhood, Drummond tells us, was the basis of all altruistic tendencies in human nature. From the maternal instinct of protection of offspring, has grown all the beauty of beneficence, which so sweetens human existence. How could she have been a loving mother and ever have coun-

tenanced those murderous plots against her only son, whom, we might expect, would have been dearer to her than life itself? She seemed all devotion to her first husband, we are told, and was "all tears" after his death. Was this hypocrisy? Was she capable of loving no one but her king? Her treatment of Ophelia in hoping her "virtues will bring" Hamlet "to his wonted ways again," and the wish over her grave that, she "should have been my Hamlet's wife," seem to indicate sincere affection.

There are three general types of character to be found in human nature. In the first type, intellect is dominant over sensibility, and motives of action are logical. People of this class are keen and effective, but cold and sometimes cruel.

In the second type, the emotional nature is in the supremacy and impulse is the motive of action. People of this class are warm-hearted, but short-sighted.

In the third type, intellect and sensibility are both present, but will is lacking. How many bright and genial people we meet, who constitute this class, who are doomed to fill narrow spheres in life simply because they lack energy of purpose.

The rare natures are those in which the balance between intellect and sensibility is constantly maintained, while the will never flags.

Queen Gertrude was a woman in whom the emotional nature was in the ascendancy. Her affections were active, but often irrational. She was fickle. Could she stand as the representative of womankind we too might all truthfully exclaim:

"Frailty thy name is woman!"

It is clear then, that our prince inherited strong affectional tendencies. Did his surroundings stimulate, or check, the development of these qualities?

Above all others, as the embodiment of nobility, strength and tenderness, Hamlet's father must have appealed to the admiration of his son. And from this admiration must have grown the strongest, deepest love

Ophelia—beautiful, graceful, appealing, yielding—ah, it needed no "susceptible" young

man to have lost his heart to such a lovable being! Even when she sought to deceive him, he could but have admired her simple, trustful obedience to her father's wishes.

Picture Horatio—genial, manly, cultivated, generous to the last degree, ready to give his all, even life itself, for his friend—and then imagine the hearty response such a nature would call out from any man, who was not a selfish churl.

The queen with gentle courtesy toward her son, must have appealed to an attitude of dutiable attention on his part, rather than real love, toward her.

Nothing could have been more to the taste of that old meddler, Polonius, than to have exercised constant surveillance over the prince throughout his boyhood. And nothing more exasperating and better calculated to stimulate contempt, than from boyhood to maturity, to see gray hairs, with duplicity and officious egotism ever eager to "hunt the trail of policy."

Men never become cold, calculating villains at short notice. The downward course is gradual. Claudius could not have been a lovable man before he became a murderer and a usurper. His influence upon his nephew was blighting to all regard for himself, and such as to raise suspicion in the breast of Hamlet when crime sought concealment. With keenness to read his hidden motives every act in the black career of Claudius, was such as to raise hatred to the boiling point in the heart of Hamlet.

The other characters exert too slight, or too inconstant an influence in the life of the prince to be potent in moulding his character. Balancing the tendencies for good and evil in his environment, we believe the malevolent bias of Claudius and Polonius was much more than outweighed by the benevolent influences of Hamlet the king, Ophelia, Horatio, and Queen Gertrude. The product of our multiplication calls for a warm hearted man. Does the answer in the book correspond?

The dominant motive in Hamlet's career was revenge. To paraphrase—Did this, in Ham-

let, seem affection?

But "soft"—let us look more deeply. A soliloquy is a window, thrown open in a man's soul, whereby he reveals his real self. As we look within, do we find that revenge, in itself, was sweet to Hamlet? In the first soliloquy, before the ghost appears, though suspicion is not lacking, disgust and discouragement are shown, but no hate. Left alone, in a fever of passion, after the interview with his father's spirit, he expresses both love and hate, but no one can question that *filial devotion* is the supreme incentive to the revenge which he voices. In the moments of solitude after the plan has come to him, by which he hopes to "catch the king's conscience," we find him chiding himself for cowardice, and as an incentive to embody hate in action, exclaiming "that I, the son of a dear father murdered, prompted," etc. Later on, when musing how Fortinbras would expose himself

"To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg shell,"

he again stimulates his purpose, by thought of his noble and beloved father. In these instances hate is prompted by love. As opposed to this, a soliloquy just before meeting his mother alone, shows him struggling against the nero in his own bosom. Again, when discovering his uncle at prayer, the words "my father," and "I his sole son," tell why impulse was held in check. But in both instances love proved stronger than hate.

All supreme, all conquering was the deep affection Hamlet bore his father. But oh, the bitter struggle that love had to overpower the burning ardor of his young soul for the womanly sympathy of the beautiful Ophelia! How he must have longed, after the death of Polonius, to explain all to her!

Listen to Hamlet's passionate avowal of attachment to that companion soul, the noble, loyal Horatio.

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

All that Hamlet said, in the closet scene, to produce contrition in his mother, is not so

much evidence of love as of pity toward her.

What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?"
he asks, and thus reveals his attitude toward her.

He betrays the best of his own loving nature, when holding the skull of Yorick he muses: "Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how often."

Note the frank and forgiving spirit he shows toward Laertes, in all that pertains to the fencing contest. And how, when intrigue had reaped its just harvest, Laertes finally acknowledges, and appeals to the high generosity of his noble opponent.

An old proverb says, "He that would have friends must show himself friendly." Why, then, it follows that he that *has* friends must have *shown* himself friendly. Did Hamlet have an abundance of friends? Let his bitterest enemy speak, and he replies:

"The other motive
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;"

Finally, has he won *our* regard? Let us appeal to that which is deeper than logic. And every heart responds — With thee, "sweet prince," have we lived "all scenes which lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears," and thou hast not been found wanting.

CHAS. W. PAUL, '97.

Southwick Literary Society.

The Southwick Literary Society met in the afternoon of November, the twenty-first, and the president, Miss King, most gracefully introduced the entertainer of the afternoon, Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, the well-known dramatic critic.

Most delightfully colloquial was his presentation of selections, which included "Goliath" by T. B. Aldrich, "The Dean's Week" by the Rose Teny Cooke; a cutting from "Christine Rochefort," and one from the writings of Mark Twain, "After a Night," little sketch on the intricacies of a woman's toilet. He concluded the programme with a selection from Joaquin Miller, entitled "Como."

EXCHANGE.

The Normal Exponent presents the foundation principle of the true education of the teacher when it says, "The best normal schools may give a knowledge of principles and methods and perhaps, a fair taste of practice, but they cannot give pedagogical habit and instinct. However scientific a teacher may be he must be first of all a pedagogical naturalist." This is aimed at and, we believe, accomplished at *Emerson*.

At Butler University the price of the college paper is added to the tuition. — *Ex.*

Don't miss the good things, but subscribe for this paper at once. — *Ex.*

Nothing falls so far short of true manhood, true integrity, as a superficial cloak of piety under which personal schemes may be hidden. The scalawag is more to be respected than the hypocrite. He who is what he pretends is nobler and truer than he who pretends what he is not. — *University Courier*.

The knowing won't do much good without the doing — *Ex.*

Health is everything, and wealth gathered at the expense of health is of no earthly benefit when the latter is gone, as no expenditure of wealth can bring it back. Health is something that should never be risked or trifled with, any more than one's moral status or welfare — *Ex.*

Ill health is the great foe to beauty. — *Ex.*

The ideals of today are the realities of tomorrow — if acted out. — *Ex.*

The following college yell is given by one of our Western neighbors as heard about the campus:

"Oats, alfalfa, barley hay!

Pumpkins! Beets! L! A! A!

As no explanation follows, we conclude that there is a Vegetarian Society connected with the University.

Prof. George W. Sanderson of the University of Wisconsin, has two very readable papers on the Philosophy of Oratory, in *Werner's Magazine* for October and November. Prof.

Sanderson presents very clearly the application of Spencer's principle of economy of attention to the study of oratory.

The Arena has reduced its price to twenty-five cents per copy with the December issue, and the current number which opens the new volume is exceptionally strong. Personal Recollections of Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, and Bryant, by such thinkers as Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Frank B. Sanborn, and Rev. John W. Chadwick, will prove exceedingly interesting to those interested in America's great poets. This symposium is illustrated with magnificent portraits of all the above named poets. The January and February numbers will also contain papers by representative thinkers on Personal Recollections of America's seven Great Poets. The Editor of *The Arena* will contribute a biographical sketch of the Life of Sir Thomas More.

PERSONALS.

"Goliath," for which someone has asked, is one of the brightest and best told of the stories of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

* * *

Miss Gertrude Beebe has charge of the Oratory and Physical Work in Kimball, Union Academy, Meridan, N.H., and also in the High School in Lebanon.

* * *

Mr. Clinton Brooke Burgess assumed duties as principal of the Baltimore School of Oratory, in October. The school is a comparatively new one, but we are assured by people who live in the city that Baltimore is a good city for such a school, as our work has not been extensively introduced there. Mr. Burgess is also teaching one day a week at St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, and interesting other schools in his profession.

* * *

Miss Frances Temple Ellery is filling a position as teacher of Reading and Rhetoric, and Shorthand in Milwaukee & Downer College, Milwaukee, Wis. She has five classes in reading, four times per week, and will

shortly introduce the physical culture. During the summer Miss Ellery gave private lessons and taught private pupils with great success.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Randall, who is teaching in Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, says she has many excellent students in our work and is looking forward to a happy winter. May success attend her!

* * *

The following letter has been received by the editor of the Magazine:

I write to inform you that Miss Harriette M. Buss passed away last week. I have often heard her speak of the Emerson College of Oratory, and always in the highest terms. She was for many years a faithful worker here at Shaw University, and will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

Faithfully Yours,

CHARLES F. MESERVE

Pres. of Shaw University.

* * *

Miss May Greenwood, '96, has been giving pleasure to many by her great power of song. The *Manchester Union* says: "Miss May Greenwood, the new contralto, is a valuable acquisition to the choir. She formerly sang at the First Unitarian church, Boston, and is a student in the Emerson College of Oratory. The lady possesses a rich, flexible voice, and has been highly commended by Boston teachers. Miss Greenwood has also a charming presence, and it is likely she will be identified with the local opera soon to be produced in this city."

* * *

Miss Mary L. Hussey is carrying on successful work in Salem and New Bedford.

* * *

Wedding bells have been ringing lately announcing the marriage of Miss Laura M. Carey, '95, and Mr. Albert Conant. Mr. and Mrs. Conant will reside in Hyde Park.

Another peal of bells comes from Bethany, West Virginia bringing the message of the marriage of Miss Belle M. McDiarmid, '94, and Mr. James Warren Ritchey. The "At Home" cards announce that 410 W. Eighth St. Cincinnati, Ohio, will be their future home.



Richelieu—"Not quite so quick, friend Huguet;
Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
And he can wait."

Richelieu, Act I, Scene II.

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That you are fair or wise is vain,
Or strong, or rich or generous;
You must add the untaught strain
That sheds beauty on the rose.
There's a melody born of melody,
Which melts the world into a sea.

—Emerson.

A Happy New Year to All.

Happiness! — What is it?

Did you ever experience any holy sensation from doing good to one who had "fallen among thieves" or upon seeing your fellow creatures supplied with the much needed blessings of life?

Education, that does not broaden the sympathies and cultivate a genuine humanitarian spirit, leads to bigotry; and bigotry is inflated ignorance.

Do *stimulants* have any influence upon *morals*? All stimulants, in proportion to their

stimulative force, weaken the power of the will over the nerves. Self-regulation is the backbone of morals.

There is an element of moral culture in physical culture; for true physical culture tends to harmonize all the forces of mind and body, to refine the body into a graceful surrender to the promptings of grace of mind. It also helps to induce a wholesome self-respect. There can be no rightful consideration for others without self-respect.

If your Magazine does not reach you "drop us a card." If you change your address, notify us immediately.

It was our intention at the beginning of this year to issue seven numbers, instead of six, if we could get enough subscribers. There is at present very little hope that the seventh number will be induced to appear. The Emersonian who does not take *his* Magazine ought to emigrate to the "Valley of Dry Bones."

The next number of the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE will contain a Symposium from such eminently able contributors as Prof. J. S. Gaylord, Miss Alice Moore, Miss Cora Northrop, Rev. Dr. Kidder, Rev. Solon Lauer, and others on various aspects of the educational value of the Emerson course of education.

Many of our readers will remember the eloquent address before the students of Emerson College on the subject, Ralph Waldo Emerson, The Man and the Philosopher, by Rev. Solon Lauer. We congratulate ourselves that, on another page, is an article by this same author upon this same subject.

So many of our subscribers want us to take it for granted that they will renew their subscription, that we have decided to follow the plan of considering all on our books as regular subscribers till they notify us to "blot hem from the list."

E. C. O. AT ATLANTA.

Emerson College Day In the Congresses of the Great Southern Exposition.

The great Atlanta Exposition, which has done so much to call the attention of the entire country to the marvelous development of the "New South," and will for many years prove a vivid memory of the public spirit and enterprise of the people of Atlanta, closed its doors upon the last day of 1895. The Southern Exposition has done its work magnificently, and in no one direction has it accomplished work of greater importance or wider interest than in the series of Congresses held daily in the Woman's Building, under the management of Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, and the circle of brilliant and earnest women who have provided and conducted these meetings. They have welcomed the most advanced thought in science, art and literature, and have given recognition and aid to the progressive educational movements of the day.

Saturday, Dec. 21, was Emerson College Day at the Exposition, and Prof. and Mrs. Southwick presented before a large and cultured audience the New Philosophy of Education in Oratory, and gave glimpses of the fundamental principles underlying the great advanced work which the College is carrying forward. The Emerson Day was pronounced a most emphatic success by those members of the board of lady managers who were in attendance, as well as by the general audience which contained many of the best people of Atlanta, and those most prominent in educational and social circles. Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, who is the official head of the Board of Managers of the Congresses, and one of the most accomplished and influential women of the South, made a cordial and felicitous opening address

and presented Hon. John Temple Graves, the famous Southern orator, who, having personal knowledge of the work of the Emerson College and of its graduates, made a beautiful and eloquent address in which he expressed the hope and the belief that in the years to come the Emerson work would be introduced into all the higher schools and colleges of Georgia. Mr. Graves then presented Miss Leila Olivia Hume, a teacher of Expression in Atlanta and a former graduate of the Emerson College, as permanent chairman of the day, and Miss Hume also contributed to the program two selections which were finely rendered. The other numbers of the program consisted of two lectures by Prof. Southwick, a lecture by Mrs. Southwick, containing illustrations of vocal and physical training, and was concluded by several readings by Mrs. Southwick.

The *Atlanta Journal*, discussing the exercise of the day, spoke emphatically of them as a success, referred to the very cordial reception accorded Prof. and Mrs. Southwick, the strength of the work done, the clearness and practical value of Prof. Southwick's exposition of principles and methods in his lecture upon the "New Gospel in Oratory," the fine illustrated lecture by Mrs. Southwick, pronounced her readings to be exquisite, and said that the distinguished visitors were received by "one of the most cultured and appreciative audiences the assembly hall has ever accommodated."

The *Atlanta Constitution*, the leading paper of the South, reported the proceedings of the day as follows:

EMERSON DAY AT THE EXPOSITION.

Not since the opening day of the exposition has a more brilliant programme been presented than that of Saturday, when the principles and theories of oratory were eloquently discussed in assembly hall by such distinguished orators as Mr. John Temple Graves and Professor Henry Lawrence Southwick, of Emerson College.

Emerson day had been anticipated with pleasure for many days by those capable of appreciating the treat in store, and certainly a greater feast of oratory has seldom been known in any Atlanta assembly. The program from beginning to end was an eloquent expression of the

subject logically discussed and oratorically forcible. Professor and Mrs. Southwick are notably distinguished and brilliant people, and reputed as most worthy representatives of New England intellect and culture. Besides their prominent association with the Emerson college, they enjoy a social leadership in the highest circles of American art and literature. Professor Southwick is justly considered one of the most powerful exponents of Shakespearean philosophy and expression in the country, and his lectures on the great creation of the greatest dramatist the world has known are gems of superb oratory.

Mr. John Temple Graves presided at the congress.

Mr. Graves' address of welcome throughout was an eloquent tribute to the distinguished representatives of the Emerson College, its principles, theories and practices as expounded by them.

Further speaking of the college and its founder, he mentioned that among the historic families of New England there is one singularly rich in fame and usefulness to the republic. From this single stem has blossomed Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Phillips Brooks and Charles Wesley Emerson, the founder of the great school that has, as the ultimate to all its methods the culture of the soul, which in its highest and freest and noblest developments, is the unfailing inspiration to the truest and noblest expression.

Mr. Graves concluded by an especially beautiful tribute to Professor and Mrs. Southwick, and introduced Miss Olivia C. Hume, a gifted reader and elocutionist, and a graduate of Emerson College.

Miss Hume acted as chairman of the day, and introduced Professor Southwick, who selected as the subject of his entertaining and highly instructive lecture the "New Gospel in Oratory." In it he explained with charming illustrations the methods of pure oratory.

Miss Hume read with striking and humorous effect the "Matrimonial Manoeuvres of Major Mushel."

The morning's programme was concluded with readings by Mrs. Southwick, whose perfection in dramatic readings have made her famous wherever she is heard. Her conception of the "Chariot Race" has been pronounced the most artistic that has been accomplished by any woman, and yesterday she held her audience

in enthusiastic suspense during her every utterance. "The Cricket on the Hearth," the "Bugle Song" from Tennyson; "Nydia, the Blind Flower Girl of Pompeii," and the "Good-night" were among her choice selections. That in which she most charmed was the scene from "Romeo and Juliet." In this she rose to the beautiful intensity of the character, carried her audience in sympathy with her and brought them into wonderful realization of the character of the lovely and desperate Juliet.

In the afternoon the feature of the programme was the lecture of Professor Southwick on "Hamlet, the Man of Will," and it is but just to say that a more powerful and more beautifully expressed discourse on any subject has not been heard here for many days. As powerful as is the character drawn by Shakespeare, so powerful was the presentation by Professor Southwick on Saturday. Explaining in detail every characteristic of the Danish prince, the lecture was completed in its dramatic interest by the artistic recitation of the most beautiful passages from the play.

AN EXPRESSION OF APPRECIATION FOR DR. DORCHESTER.

GERTRUDE CHAMBERLIN.

We come together again on the day when "the Old Year lies a-dying."

There is a sadness in the day peculiar to itself — a sadness re-inforced and intensified by the thought of those who have gone from our midst. Child-like we cry, "Old Year you must not die"; but even while that cry is sounding in our hearts, the diviner nature within, "believing where she cannot prove," gently persuades us to accept all change as part of the ever-broadening good.

And so, not unmindful, but with brightening eye and cheery smile, we turn to greet the blithe New Year that "waiteth at the door."

One of the pleasant things which helped to lessen our sorrow at parting with Dr. Dorchester was the privilege of giving him some slight expression of our regard. A copy of the Sistine Madonna, one of Braun's Carbons, was selected. This work is the latest of Braun's reproductions, and is thought by many

to be his master-piece. The contributions for this purchase were entirely voluntary.

We should have enjoyed giving this testimonial to Dr. Dorchester at the College, so that all might have shared his pleasure; but consideration for him prevailed, and the picture, with the following resolutions, was sent to his home in Cambridge.

Whereas, we are about to lose Dr. Dorchester from the faculty of Emerson College of Oratory,

Resolved, It is with deep regret that we part from him as from a friend who has endeared himself to all, by his noble qualities of mind and spirit.

Resolved, That we tender to him an expression of our appreciation of his ripe scholarship, of his genial bearing, and of the inspiring influence of his personality as a man and a teacher, wishing him a heart-felt God-speed in the new work to which he has consecrated his life.

Committee for the students of E. C. O.	{ Gertrude Chamberlin, Harry G. Ross, Maud S. Gatchell, Inez W. Cutter.
--	--

Letter from Dr. Dorchester:

To the Committee and Students of the Emerson College:

Dear friends,—

Upon returning from a call last evening I found the finest reproduction that I have seen of the divinest painting in the world.

I am surprised, delighted, and thankful. Nothing could have pleased me better than this soulful testimonial of your friendship. It will ever have a large place in my heart and home, as a beautiful symbol of that which is most sacred in the spiritual universe and most precious in human friendship. I shall ever see in it, not only the angel faces around the Madonna and Child, but the soulful faces of my students. With Shakespeare "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends."

My heart is full of thankfulness as I write, not goodbye, but Auf wiedersehen.

DANIEL DORCHESTER, JR.

Dec. 12, 1895.

VISIBLE SPEECH MADE EASY.

A New Book By Prof. Chas. W. Kidder.

We are glad to announce that Prof. Kidder is now publishing an outline of Visible Speech

as taught by him. Prof. Melville Bell has examined the contents of the book, and he praises it very highly. Those who have been in Prof. Kidder's classes know full well that all his work is characterized by unusual care and thoroughness. Every teacher of Visible Speech should have a copy of this book; and every one who has made a study of Vocal Physiology ought to write at once for this, the best book on the subject. It will be published this winter. Expect something pleasing, not only to the intellect, but also to the eye. The price will be one dollar.

Address PROF. C. W. KIDDER,
Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: THE MAN AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

BY SOLON LAUER.

The relation of the philosophy of the great Sage of Concord to the work of the Emerson College of Oratory is too apparent to need any statement in an article written for the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE. The writer offers the following brief and imperfect sketch of the personality of Emerson, in the hope that it will give some readers a better acquaintance with a man whose writings are now too well known to need an introduction. It will be necessary to omit all reference to his youth, his early education, his early struggles for health, his preparation for the ministry, his settlement as colleague of Rev. Mr. Ware, his marriage, his early travels, etc.

The limits of space make it advisable to plunge at once into the life of the man as it was when he began writing those essays, which have made him famous as America's greatest thinker. It was after he had left the ministry of the Church that his real ministry to mankind began. He himself said: "I have sometimes thought that to be a good minister it was necessary to leave the ministry." He early made the following observation: "The difficulty is that we do not make a world of our own, but fall into institutions already made, and have to accommodate ourselves to them to

be useful at all; and this accommodation is, I say, a loss of so much integrity, and of course, of so much power."

The death of his wife, after but a brief interval of domestic happiness, filled him with profound sorrow. He beautifully says of her, "She never disappointed me but once, and that was in her death."

He went abroad for his health and in England he met Carlyle. Between these two an attachment sprung up which lasted all their lives. He returned restored in health, in due time married again, and settled in Concord. This was his home during the remainder of his life.

Let us form in our mind a picture of the man. His son says of him: "Mr. Emerson was tall,—six feet in his shoes,—erect until his latter days, neither very thin nor stout in frame, with rather narrow and unusually sloping shoulders, and long neck, but very well poised head, and a dignity of carriage. His eyes were very blue his hair dark brown, his complexion clear and always with good color. His features were pronounced, but refined, and his face very much modelled, as a sculptor would say. Walking was his exercise, and he was an admirable walker, light, erect, and strong of limb. 'When you have worn out your shoes,' he said, 'the strength of the sole-leather has gone into the fibre of your body.' 'In dress he was always neat and inconspicuous, wearing black clothes and silk hat in the city, and dark gray with soft felt hat in the country."

HOME LIFE: "(Letter to Carlyle)—"I occupy, or improve, as we Yankees say, two acres only of God's earth; on which is my house, my kitchen garden, my orchard of thirty young trees, my empty barn. My house is now a very good one for comfort, and abounding in room. Besides my house, I have, I believe, \$22,000, whose income in ordinary years is six per-cent. I have no other tithe or glebe except the income of my winter lectures, which was last winter \$800. Well, with this income, here at home, I am a rich man. I have food, warmth, leisure, books, friends. My wife,

Lydian, is an incarnation of Christianity,—I call her Asia,—and keeps my philosophy from Antinomianism; my mother, whitest, mildest, most conservative of ladies, whose only exception to her universal preference for old things is her son; my boy, a piece of love and sunshine, well worth my watching from morning till night;—these, and three domestic women, who cook and sew and run for us, make all my household. Here I sit and read and write, with very little system, and, as far as regards composition, with the most fragmentary result; paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellant particle. In summer, with aid of a neighbor, (Thoreau) I manage my garden." Of his gardening experience he says in his Journal: "In an evil hour I pulled down my fence and added Warren's piece to mine. No land is bad, but land is worse. If a man own land, the land owns him. Now let him leave home if he dare! Every tree and graft, every hill of melons, every row of corn, every hedge-shrub, all he has done and all he means to do,—stand in his way, like duns, when he so much as turns his back on his house. Then the devotion to these vines and trees and corn hills, I find narrowing and poisonous. These stoopings and scrapings and fingerings in a few square yards of garden are dispiriting, drivelling, and I seem to have eaten lotus, to be robbed of all energy, and I have a sort of catalepsy or unwillingness to move, and have grown peevish and poor-spirited. With brow bent, with firm intent, I go musing in the garden walk. I stoop to pull up a weed that is choking the corn, and find there are two; close behind it is a third, and I reach out my arm to a fourth; behind that are four thousand and one. I am heated and untuned, and by and by wake up from my idiot dream of chickweed and red-root, to find that I with adamantine purpose am chickweed and pipergrass myself."

His son says of him: "Of servants he was delicately and kindly considerate, and was always anxious while they were present for fear that the thoughtless speech of any one might wound their feelings or be misinterpreted. Their holidays and hours of rest, their attach-

ments and religious beliefs, must be respected. From boyhood to age he was as independent as might be of service from others. He built his own fires, going to the woodpile in the yard in all weather for armfuls as he needed fuel. Mr. Emerson's own instinct in matters of eating and drinking was Spartan. His tastes were simple, and he took whatever was set before him with healthy appetite, but hardly knowing or asking what it might be."

Work was his refuge from every woe: "To every reproach," he says, "I know but one answer, namely, to go again to my own work. But you neglect your relations. Yes, too true; then I will work the harder. But you have no genius. Yes, then I will work the harder. But you have no virtues. Yes, then I will work the harder."

LOVE OF NATURE: "Wherever I go I guard and study my rambling propensities with a care that is ridiculous to people, but to me it is the care of my high calling." His son says, "The woods were his best study during the years of his greatest spiritual activity, and the study so-called, at home, rather his library and writing room. He sometimes took his note book with him, but more oft-n recorded the thought on his return, striving to give it exactly as it came to him." He himself says: "All my thoughts are foresters. I have scarce a day dream on which the breath of the pines has not blown, and their shadows waved." He thought that to Nero advertising for a new pleasure a walk in the woods should have been offered. Here is a prose-poem of exquisite melody which reveals his spirit of adoration for the woods: "Whoso goeth in your paths readeth the same cheerful lesson. whether he be a young child or a hundred years old. Comes he in good fortune or in bad, ye say the same things, and from age to age. Ever the needles of the pine grow and fall, the acorns on the oak; the maples redden in autumn, and at all times of the year the ground pine and the pyrola bud and root under foot. What is called fortune and what is called time by men, ye know them not. Men have not language to describe one moment of your life.

When you shall give me somewhat to say, give me also the tune wherein to say it. Give me a tune like your winds or brooks or birds, for the songs of men grow old, when they are repeated; but yours, though a man have heard them for seventy years, are never the same, but always new, like Time itself, or like Love."

LECTURING:—"You write a discourse, and for the next weeks and months are carted about the country at the tail of that discourse simply to read it over and over." At the Le Claire House in Davenport he noted for his guidance the posted rules of the house: "No gentleman permitted to sit at the table without his coat. No gambling permitted in the house." At dinner he heard his companions, between their talk of real-estate speculations, call for a "quarter-section of that pie." For twenty years each winter he spent at least two months traveling through the east and west, reading his lectures to all classes of hearers. Oct. 18, 1839, he writes: "For the last five years I have read, each winter, a new course of lectures in Boston, and each was my creed and confession of faith. Each told all that I thought of the past, the present and the future. Once more I must renew my work. What shall be the substance of my shrift? Adam in the garden. I am to new-name all the beasts in the field, and all the gods in the sky; I am to invite men drenched in Time to recover themselves and come out of Time and taste their native immortal air." Later he wrote: "Ten decorous speeches and not one ecstasy, not one rapture, not one thunderbolt. Eloquence therefore, there was none." Cabot, in his memoirs, says: "Though he was a public speaker all his life, he rarely attempted the smallest speech impromptu, and never, I believe, with success. I remember his getting up at a dinner of the Saturday club on the Shakespeare anniversary in 1864, to which some guests had been invited, looking about him tranquilly for a minute or two, and then sitting down; serene and unabashed, but unable to say a word upon a subject so familiar to his thoughts from boyhood."

REFORM: Emerson saw too far into life to

be a reformer of the popular (or unpopular) type. His private nature led him to seek opportunities for reform in private life; and he found such opportunities in plenty, as we all may, if we will look "I waked last night," he says, "and bemoaned myself because I had not thrown myself into this deplorable question of slavery, which seems to need nothing so much as a few assured voices. But then in hours of sanity I recover myself, and say, God must govern his own world, and knows his way out of this pit without my desertion of my post, which has none to guard it but me. I have quite other slaves to free than those negroes, to wit, imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts, far back in the brain of man,—far retired in the heaven of invention, and which, important to the republic of man, have no watchman or lover or defender but I."

In the midst of public corruption, he felt that a wise man would settle for himself what principles he should stand on, and then hold fast, come what would. In a letter to Carlyle he says, "I begin to think even here it behooves every man to quit his dependency on society as much as he can, as he would learn to go without crutches that will be soon plucked away from him."

He would have no superficial reform. "I have not yet conquered my own house; it irks and repents me," he says. "Shall I raise the siege of this hen-coop and march baffled away to a pretended siege of Babylon? It seems to me that so to do were to dodge the problem I am set to solve, and to hide my impotency in the thick of a crowd. Does he not do more to abolish slavery who works all day steadily in his own garden than he who goes to the abolition meeting and makes a speech? He who does his own work frees a slave." Emerson perceived that it is impossible to live strictly after the ideal fashion. The trail of the serpent, he says, is in every occupation. He sees that beyond every reform another reform is possible. Where shall we draw the line? In matters of food and drink and custom he would not be over-nice. He would not have the thing become of importance for its own sake.

He would not sign the temperance pledge, because he wished on every occasion to show that his own discretion could dictate his action. He would not sign away his freedom, because he knew he could trust it. He considered it unwise to raise narrow objections. He would look broadly, and see how the large end could best be served. When a young man he left the pulpit, because he could not conscientiously administer the Communion Service. This was as radical an act as that of Thoreau in refusing to pay his town-tax. It was only a small tax which Emerson was asked to pay to custom, to tradition, in return for which he would receive the benefits of the Church. A profession for which he had with labor and study prepared himself, and to which he and his friends had hoped he would devote his life, was given up for what—a mere matter of conscience, one might say: a matter certainly small, compared with its relations. It was the act of a young man, as was the act of Thoreau. We honor these acts of youthful heroism, however, and in spite of our misgivings, we do at last grant them the verdict of wisdom. A certain minister asking Emerson's advice as to whether he should give up the Communion Service, in which he no longer believed, the sage advised him to conform, for the sake of the good he might do in the pulpit. This advice was contrary to his own practice, but perhaps he felt that, if conformity were not the duty of his friend, he would not have asked his advice about the matter. I am reminded of an incident related of the stoic Epictetus. The philosophers, who wore long beards from principle, had been commanded to leave Rome, under the reign of one of the most haughty and tyrannical emperors. One came to Epictetus for advice respecting the edict. "Shall you go, Epictetus?" "No, I shall stay." "Well, you will at least cut off your beard." "No." "Then the Emperor will cut off your head." "Well, then he will cut off my head. Did I ever say that my head was the only one which could not be cut off?" "But do you advise me to go?" "I do." "But you yourself will not go, why then advise me to do what you will not do?" The reply

of Epictetus was significant: "I have not even contemplated going"

Emerson was a man of the broadest charity for all forms of thought, however absurd they might appear to others. A man's greatness of intellect, like his greatness of heart, may be known by his hospitality. He says of himself, that, "Though his nature was so subtly fine as to disgust all men with his refinements and spiderspinnings, yet, there was never a poor outcast, eccentric or insane man, some fool with a beard, or a mutilation, or pet madness in his brain, but fled at once to him—that great heart lay there so sunny and hospitable in the centre of the country. And the madness that he harbored, he did not share. "Is not this to be rich," he asks,—“this only to be rightly rich?” Dr. Furness, his early friend, says of him: "If there was one thing more characteristic of him than anything else, it was the eagerness and delight with which he magnified the slightest appearance of anything like talent, or genius, or good that he happened to discover, or that he fancied he discovered in another." Emerson illustrated the principle, that the great mind always finds greatness, and the small mind littleness, wherever it may be placed. An old lady of Concord liked to attend all Mr. Emerson's lectures before the lyceum there. On one occasion, being asked if she understood what Mr. Emerson said, she replied, "Not a word; but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought everyone was as good as he was."

HIS HUMOR: Although never indulging in loud joking or laughter, Mr. Emerson possessed a fine and subtle sense of humor, which found frequent expression in conversation, and occasionally in his public utterances. He used to tell with great relish a story of Sydney Smith to this effect: On a certain occasion a lady came to that celebrated divine, bringing her pet dog, named Spot. She asked Mr. Smith to suggest some line from Shakespeare which she might have engraved upon the collar of her pet. The divine, with characteristic sly humor, suggested that line from Macbeth: "Out! damned spot!"

Mr. Emerson's remarks on the bath, when he came down to breakfast, were often of this character: "I begin to believe that the composition of water must be one part hydrogen and three parts conceit. Nothing so self-righteous as the morning bath. The extremes meet, the bitter-sweet, the pail of pleasure and pain!"

He remembered with much relish a remark of his little Waldo, when the father was hoeing in his garden: "Papa, I am afraid you will dig your leg." Mr. Emerson's awkwardness with tools was a source of much amusement to his family and friends. This little boy possessed the same innate refinement as his father. Once when he was taken by his father to the circus, and saw the clown playing his pranks with the ringmaster, he looked up with troubled eyes, and said, "Papa, the funny man makes me want to go home." Funny men sometimes make older people feel the same way.

Here is a bit from his Journal: "The young minister did very well, but one day he married a wife, and after that he noticed that, though he planted corn never so often, it was sure to come up tulips, contrary to all the laws of botany." Here is another: "Channing said he would never, were he an insurer, insure any life that had an infirmity of goodness in it. It is Godwin who will catch pickerel: if you have any moral traits you will never get a bite."

He records old Mr. Wesson, the tavern-keeper's philosophical distinction, when he said, "I thought I was asleep, but I know'd I wasn't;" and the self-restraint and caution of another village magnate, who, reading his newspaper in the grocery, always carefully read the passage through three times, before venturing a comment to his neighbors.

He says, "Rosebugs and wasps appear best when flying; they sail like little pinnaces of the air. I admired them most when flying away from my garden."

He enjoyed wit even at his own expense, and was much amused to hear, after one of his courses of lectures in Boston, that those who attended them were maliciously called "*the effete* of Boston."

Rev. Wm. R. Alger tells that, meeting Mr. Emerson one day in Boston, soon after the publication of the latter's first volume of poems, he complimented the author, saying that he liked the poems even better than the essays. Mr. Emerson replied that he himself liked the poems best, because it was not he who wrote them, that they wrote themselves. He said he could write an essay to order, but not a poem; and added, "I can breathe at any time, but I can only *whistle* when the right pucker comes."

Writing to his friend Carlyle about the condition of affairs in the U. S., he says, "There is reading, and public lecturing, too, in this country, that I could recommend as medicine to any gentleman who finds the love of life too strong in him."

When the sculptor French, was working up on his bust of Emerson, the sage remarked, after one of the sittings, "The trouble is, the more it resembles me, the worse it looks."

In his later days, when his memory began to fail him, he often enjoyed with quiet humor the embarrassing situations in which he found himself. A certain person meeting him one day in Boston, asked him where he was going. "To dine," he said, "with an old and very dear friend; I know where she lives, but I hope she won't ask me her name." Once, when he wanted an umbrella, he said, "I can't tell its name, but I can tell its history; strangers take it away."

CRITICISMS. Like all great thinkers, Emerson was fiercely criticised in his early work, and even now there are men so blind to his great truths that they can speak no good word for him, save that he was a very good man. He was a dreamer, a poet, but no thinker, they say, and we must guard ourselves against his pantheism and infidelity. But the tone of hostile criticism to-day is far milder than in the time of his early work. He wrote Carlyle on Oct. 17, 1838: "The publication of my address to the divinity college has been the occasion of an outcry in all our leading local newspapers against my infidelity, pantheism and atheism. The writers warn all and sundry against me, and against whatever is supposed to be related

to my connection of opinion,—against Transcendentalism, Goethe, and Carlyle."

Even Carlyle sometimes chided him for "his sky-blue, sky-void idealism"; but he blamed himself not at all for his reveries, save that they had not yet got possession of his house and barn. "Of what you say now and heretofore, respecting the remoteness of my writing and thinking from real life, though I hear substantially the same criticism made by my countrymen, I do not know what it means. If I can at any time express the law and the ideal right, that should satisfy me, without measuring the divergence from it of the last act of Congress."

One gentleman who heard one of Emerson's lectures in Boston, said that he could only account for his delivering such a lecture, on the supposition that he wished to get a place in the custom house under George Bancroft.

When the Divinity School Address, referred to in his letter to Carlyle, appeared in print, it was savagely attacked in the Boston Daily Advertiser. But the modern newspaper should be kindly pardoned for lending its influence to injure truth and good. It is the organ of the things that are seen and temporal, not of the things that are unseen and eternal. The article concluded by saying that the highly respectable officers of the Cambridge Divinity School were in nowise responsible for this insult to religion, which was not invited by them, but by the members of the graduating class. The leading Unitarian paper spoke of it as being neither good divinity nor good sense. Emerson's friend, Henry Ware, wrote a pamphlet in reply to the address, which he sent to Emerson, hinting that perhaps he did not fully appreciate Emerson's arguments for these doctrines. Emerson replied in a letter, marked by sweetness and serenity, saying, "I could not possibly give you one of the arguments you cruelly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine stands; for I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of thought."

Emerson's serenity was not much disturbed by this storm in a wash-bowl, as he called it. In his Journal he writes: "Let me never fall

into the vulgar mistake of dreaming that I am persecuted whenever I am contradicted. No man, I think, had ever a greater well being with a less desert than I. I can very well afford to be accounted bad or foolish by a few dozen or a few hundred persons, — I, who see myself greeted by the good expectation of so many friends, far beyond any power of thought or communication of thought residing in me. Besides, I own I am often inclined to take part with those who say I am bad or foolish. I know too well my own dark spots. A few sour faces, a few biting paragraphs, are but a cheap expiation for all these shortcomings of mine." He was more annoyed by the notoriety of his position than by anything his critics said of him. Much of this popular outcry against his writings arose from a misapprehension as great as that of the old lady in Concord, who, coming home from Mr. Emerson's lecture on Plato, puzzled herself long over a statement in the lecture to this effect: "Plato especially has no external biography. If he had lover, wife or children, we hear nothing of them. He ground them into paint. As a good chimney burns its smoke, so a philosopher converts the value of all his fortunes into his intellectual performances." This is not more mystical than many of Emerson's utterances; but this good literal-minded old lady ended her cogitations by saying emphatically, "If those old heathen really did such things as Mr. Emerson said they did, the less said about them the better!" In spite of her literal interpretation of Mr. Emerson, we can not believe that Plato, pagan though he was, did really grind his wife and children into paint. The more spiritually awakened read Mr. Emerson aright, and greeted him as a genuine seer and prophet of reality. Upon the publication of Emerson's book entitled, *Nature*, Carlyle wrote to him in his hearty, picturesque manner, saying: "My friend! you know not what you have done for me there. It was long decades of years that I had heard nothing but the infinite jangling and jabbering, and inarticulate twittering and screeching, and my soul had sunk down sorrowful, and said, there is no articulate speaking then any

more, and thou art solitary among stranger-creatures? and lo, out of the west comes a clear utterance, clearly recognizable as a *man's* voice, and I have a kinsman and brother: God be thanked for it! I could have *wept* to read that speech; the clear high melody of it went tingling through my heart; I said to my wife, There, woman! She read, and returned; and charges me to return for answer, that there had been nothing met with like it since Schiller went silent."

The most characteristic note in Emerson's chant is a sweet and abiding faith in the omnipotence of God. To him there is no evil. "Evil, according to old philosophers, is good in the making. That pure malignity can exist," he says "is the extreme proposition of unbelief. It is not to be entertained by a rational agent; it is atheism; it is the last profanation." "The divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers; and man, though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true." This broad benevolence of his did not well suit the rigid theology of his day; and we are not surprised to learn that a good minister said, after listening to one of Emerson's sermons, in which he had announced his transcendental ideas, that, "it would take as many sermons like that to convert a human soul, as it would take quarts of skimmed milk to make a man drunk." Emerson's conception of conversion could not be likened to a state of intoxication. He says, "a true conversion, is now, as always, to be made by the reception of beautiful sentiments." Faith in God and man, such as the purest saints have known, is his. "All that I have seen," he says, "leads me to trust the Great Creator for all that I have not seen."

Emerson's greatness is well indicated in this, that he has no disciples, no followers. He revealed universal truth, and made himself in visible, like the ancient gods, that the truth might be felt as an impersonal influence. Mohammed, Buddha, Confucius, have their personal followers. Plato cast the spell of his personal power over philosophy for two thousand years. Swedenborg, Luther, Calvin, left

systems which have entangled the souls of other men and robbed them of freedom. Even Jesus Christ whose whole teaching aimed to turn men from himself, who constantly guarded his personal influence by saying that the works he did and the words he spake were not his own but the Father's—even he has drawn millions of men into a personal devotion that has hid from them the divine nature of themselves. But this gentle teacher of Concord, so modest, so little in his own estimation, has led none to himself, but all to the Spirit which he himself adored.

"I have been writing and speaking (he says in 1859) what were once called novelties, for twenty-five or thirty years, and have not now one disciple. Why? Not that what I said was not true; not that it has not found intelligent receivers; but because it did not go from any wish in me to bring men to me, but to themselves. What could I do if they came to me? They would interrupt and encumber me. This is my boast, that I have no school and no followers. I should account it a measure of the impurity of insight if it did not create independence. I would have my book read as I have read my favorite books,—not with explosion and astonishment, a marvel and a rocket, but a friendly and agreeable influence, stealing like the scent of a flower or the sight of a new landscape on a traveller."

But while he has no personal followers, the disciples of the Spirit everywhere have received his utterances with delight, and found comfort and courage in his noble words. A story is told of a young Russian who in despair ended his life by his own act, in far Siberia, and who was first imprisoned, as a student, for having in his possession a copy of the essay on Self-reliance. So does the silent thought of this Concord seer penetrate the fabric of society, making the seat of the tyrant insecure, opening the prison doors of the mind, and breaking the shackles of ignorance and superstition. The lonely student, the aspiring young reformer, find in Emerson a friend and helper. In the midst of the falsities and conventions of the world, the realities of truth shine out

clear and pure from Emerson's pages, and looking on them, the saddened soul takes courage.

If we ask of his religious beliefs, we can have no direct answer. His writings are one unbroken revelation of spiritual or religious truth, and we shall look in vain for a single profane sentence. He would deem it ridiculous to attempt a statement of his faith in a few sentences. As well attempt to breathe enough in one moment to last a lifetime, as to state in a few words such an universal and constant faith as his. He lived and breathed in an atmosphere of pure spirit, and his utterances are the purest revelation. He has come nearest to that perfect vision which shall see the shining laws come full circle. The light which in others is broken and inconstant, is in him a constant glory, a full and shining effulgence. Emerson is the unordained priest of pure reason, the prophet of the spirit. He who speaks on religion for the next ten centuries must repeat the words of Emerson. He, outside all churches, has revealed the truth on which all churches rest, or resting not, fall. He who left the pulpit because he found his words rejected there, has become the chief defender of the pulpit. The stone that the builders rejected has already become the head of the corner; and no student of divinity to-day can afford to be ignorant of his writings. It is the law and the prophets and the epistles and gospels in nineteenth century speech. This saint, Emerson, this seer of visions and dreamer of dreams, this child of the spirit, on whom the Holy Ghost descended in pentecostal measure, giving him the gift of universal language, this soul, vast, lying abroad on the world, reflecting the wisdom of man from old Plato to Christ, from Buddha to Swedenborg,—what words can fitly set him forth? He must speak for himself.

The aim of any essay upon so great a man must be at last to lead the reader to devoutly read his works.

Remember the College Annual. If you did not see the announcement of it in our November number, write to M. W. Brown, Jr., Editor.

THE COLLEGE PLAYS.

OTHELLO AND RICHELIEU TO BE GIVEN AT
THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

The Proceeds to be Used for the Temple of Oratory.

About a year ago, there was conceived and developed, among the students of Emerson College of Oratory, a purpose to establish a fund, for the purchase of ground, and the erection thereon of a building to be known as the Emerson Temple of Oratory.

That purpose still is ours. Such a building is greatly needed. We must succeed. All present students, our alumni and all generations yet to be enrolled in our great family, will unite in the thought, that, a temple, dedicated to the education of human souls, would be a most fitting monument to our beloved President, unto whose eyes have been given visions of great truth, and whose life has been obedience to Truth.

In harmony with the general spirit of the College, it is proposed to devote the proceeds of this year's Dramatic Presentations to the Temple of Oratory fund.

The annual presentation of dramatic work, in full costume, and with complete scenic effects, was begun three years ago when, members of the faculty, assisted by students, gave Sheridan's comedy, "The Rival's," at Odd Fellow's Hall. This won us the nucleus of a library and much praise for the artistic work done.

The following year Bulwer-Lytton's romantic drama "Richelieu" was given in Union Hall. Again the space was too small to hold all who came. Again we largely increased our library and Prof. Southwick won the unstinted praise of all critics for his remarkable re-creation of the mighty statesman of France. Of the production as a whole, the *Boston Times* said, that, in many respects it might well be imitated by professionals; while the "Ideas" said: "It is a triumph of which professionally organized companies might well be proud."

Last year, we were compelled to secure a place with greater seating capacity. The Boston Museum, on Tremont Street was engaged, and there, on two glorious afternoons, we listened to the "Merchant of Venice" and to "Hamlet."

What a treat was there! Those who saw and heard can testify. The house was packed at

both performances, and we cleared for our Library nine hundred dollars.

We here insert a few extracts from the local press notices, and from congratulating letters from eminent critics.

Globe.

Joseph Haworth was in the audience, and was enthusiastic in his praise for the performance as a whole, and for Mr. Southwick's work in particular.

Herald.

The work of Mr. Southwick and his associates was such as would have done credit to professionals. The Hamlet of Mr. Southwick showed the great amount of careful study he has given the play, and it was marked by much of merit and finish.

Transcript.

Mr. Kidder's presentation of Shylock was worthy of the professional stage. He showed a careful insight into the character and a keen, painstaking study of the conflicting elements in Shylock's mental and moral composition. Especially noteworthy was his acting in the scene with Tubal and in the trial scene. The chief merit in his performance was one which all amateurs can rarely claim: he kept constantly within the character, and never lost sight for a moment of the emotions of the Jew.

Boston Ideas.

In "The Merchant of Venice" Charles W. Kidder's Shylock and Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick's Portia scored the strongest points. Shylock was a uniformly excellent piece of work and at times was masterly. Portia in the court scene was a distinct triumph for Mrs. Southwick. We have never seen a better—her eloquence was true, it was clear, it was strong, and her bearing admirable. The two performances as a whole are genuinely remarkable as the result of college of oratory training—and one of the most gratifying features is the unstrained naturalness attained in the enunciation of clear language. Every organ of the body and every faculty of the mind has become subject to soul's decree to a degree worthy of our hearty congratulations—which we herewith cordially tender.

Speaking of the two performances, Prof. Rolfe writes in part as follows:

"Few stage Shylocks that I have seen could be regarded as superior to this amateur repre-

sentative of "the Jew that Shakespeare drew;" and the Portia was absolutely the best that I remember."

"The Hamlet was a severer test for the 'company,' but they bore it with equal credit. Professional actors might take lessons from most of these non-professional players, especially in the exquisite rhythmical utterance of Shakespeare's verse. The Hamlet was a most sympathetic and impressive personation. The Ophelia was by far the most beautiful I have ever seen."

We have received permission to quote the following from Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who was present at the Hamlet production:

"Mr. Southwick seems to me to have *perfectly* played Hamlet. His perfect enunciation was a great help, and I was enabled to comprehend his interpretation of the text, and to keep up with him, and to sympathize with him from first to last. Ristori, Charlotte Cushman, Irving and one or two others always have magnetized me and compelled me to ignore everything and everybody but themselves. But Mr. Southwick held me spellbound, and after his first appearance on the stage, my attention was riveted. I haven't had such a treat since I saw Irving when he was last here. I think everybody in the house would endorse what I have written."

Much more might be quoted, but the above opinions answer our purpose, in showing the universally high esteem in which the work of the past has been held.

The plays to be given this year are, "Othello," and "Richelieu," with Prof. Henry L. Southwick in the title-roll of each. The cast is made up from the Faculty assisted by a few of the students. The place and time of the production of the plays will be:

Boston Museum,

Othello.

Monday, Feb. 3, 1896 at 1.45 P. M.

Richelieu.

Friday, Feb. 7, 1896 at 1.45 P. M.

We are sure of crowded houses, but there are three classes of people whom we shall be

especially glad to see. We expect all of our friends; we cordially invite all who love art in its highest sense,—art whose purpose is, to stimulate in humanity higher thoughts, feelings, and purposes; and we also sincerely hope to see there as many as is possible of those who believe in the great possibilities for good in the study and presentation of the drama.

The price of tickets will be \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents for each performance; or, a combination rate of \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents, if seats are taken for both plays.

To facilitate the sale of seats, to give both public and students an equal chance, and to avoid the necessity of standing for hours in line, it has been deemed best to hold an auction sale of *choices*.

Each choice shall entitle the holder to purchase *ten* seats for each performance.

This auction will be held in Covenant Hall, at the College, Saturday, Jan. 11, 1896, at 1.30 P. M. Those purchasing choices can get their tickets immediately.

The remaining seats will be on sale at the College, on and after Monday, Jan. 13.

We would advise students to determine as soon as possible, the number of tickets desired for themselves and friends, so that the sale may be conducted with satisfaction to all.

It gives us pleasure to accompany this notice with a half-tone of one of the situations in Richelieu, and, also, to append the complete cast of characters.

RICHELIEU.

LOUIS XIII,	- -	<i>Frederic A. Metcalf.</i>
GASTON,	- - -	<i>Fred M. Blanchard.</i>
CARDINAL RICHELIEU,		<i>Henry L. Southwick.</i>
BARADAS,	- - -	<i>Charles W. Kidder.</i>
ADRIAN DE MAUPRAT,	-	<i>Walter B. Tripp.</i>
DE BERRINGEN,	-	<i>Charles I. Schofield.</i>
JOSEPH,	- - -	<i>Curtis G. Morse.</i>
HUGUET,	- - -	<i>B. C. Edwards.</i>
FRANCOIS,	- - -	<i>Charles M. Holt.</i>
CLERMONT,	- - -	<i>Frank J. Stowe.</i>
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD,		<i>Charles D. Rice.</i>
FIRST SECRETARY,		<i>Charles D. Workman.</i>
SECOND SECRETARY,	-	<i>Harry S. Ross.</i>
THIRD SECRETARY,	-	<i>S. Homer Eaton</i>

JULIE DE MORTIMER, *Fessie Eldridge Southwick*
MARION DE LORME, *Lola Purman Tripp*.

OTHELLO.

DUKE OF VENICE, - *Frederic A. Metcalf*.
BRABANTIO, - - - *B. C. Edwards*.
GRATIANO, - - - *Curtis G. Morse*.
LODOVICO, - - - *Frank F. Stowe*.
OTHELLO, - - - *Henry L. Southwick*.
IAGO, - - - - *Walter B. Tripp*.
CASSIO, - - - - *Charles W. Kidder*.
RODERIGO, - - - *Charles I. Schofield*.
MONTANO, - - - *Charles M. Holt*.
DESEMONA, *Fessie Eldridge Southwick*.
EMILIA, - - - - *Zitella Ebert*.

LOVE AND LIFE.

BY M. ELIZABETH STACE.

Love and Life, and the summer glowing!
Love sings low and the skies are fair!
Love and Life, while the June rose blowing
Fills with fragrance the dewy air.

Love and Life! And the sunlight streaming,
Over river, and field, and glen,
Laughs with joy, and the glad rays beaming,
Waken the Earth, and it laughs again.

Life is strength and Love is sweetness.
Love and Life, and the world is gay!
Love, my heart, and in true completeness
Life and Love are your own for aye.

Love, my heart, and with trust confiding
Give your all; for to perfect faith
Love brings Life, and in peace abiding
Conquers sorrow and fear and death.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY PRESIDENT EMERSON.

As you have travelled among the New Hampshire mountains, you have seen among the senatorial group the mountain named for Webster; you have also seen the mountain named for Washington, which is by far the grandest of all the mountains of New Hampshire, not only in its size but in its expression. Mountains have their expression; each peak of a range has an expression of its own. If there was only another mountain that looked like Mt. Washington, we should be obliged, through our instincts, to name it Mt. Webster, for the mountain named for him has not so much of the expression of Webster as Mt.

Washington has of its namesake. There is but one Mt. Washington; there was but one General George Washington, President of the United States. There was but one Webster, and after Mt. Washington was named there was not a mountain left among the group of grand New Hampshire mountains worthy to be called Mt. Webster. But we have done the best we could. A mountain is Webster's only fitting monument. A monument that God has reared, a monument that marks the masonry of heaven, is the only fit monument for Daniel Webster.

To-day we shall consider this man in three lights, that of man, of statesman, and of orator; though I shall not altogether follow this successive order in discussing him. I want to have you feel with me when we discuss him that we are in a sacred presence; that we are in the presence of our thoughts of a great and good man! What can be more sacred than the presence of a great and good man! What can be more holy than our thoughts of Divine goodness expressed through a human being!

The time when we were almost compelled to look at Webster under the influence of prejudice has passed away. Twenty-five years ago—but more especially thirty-five years ago—it was hardly possible to contemplate Webster unprejudiced, contemplate him in his entirety, because of the conflicting opinions and dissensions in this country at that time—which were necessary to the time. We do not criticize them, but those disputes are past. Now as students, we can stand in the clear light of the present, and view that colossus as he stands clearly defined against the sky of history.

We cannot begin by thinking of Webster in his infancy or in his childhood; we must begin by thinking of him where we are accustomed to think of him—the mighty man of his time, the man who could perhaps fitly be compared to a great vessel in the midst of smaller ones. Such a vessel needs not to ride the others down for a conquest; it moves such deep waters, whichever way it sails the smaller crafts

go, drawn in by its weight. So when Webster was in the prime of his power, whichever way he sailed other men went. He was the monarch of the United States at one time, and he enjoyed quite a long reign. It was a longer reign than that of a majority of kings in the olden time. It was a reign lasting not less than twenty years, and it is making it short to call it but twenty years. Webster was the government, because he commanded public opinion in this country. Public opinion among a free people is not a despot, it is truly a monarch. He commanded that opinion; he made that opinion.

When we contemplate the greatness of a man and that greatness seems to us phenomenal, we are led to ask what was the cause of that greatness. It is an instinct of the human mind to ask for the cause of that which attracts its undivided attention. Therefore we are called upon to trace, at least in outline, which is the most we can do in this short talk, some things which seem to be causes—though really they may not be the fundamental causes—of Webster's greatness. The fundamental cause of his greatness can no more be analyzed than the greatness of any great man can be analyzed. Modifying and indirect causes we may contemplate, but the prime cause we cannot see; it lies hidden. We look on the external world and see modifying causes, but the prime cause is in the Unseen Mind; it is in the Infinite, from whence such a mind proceeded—from whence all minds proceed.

We will do the best we can in mentioning the early influences which surrounded Webster in infancy and through childhood and youth. The mightiest circumstance we can mention as conducive to the formation of that mighty man and his sublime character is the fact that he was born of the family he was; that Ebenezer Webster was his father; and that his mother was a woman well fitted by nature, by intelligence, and by grace to be the companion of Ebenezer Webster.

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was born in 1739, up in New Hampshire. He was known throughout his life as a man of tremen-

dous energy of character. I like that expression—*energy of character!* Not a passive character, but a grand character, impelled by love of right, love of truth, love of his fellow men. What an impulse to develop a great character, and make it aggressive! This Webster took up the questions of his time, and was active in them. When he was grown to early manhood the French War—generally called the "French and Indian War"—occurred in this country. He was a captain in that war, and one of the boldest and most skillful of captains, leading on his Mountain Rangers to noble deeds—deeds that will live forever. Among the grand heroes of that time none were greater than Captain Webster and his Rangers.

In process of time there came the Revolutionary War, and Webster, like Washington, was well prepared for this second struggle is, not with France and Frenchmen this time, but with England and Englishmen—a time when we might fitly say, by way of figure of speech, that Greek met Greek. As soon as Ebenezer Webster and his Rangers heard of the Battle of Bunker Hill, down they came to participate in any glorious deed that should free the down-trodden and weak; that should shape the colonies into states, the states into a confederation—which under the superintendency of Ebenezer Webster's son was to be developed into a living nation. His father helped to furnish the materials for a nation; *Daniel made the nation*. I know this is a strong expression, but I shall not qualify it.

Daniel Webster was born of such parents, and under the influence of such parents he grew up. The father, before the birth of Daniel in 1782, near the close of the Revolutionary War, had settled in a home in Salisbury, N. H., on a side hill some little way from the Merrimac River. It was a rough-looking place, and looking at it to-day one could hardly imagine what would make a man suspect he could get a living on that side hill. But the men of those days knew how to make the granite rocks bear corn; they had the muscle and determination to do it, and they lived well. Oh, there

were giants in those days! Ebenezer Webster was one of them, and his son was another!

Let us think of Daniel for a moment—if it is possible to contemplate the infancy of a giant—as a little one. Let us see him now as a delicate little child, concerning whom the women of the neighborhood said he would never live to grow up, and consoled his mother by telling her so. One day the father brought him in his arms, and with tears coursing down his dark cheeks, he said to his wife, "We will have to give him up; we can't raise him; he's too frail." When the mother saw that this man, whose mind never grew discouraged under any physical difficulties, was almost in despair over the life of the little one, she snatched him from the father's arms, and held him to her breast.

The child was little more than an infant, yet he was old enough to remember the feeling of the mother's tears as they dropped on his little face. The mother took him on horseback many miles to the seashore, that she might bathe in sea-water that large head, which looked so large in comparison with his tiny body it was thought he had the rickets. I do not suppose the sea-water did much for the child, but that mother did, that mother did. As Daniel said in after years, "There was a mother for you!"

The boy grew up tall and very slender. He was a bright boy. He does not remember when he learned to read, because he did not learn to read at school. His father and mother taught him, he supposes. Little Dan, five or six years old, had been heard of by the teamsters, and each new steamster that came along wanted little Dan to come out and read the Bible to him. It was a sight to see that little prodigy reading the Bible! He felt inspired with such an audience and with such a theme.

Finally the people said to Mr. Webster, probably harping his own fears aright: "Your little boy can never wrestle with the elements here in New Hampshire, and the only way for him to get a living is to give him an education." The old man respected education. He, himself, had wept because he did not have an education in

his youth.

He once came very near being sent to Congress. He had brains and energy enough, but those who brought out a competitor to place before the country said that his competitor had a college education. Nobody knew exactly what that was, but it was something wonderful in those days. No one disputed the mighty power, intellectual and moral, of Ebenezer Webster, but this other man of lighter proportions and common caliber of mind had somewhere in his house a piece of sheepskin with his name on it, also the name of the president of a college faculty,—and he must go to Congress.

One day Mr. Webster said to his little boy, "Now, Daniel, I am going to do all I can to give you an education, but you know I am poor. You and I have been working very hard here in the hay-field. Come and sit by me; I want to tell you something. Did you notice that man who just went from us? Do you know that man went to Congress, and the only reason he went and I did not was that he had an education? Now, Daniel, learn all you can, won't you?" And Daniel answered, "Yes, father, I will."

He was sent to the schools, such as they were. There were few schoolhouses in those days. School was kept here and there among the neighbors. When it was near his home, Daniel could go. But sometimes it was held in a distant part of the town. He was too weak to walk to where the school was kept; but perhaps the next season it would be nearer home and he could go. He learned to read, to spell, and tried to learn to write, but he did not succeed in the latter very well. He hated it all his life. Finally, when he was about a dozen years old, his father took him down to Exeter Academy—called Phillips Academy because it was endowed by a relative of Wendell Phillips. It was one of the finest schools in New England.

Webster remained there about nine months. He had been an interesting child when attending the public schools, and he was equally as interesting in this institution. Let us give an

illustration of how they studied. In the district school in addition to learning how to read and spell and write, they sometimes committed verses to memory from the Bible. One Saturday the master told the boys of Webster's class that the one who committed the greatest number of verses between then and Monday should have a new jack-knife. The time came for the recital, and the other boys said their verses. Daniel, always shrinking and sensitive, held back. The other boys recited all they could, and some of them recited a good many verses. Finally little Dan came up. The little, bashful fellow began in a very low tone; they could hardly understand him; but he went on and on and on. He recited about a hundred verses, way beyond what any other one had recited, and the master said to him, "I guess that is all I can hear to-day." Daniel replied, "I have learned two or three chapters more." "Never mind, the jack-knife is yours."

Something similar to this was the examination for entrance into the Academy. Daniel was brought into the presence of a man dressed in almost military costume. To impress the little fellow all the more with the great dignity of his position, the man picked up his three cornered hat and put it on his head with due solemnity. He looked very wonderful and awful, and Daniel was duly impressed. "Are you ready for an examination?" Daniel said he was. "My examination will be this,—you are to read the Bible." Daniel felt comforted. He read, and the reply from the august gentleman was: "Sir, you are fit to enter the Academy." Accordingly he entered.

Daniel could learn his lessons quicker than the other boys could, which gave him more time outside of lessons. He did not devote this time to playing baseball, but he went out upon the hillsides and along the brooks, taking a book along to read. Ah, there is the secret; he read because he loved to read. The master expostulated with him, declaring it to be a bad example for the other students, saying that he must study his Latin more. Daniel said he would, so he came in to recite one morning before the master had been to breakfast. He recited his les-

son, and the master said, "That is sufficient." "Why," replied Daniel, "you wanted me to learn more Latin so that I would not spend my time wandering about." "Well, go on." So he went on and on and on, translating and translating. Finally the master looked at his watch, and thought about his breakfast waiting for him. Little Daniel knew it; he had planned this on purpose. The master said, "That will do." "But I have learned still more." "Well, go on." He read more and more, until finally the master's stomach rebelled, and he said, "That will do, Daniel, I must now go to breakfast." He said nothing more to Daniel about going out upon the hillsides to read.

The time came for his father to come and bring him home. He had concluded to put Daniel under the instruction of Rev. Mr. Wood, who lived in Boscawen, not far from Salisbury, to be prepared for college. Daniel did not know he was to go to college. His father was wise. He wanted to see how well the boy would take advantage of his opportunities. The father knew what Daniel had been doing—he had found out from his teachers—so on their way over to Mr. Wood's he said to Daniel, who was then about fourteen years old, "Dan, I am going to send you to college." Oh, the boy never had his heart beat so before! He had never dared to ask his father to send him to college; he knew his father was poor. He could not say anything, not a word, but he took his father's hand in both his, and laid his head on his father's shoulder and wept. The old man wept in response, you may be sure. Daniel went to Boscawen, and in a few months was ready for Dartmouth College.

When he started for college his mother gave him a new suit of clothes. Where did she get them? She made them. She washed the wool, she carded it, she spun it, she wove it, she dyed the cloth, cut the suit, and sewed it; in fact, there was nothing but mother's hands anywhere in that suit of clothes. This suit was dyed blue, good indigo blue. Webster always liked that color, almost always wore a blue coat perhaps because his mother dyed his college

suit that color, almost always wore a blue coat, perhaps because his mother dyed his college suit that color.

On his way to Hanover there came up a tremendous storm. The bridges were washed away and he had to go twenty miles around through the rain. He was thoroughly drenched upon his arrival at the college. He went in, however, and passed his examinations in his wet clothing; then he arose very politely—a youth about fifteen years old now—and bowing to those who had been examining him, said, "Sirs, with your permission I will go where I can change my suit, which is very wet, as you will observe." When he changed his clothing he noticed that the color had been transferred from the suit to his person, and a *bluer* boy on entering college never was known.

In process of time he is graduated from Dartmouth College, but even before he is graduated he has made himself known as the father of the man he will be. By invitation of the good people of Hanover, where the college was situated, he has delivered a Fourth of July address. Some say he delivered it the second year he was there; others say the third year, but it makes little difference which. This oration may be read to-day in old prints, and it is very interesting; it is sublime all the way through. You can scarcely find such dignity of language, language so expressive of the thought, as this from the hand of the young orator Daniel Webster.

Now we must see what is in the boy's heart. We have seen that he was a most lovable child. We saw in the way he and his little sister picked berries together, and in his response to his father's care, that he was an exceedingly affectionate boy. He had a brother two or three years older than himself, whom he says had more brains than he had. Certainly Ezekiel Webster had enough for all reasonable purposes. Daniel wants Ezekiel to go to college. On his return home, after his second year at college, he tells Ezekiel he is going to speak to father about it, and although they have gone to bed, they talk almost all night.

Next morning they think they had better

take mother into their confidence. They know their father is poor, and that the farm is under a heavy mortgage. "How can Zeke be spared from the farm? How can a heavier mortgage be put upon the farm to raise the money for Zeke?" The family meet together for a conference over the matter. Dan is the orator of the occasion. He sets it before the old man, who sits silently thinking. Every nerve in Ezekiel's body quivers with anxiety for the result. Finally, Daniel closes his plea, and the old man turns with tremulous tones, and says, "Zeke, do you want to go?" "Yes, father, I do." "Well, mother," he says, turning to his wife, "what do you say?" Mother, what does she say? She says, "Sell the farm, if it is necessary; raise the money and let him go. Father, the boys will take care of us in our old age if the farm is gone. I believe in them." So the old man says, "Ezekiel, you may go."

Daniel begins to teach in vacations to earn enough money to keep Ezekiel at college. Daniel attempts to study law; but Ezekiel needs money, so Dan goes off to Fryburg to teach in an academy at the enormous salary of \$350 a year. This boy, who hates writing so terribly, can find nothing to do to add to his meagre salary but to copy deeds, which he does at twenty-five cents apiece. This brings him \$100. The first quarter comes around, he hires a horse and rides over to Hanover to see Zeke. They go out and sit on a log. Dan tells Zeke about his school at Fryburg, and in the meantime he manages to get hold of Zeke's hand, and when Zeke takes his hand away the \$100 is in it. They embrace each other. Two more affectionate brothers never lived. Daniel continues to teach at Fryburg, saving nearly all his salary, earning enough by copying deeds to pay his board.

Subsequently, Daniel enters Judge Thompson's office at Salisbury, and resumes his study of law for two years more. Ezekiel gets along the best he can. Father and mother help them all they can, getting a little deeper into debt until, finally, Ezekiel, obliged to earn more money before he can go on at college, goes

down to Boston to teach school. Daniel goes down first and finds a private school which he arranges for Ezekiel to take charge of. Daniel goes back to Salisbury and Ezekiel comes to Boston. The boys correspond for a while, until Daniel tells Ezekiel he would like to leave Judge Thompson's and come to Boston and study with Mr. Gore—afterward Governor Gore. Ezekiel, who is a successful teacher, finds that he needs some assistance, so he writes to Daniel to come down and help him for a few hours in the day.

Daniel comes to Boston. It was his great ambition to study in the law office of Mr. Gore; but he did not know how to get introduced to him. He did not know anybody who would introduce him to so great a man. Why, this great man comes in from his home in Watertown in his coach drawn by four horses; the driver, in livery, sits on the box, and four horses draw this one Mr. Gore to his place of business every day! But he is a man who has made his own way. His father was a sea-captain. The Lord put good stuff into that boy Gore, and therefore he became the great Gore that he was.

Well, Daniel finds a young man whom he had known somewhere before, and he tells him he wants to meet Mr. Gore. "But I haven't anybody to introduce me," he added. The young man replied, "I met Mr. Gore once." "Are you acquainted with him?" "Oh, no, I am not acquainted, but I will take you in and introduce you." So the young men start to go; but they get frightened about the time they reach the office door. "What will Mr. Gore think of such an introduction as this?" thought Daniel. However, they enter. Mr. Gore sits there with his glasses on, looking severe and awful. He looks up, and seeing the young men, asks them what they want. They are rather intimidated, but the young man manages to say, "I want to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Webster from New Hampshire. He is an awfully smart young man, sir. He wrote a Fourth of July speech, and delivered it, and he has been through college." After he had finished this speech, he turned and ran down-stairs, leaving

Dan to face it out.

Well, Daniel stood there, with the country airs all on him, of course; but he took up the conversation, with some encouragement from Mr. Gore, where the young man had left it. He told Mr. Gore that he hadn't thought of coming in to see him so soon, intending first to write home to get some letters and credentials. Mr. Gore eyed him sharply. He was accustomed to reading men, so he said, "I like your looks, sir. I think I can trust you. Hang your hat up there and go into the other room and begin your reading, and send for your credentials at your leisure." Thus began Daniel's study of law with Mr. Gore.

An incident now occurred upon which the future life of Webster turns. At about the close of his study with Mr. Gore, he received a letter from his father, who was at this time Judge in his county. It seems the father had asked those who had the authority in his county to appoint Daniel to the vacant office of Clerk of Court, which was not only a great honor, but a very remunerative office, and to gratify the father, whom everybody loved and honored, they freely granted it. This office would give his son Daniel, say, \$1,500 to \$2,000 salary, which would mean to-day about \$6,000 a year. "How easily he could lift the mortgage from the farm with that sum of money! How tenderly he could care for his parents in their old age! How easily he could help Ezekiel along in his studies, who had not yet received his degree of Bachelor of Arts!" The night Daniel receives the news of his appointment he is so happy at the prospect that he does not sleep at all.

The next morning he is in the office a long time before Mr. Gore arrives, and when the latter enters he says to Daniel, whose very bones are bursting with excess of joy, "Good morning, Mr. Webster, you seem to be in excellent spirits." Daniel tells him the good news, whereupon Mr. Gore says, "Will you kindly go into the other room, while I look over my letters, then we will see about it." An hour or two later he calls to Daniel and says, "I do not want you to accept that offer."

Finally, before Daniel left him to go home and visit his parents, Mr. Gore made him promise that he would not accept the position.

His line of argument was this: "Young man, you have been with me for a good many months. I think I understand you. It is your place to express opinions for others to write, not merely to write other people's opinions. Should you accept this office now, it shuts to you all opportunities of greatness in the future. You will simply be a Clerk of the Court always, if you are anything. You may not be anything, for by and by, after you have remained in the court a number of years, having closed your opportunities, and being dependent upon others, they may choose to put some one else in your place, and then where will you be? Mr. Webster, be independent; live upon your own earnings; make your own way."

Daniel very reluctantly promised that he would not accept the position. He started home, a place you can now reach in a few hours, but then it took about as many days. At last he arrives at the old home, Elm Farm, near the Merrimac River, jumps out of the sleigh (or pung, as they called it then) steps upon the piazza and looks in at the window. They are expecting him. There sits his father, prematurely old, though he is not over sixty-six at this time. There he sits by the hearth, the bright fire shining on his dear old face, his long white locks hanging down over his shoulders — a most venerable man.

Daniel hesitates to go in, thinking his father looks unusually happy, probably contemplating the opportunities for his son's advancement. "How can I break the news to him." Finally, he goes in. The old man is delighted to see him, for it is a most affectionate family. The old man rises, puts his arms around Daniel and kisses him as he did when he was a little boy, and Daniel warmly returns the embrace. About this time the mother comes in, and then, what a happy trio!

Finally, supper is brought in. The old man is very happy. After supper he says, "Daniel, you'd better go up to Squire So-and-so's in the morning and take your oath of office." Then

Daniel gradually breaks the news to his father that he is not going to accept the office. The old man is amazed and exclaims, "Why, why?" "I am not going to do it, father," Daniel replies; but his father can only repeat, "Why, Daniel, why?" Daniel tells him that he thinks it will shut off his opportunities for the future. But the father says, "Not so. It is a wonderful opportunity. Think how many there are who would like the office!" Then he recounts how he and his mother have worked for him and Ezekiel, and finally says, "I cannot work any more, my boy. What are we going to do if you won't accept this position?" Daniel answers, "Mr. Gore —" "Mr. Gore, what of Mr. Gore?" the father asks sharply. He advises me not to take it." "Mr. Gore is a fool talking to a young fool. What does he know about poverty, driving his coach and four every morning to his place of business? What does he know of the struggles we have had here with poverty?" Daniel was silent. Finally, the old father says after a little reflection, "Daniel, is your mind made up?" "Yes, father, my mind is made up; I shall not accept it." The old man looks at him steadily for a moment, becomes almost the picture of despair; but is silent. He never mentions it again.

One writer says there was a little sequel to this story. He records that a Mr. Emery came into the office, just after Daniel had given his promise to Mr. Gore not to take the position his father had secured for him. Daniel told Mr. Emery about the family needing money, etc, and Mr. Emery laid down before Daniel money enough to pay off the mortgage. Let us imagine the scene, when, after the conversation with his father, Daniel takes out the money, and laying it upon the table, says, "Here is enough to pay the mortgage." "Where did you get it, Daniel?" asks the father. "Mr. Emery let me have it." "More mortgage, I suppose?" "No, father, no mortgage, no note to be given; this is to clear up the mortgage on the farm." So that little family scene ended, and Daniel went back in a few days to study further with Mr. Gore.

Later, Daniel returns home and concludes

will remain near his father while he lives; so he opens an office at Boscawen, where he can walk back and forth easily from his business to his father's home. I have seen the very stairs that Daniel's feet ascended, and the windows out of which those young but glorious eyes looked. He did the best he could there. One writer states that he was never able to pay the rent of the office, which was only \$15 a year. Three others declare that he did pay all his bills, and worked up a practice of six or seven hundred dollars a year. Daniel made his first plea before his father who was still judge of the court. The old man is said to have expressed his opinion afterwards that Daniel was right when he refused to take the office of Clerk of the Court.

Two years pass quickly away, the failing constitution dissolves, and the loving hands of the son close the eyes of his father. He sees now no necessity of staying longer at Boscawen, so he goes to Portsmouth, N. H., and there rises rapidly at the bar. He meets Mr. Mason, the great lawyer of the State, the great lawyer of New England, and, according to Mr. Webster's opinion in later years, the great lawyer of America—a man six feet seven inches tall, not only the greatest lawyer physically, but the greatest lawyer mentally.

Up to this time Webster preserves a similar style of expression to that which you would find should you read his Fourth of July oration, delivered when he was at Dartmouth. In his first case, when he stepped out before the jury and in grandiloquent style delivered his plea, it was a case where Mason was on the other side. Webster was there to take the place of the prosecuting attorney. It was a criminal case and Mason was for the criminal. It was the first time Mason had met Webster, and he said afterwards that when Webster began to speak, it seemed as if a thunder-shower had suddenly burst upon him. Webster lost the case, but Mason had all he could do to save his client.

Webster was quick to see what the oratory of a practical lawyer should be. He sees Mason carrying off verdict after verdict for his clients. He observes that Mason does not

stand off and say great things into people's ears, but goes right up to the jury where he can almost put his finger on their noses, and after he has talked with them for a while, they all think as he does. From this time Webster changed his style, and dealt no longer with the ears of men, but directly with their minds. He has learned the new way, and this experience goes with him through life.

We must now leave this eventful period, in which Webster has been developing his powers by wrestling with giants in New Hampshire. He feels that he can now with propriety come to Boston. In New Hampshire, by riding all over the State, and being present at almost every court and trial, he has raised his income to \$2,000 a year which was a great sum in those days, being equivalent to about \$8,000 to day. He comes to Boston. They had heard of Daniel Webster up in New Hampshire, but the old heads say, "He will be lost in Boston. It is one thing to plead and be successful up in New Hampshire, but quite another thing to be successful among the lawyers of Boston." In one year after being with these great Boston lawyers he had taken \$20,000—his first year. What would that be to-day. Multiply that by four and you will see what a salary that would be. Money does measure some things, and in this case it measures the power of that young man.

A man is wanted for Congress, and Webster, thirty-one years of age, is elected. We shall have to pass over a most interesting portion of his life and allude to the first great lawsuit which gave Webster an American reputation and almost a world-wide fame, namely the Dartmouth case. Some question came up concerning the management of his Alma Mater, Dartmouth College, and Webster's power was brought to bear on her side. Every power possible was brought against him. The case was carried up from court to court. It was finally carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, but Webster won the victory before that tribunal. Great lawyers say that he did not win the victory by discussing points of law, but that he conquered Judge Marshall,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, whom he turned into an advocate for his case. Webster did it by his personal power.

We will speak of another case, the White murder case, in Salem, where he secured the execution of two of the coldest blooded murderers ever known. Great lawyers to-day say that the law was not such as would hang them; there was some little technicality which would actually prevent their being executed. But Webster's tremendous power swept everything before him and secured their conviction.

Next, we will carry him to the zenith of his power. He is now interested in national affairs. Let us see for a moment just what the question is that at this time attracts the attention of the country. The different States, after the Revolution, had voted to join with other States, according to the letter of a certain article they called the Constitution. But in public sentiment these States had not as yet formed themselves into a nation; they were generally supposed to be merely an aggregation of States. This is why I said in the beginning of my lecture that Webster created a nation. The American States were no more a nation than Greece was a nation. Greece would draw up articles of confederation sometimes for practical purposes, or, to meet an emergency, and then the confederation would dissolve. There was no Greek nation, although there were Greek States. We did not have an American nation; we had the American States. This was practically the situation, briefly stated.

The public sentiment of Massachusetts only about fifteen or sixteen years before this had declared that any State had a right to withdraw from the confederation if it chose to do so. Other States expressed the same opinion. This was because there was no nation, no living body that could be called a nation. This question came up in Congress from South Carolina, and one day General Hayne, of that State, made a speech. Mr. Webster answered the speech, satisfactorily to his friends. A day or two later General Hayne came forward with a second speech—and up to that time probably one of the grandest speeches ever made in Congress—in which he took up the whole history of the question, showing what Massachusetts had

thought, what other States had thought, what the general opinion had been as history recorded it. Hayne had the history on his side, which showed that the general opinion was that we were a confederation of States, and if any State wished to nullify an act of Congress, it had a constitutional power to do so.

Hayne leaves it right here. We have no nation. There is no national life, no national power. Congress can make no law for the States that each State has not a right to nullify so far as it applies to that State. This is the plain English of it. Hayne's speech is published, and goes out all over the country. Webster is now a senator. He is about forty-eight years old and right in the prime of his power. The Federalist party, to which Mr. Webster belongs, say that he cannot answer that speech. To give you some idea of the feeling that prevailed at this time, I will allude to an incident which then took place.

In addition to owning a home in New Hampshire, Webster bought a farm in Marshfield. When he bought it, Mr. Thomas, the owner, who was much involved in debt, delivered the deed to him in tears. Mr. Thomas was an old man; he must now go away from the home he loved so much. Webster turned to him and said, "I will accept the deed only on one condition, and that is that you will stay in this house as long as you live." From that time you can imagine that Mr. Thomas loved Mr. Webster very much. Why, the old man could not see outside of Mr. Webster! He watched the papers, and when he saw the first speech of General Hayne, he felt comfortable over it, for he knew that Webster could answer it. Webster did answer it, and he felt satisfied.

A few days afterwards, the second speech of General Hayne came out, and the old man read it here in Marshfield. He did not say much, but he got up slowly, went toward the stairs, and turning to one of the boys said, "Henry, come up and get my boots; I am going to bed. I shall never want these boots any more." "Why, father," his son replied, "Mr. Webster will answer that speech." "It can't be done; it can't be done. Mr. Webster could if anybody could, but nobody can answer it, and I don't want to live any longer." So the old man went

to bed, and Henry brought down the boots. There the old man lay and would not be comforted. Two days went by, but the old man was certainly going to die; he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep. Finally, a day came around which brought the paper from Congress that contained the reply of Daniel Webster to General Hayne—the reply that made the nation, remember; the reply that gave vitality to the Constitution.

The Constitution, in public sentiment, in its acceptance in Congress and in the State legislatures previous to this time, was in just the condition Adam was after he had been made out of clay and lay there drying. After Mr. Webster made that speech, the Constitution was in the condition Adam was after God had breathed into that body the breath of life and it became a living soul. Without that speech, we should not have a nation to-day. Can a man do so much with a speech? He can. Webster has done it. You cannot find a parallel case this side of the creation of man in the garden of Eden. A nation had been born in a day, literally. This was a fulfilment of prophecy!

From this time the people north and the people south, the people east and the people west, have a Constitution to swear by—a living thing. It is a living nation; a nation to live for, and a nation to die for if need be. No longer States held together by a rope of sand; no longer held together by a mere parchment, but held together with a cement that nothing this side of heaven can dissolve—the cement of universal public opinion. This will furnish the sequel to the last public act of Webster of which I shall speak to-day.

Let us go back and see the effect of the speech upon Mr. Thomas. It is evening, the paper comes, and Henry goes up-stairs with the newspaper and a candle. The old man turns and groans as Henry comes into the room. "What do you want, Henry?" he asks. "Father, wouldn't you like to look over the paper to-night?" "I never want to see that paper again." "Well, father, Mr. Webster has answered the speech." "No, my son, that isn't possible. It cannot be answered." "Now, father, come, we are all very much afflicted. Won't you read this? Mother is very much dis-

tressed at your condition. Won't you read it?" "No, Henry." "Now, father, please read it, and gratify us." "Well, you may put the candle and paper down on the stand here beside my bed, and perhaps I will look at it by and by."

Henry went down-stairs. The family gathered round the fire-place, statues of melancholy—nothing to be said or done. Finally, mother said, "Don't you think anything can be done for father?" "No, mother, nothing can be done. He won't even read the paper." They all into silence. Suddenly there came a shout from up-stairs. Mother, old as she was, ran up-stairs with the boys to see what had happened to father. There he sat on the side of the bed, with the candle in one hand and the paper in the other, shouting, "He has done it Henry; he has done it. Henry, get my boots!" There is something prophetic in that matter of "Get my boots." Uncle Sam did not need any boots until then, for he could not stand alone until then; but now, as the Irishman said by Lincoln, he stands straight in his boots.

Webster is at this time forty-eight years old. I can trace him no further through his work as a public man, except simply to say he affected this nation for good as a statesman more than any other man. He was a peacemaker, not only between individuals, but between nations. Oh, that piece of diplomacy that he exercised between the two nations with Lord Ashburton! It is the grandest State paper that you can read.

I shall pass over twenty years of Mr. Webster's active life. He is now sixty-eight years old. There is coming a great hostility between the North and the South. Mr. Webster has given vitality to the Constitution. He believes in the Constitution. He loves the Constitution. He loves the Union, because he loves the whole country. He loves New Hampshire, the State of his birth. He loves Massachusetts, the State of his adoption. He loves South Carolina no less; and equally well he loves Georgia and Alabama and all the States of the South and of the West. His gigantic arms embrace the nation,—his worldly ideal, his worldly pet. He does not want to live longer than the Union lives, because out of the Union, as out of a never-failing fountain, flow all the blessings of the United States.

Webster sees that the hostility between the North and the South is sure to bring on us dismemberment and destruction through civil war. An amendment, a compromise, is proposed; that the North shall concede certain things and the South shall concede certain other things. The concession of the North involves something besides the concession of money or position; the concession of some of its principles, at least, is involved. But Mr. Webster virtually says, "The less must lose itself in the greater. The Union must be saved. Then it will be good for all men, the black as well as the white. Dismember it, and you have lost what our fathers fought for; you have lost the consummate flower of the tree of liberty, planted perhaps in Thermopylæ, growing and shedding its branches all over the world, at length to blossom and bring forth fruit here in America. If the tree is lost, the world rolls back in progress two thousand years. The experiment of free government is yet to be tried. We must concede." To this compromise he brings the still undiminished power of his intellect. The seventh of March speech was a diplomatic speech; it was the speech of a statesman; it was the speech of a mighty man who foresaw the evils that would come if no such compromise was made.

The law is passed. Webster loses standing in his party. The lovers of liberty in this country say, "We had all we could do before in the struggle for liberty and progress; but now when we see the gigantic form of Mr. Webster leading on the opposition, we are almost in despair and almost palsied." I remember the time, although but a young boy, when the news of that terrible speech came. I remember what my father and grandfather thought. Everybody that worshipped Webster felt like saying, "O Lucifer, thou son of the morning, how art thou fallen!" Now, in the clear light of this later day, we can look back upon that speech of Webster's and see that it was consistent with his whole career. He loved the Union. For the Union he had lived. He had identified himself with all her interests. For that Union he was ready to lose the reputation he had built, and he lost it; he lost it, but by so doing he deferred the Civil War ten years.

That speech of Mr. Webster's sealed two

things; first, his doom as a politician in this world, and second, the high reputation of the Union. Ten years after they are ready to cry, "Union, Union; die for the Union!" and five hundred thousand of our best young men died for the thing for which Webster sacrificed so much. Millions of money were poured out for the same reason, and the Union still lives; and here across the old feuds between the North and the South we join hands as her children and love one another. These feuds are forever gone; nothing but the cement of love remains. We are not joined by the interweaving of bayonets; we are not joined through fear; we are joined through love. The South will do all it can to help the North; the North will do all it can to help the South; the West will do all it can to help both. We are not only one nation, but one people, thank God.

My next lecture will be upon the life of Phillips, then I shall show you the other side of the tapestry, because that is the side he saw. I show you the side each man sees; to-day I show you what Webster saw. I wish forever to obliterate from your minds any idea that Webster pronounced that seventh of March speech for the sake of becoming President of the United States. It is a mean accusation, unworthy of the men who made it; infinitely beneath the man whom they accused of it.

Webster has but two more years to live, and those are years of sorrow. He comes to Boston, where his friends love him still—his personal friends and some political friends. They go to the city fathers, and ask for Faneuil Hall in which to meet Mr. Webster and do him honor. The fathers of Boston will not allow them to meet in the old cradle of liberty. They had some good reasons for it—this is the other side of the tapestry. They bring the news to Webster, and find him bowed in grief in his home at Marshfield. An old friend enters. It is raining. "My dear friend, have the clouds brought you? I am glad to see you; come in." Mr. Webster loved his friends, and lived on their love; they have deserted him, and he is obliged to listen to the confirmation of the news that they will not allow him to enter Faneuil Hall.

A year or two passes, and he is made Secretary of State again, under General Pierce, and he

conducts the business of the office up to the last few weeks before his death. He has prophesied that he will not live to be over seventy years old. He is now seventy. He gets into a wagon one day to ride with a friend from Marshfield to Plymouth. On the road the king-bolt flies out, and lets the carriage proper fall suddenly to the ground. Webster falls; he puts out his arm to save himself, but in spite of the effort he falls to the ground stunned by the blow. He is taken up senseless and carried into a house. Doctors are sent for. Finally, he comes to consciousness, to find himself lying upon a bed. He takes in the situation, and looking toward the woman of the house as she comes in with some cordial for him, says, with a smile that shows the heart of the man, "As I awoke to consciousness, madam, I thought of a story I had read: how there was one journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho, and he fell among thieves. I was journeying from Marshfield to Plymouth, and I fell among friends." From this time forward he is never well, though he partially revives.

Something has been said about Webster's being an intemperate man. He was one of the most abstemious of men until he was fifty. He was never a drunkard. Here is a little incident recorded by his attending physician. He was to meet his friends and make a speech sometime after the accident we have just recounted, while his arm had yet to be carried in a sling. The doctor said to him, "Mr. Webster, before you deliver that speech I think you ought to take something stimulating." "No," said Mr. Webster, "I have been advised not to take stimulants, and I shall not do so; I wish to meet my friends in my own strength." No one ever saw Mr. Webster intoxicated, say historians, and we must believe this and not the gossip of the street.

His life is closing. He is at his home in Marshfield. The most celebrated physicians of Boston are attending him; he knows that he is to die in a short time. On a certain morning he looks around toward the doctor who has been staying with him for two or three days and says, "You look melancholy, doctor, but I shall not die to-day. I shall certainly live to-day, and I shall live to-night. Do not be cast down." The day and night passed just as Mr. Webster

had predicted. He made a similar remark to the doctor the following morning. The third morning Mr. Webster said, "Now, doctor, the last day has come; I shall live through the day, but I shall not live through the night. Do you not think so, doctor?" He replied, "I will tell you better to-night." The evening came, and Mr. Webster said, "I shall not live until morning; I shall not see the sun rise in the morning."

His son Fletcher was in the room, and he called him to his bedside to bid him good-by. Other friends were in the house. Political and life-long friends were there, and he had the male friends come in first, and there was a scene like that when Socrates of old put forth the women while he drank the hemlock. Socrates's friends wept. Webster's friends wept. Socrates comforted his friends, and Webster comforted his. He comforted them with assurances of immortality, assurances of God's love.

Then he turned to his friend, Mr. Harvey, saying: "Mr. Harvey, you will not leave until I am dead." "No, Mr. Webster, if you request it, I will not." All but Mr. Harvey, the doctor, and an attendant go out. Mr. Webster says, "I want to know when the end comes; I want to know when it begins." The doctor told him he had thought of giving him a stimulant. "I shall understand when you do this that the end is near," said Mr. Webster. The doctor replied, "Let it be a sign." The hours of the night creep on. He sleeps for a short time. At last he wakes and says, "Am I alive in this world?" They assure him he is. Then, his mind as clear as ever, he says, "I STILL LIVE"—and was gone.

What prophetic words,—I STILL LIVE! Ah, he lives in the nation to which he gave a constitutional life! He lives in the hearts of true men and women who read his biography and works all over this world. This is not all. He lives among the glorified in the world above. Being dead, he yet speaketh! His power for good walks abroad over the earth! A great, good man cannot die. His works do live after him, and live forever! This nation is better than it would have been had there been no WEBSTER. Every one who has studied Webster can say, "My life has been better, my purposes nobler, my aspirations higher, because WEBSTER lived."

THERAPEUTICS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

First Paper.

It has been my privilege to teach physical culture extensively and successfully to invalids and semi-invalids,—that is, those persons who are not well, yet are not ill, who have general poor health but no apparent disease which can be named.

Among both of these classes of people our system of physical culture has worked wonderful results, until I have come to regard it as a natural cure-all for most of the diseases that human flesh is heir to. When we consider what disease is, and what causes it; and when we think what principles underlie the Emerson College system of physical culture and how it works upon the entire body to bring it into at state of perfect harmony, unity and freedom, we cannot wonder that its curative power is so great.

Disease seldom exists in a body where all the vital organs are free and in their proper position. It is in the stooping shoulders and sunken chest that we may look for disease. An erect head, a light step and elastic movement will resist disease and overcome it many times; while a sunken head, a heavy step on the heels, and stiff, jerky motions will give disease every advantage over the body.

We hear a great deal about carriage, and every person, man or woman, desires to have a good carriage. There is a hygienic as well as an æsthetic and moral side to the way one carries oneself. To the experienced eye the carriage of a person shows his or her general health, and anything which improves the one acts to some extent on the other. It goes without saying that physical culture aims to give a person a good bearing, and this must necessarily improve and tone up the whole muscular system.

Among the diseases which proper, erect, elastic, and strong bearing reaches directly are, spinal, stomach and lung troubles. It is hardly too much to say that these diseases may be cured by proper movements of the body.

It was with much trepidation that I undertook my first "case" of spinal trouble, and since then I have seen wonderful results in pupils suffering with that disease. Spinal curvature is much more common than it may seem at first thought, but when taken in season I believe, from my own experience in teaching, may be entirely cured by our movements properly modified and judiciously practiced.

The principles of the Emerson system should always be applied, though different movements may be introduced to reach special muscles which may need strengthening.

Spinal troubles, curvatures especially, readily yield to movements of the head and arms, provided the proper centers of the body be maintained, while, if the centres of the torso be allowed to drop, these same movements will do but little good and may cause injury. The teacher must observe the laws and principles of bodily exercise to reach proper results. In these diseases of the spine some of the muscles of the back are very much weakened and shortened, and in case the trouble has been of long duration all the muscles of the torso are out of correct proportion, to a greater or less extent. And the weak muscles must be acted upon, and every exercise must be given by the teacher with a sharp eye on the effect which the exercise produces on these weak muscles. Do they show a sign of weakening still more under effect of any movement, that movement must be stopped. Sometimes an arm movement throws the body out of position when standing; this may often be overcome by taking the movement in a correct sitting posture.

At first the back can be most advantageously reached by a proper carriage and movement of the head, and flexible movements of the chest, when any arm motion would aggravate the trouble.

Could a pupil use all the Emerson College Movements correctly *at first* we might in cases of disease, as well as in case of normal pupils, begin and teach the whole series in rotation, but in all cases of disease or weakness it is absolutely necessary to adapt the exer-

cises to the present condition of the pupil. The movements are in themselves very strong and, when incorrectly taken may produce harm; I have never found a pupil who could not practice every exercise in the series when they knew how to do it correctly. Teachers may put it down as a law that when any exercise hurts a pupil, it is because the pupil performs the movement incorrectly and just so soon as the pupil obeys the proper laws of that movement, it will not be uncomfortable.

With beginners and those suffering from disease there is not sufficient harmony in the body, to make a correct movement; some muscles are too much out of condition to act properly, and we must take the pupil where he is, not where he should be, to teach him.

A pupil suffering with a compound lateral curvature of four years' standing has been almost entirely cured in less than a year by learning how to stand, walk, and carry the head in a proper condition. So far as I can learn she practices nothing but principles when alone, but with me she practices a great many movements. She is giving nature a chance to work according to her legitimate demands.

Another has gotten her torso from a state of immovable stiffness to a condition where she can very much reduce the curvature and at times during a lesson she can keep a perfectly healthy and straight position. Until recently the curvature could not be reached at all.

It may require years of practice to cure some cases; but unless the bone has been affected, the most stubborn curve will yield to treatment of this kind.

In a subsequent paper, I shall speak of physical culture as a curative agent in affections of the stomach, lungs and nerves.

EDITH M. WHITMORE.

EXCHANGE.

The College Journal is distinctively an American feature of the college world. Too much effort cannot be made to raise the standard of our college papers. They should be

made of real value not only to the graduates of their own institutions, but to the educational world in general.

"Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it."—*Lincoln*.

Through the "*Salute*" we learn that the literary societies of the Kansas State Normal are about to engage in a Dramatic Art Contest. The plays selected are the Merchant of Venice and Henry VIII. Why is not this a good example for other schools to follow?—*Normal Eyte*.

We would most heartily second the suggestion of the *Normal Eyte*. The example of the Kansas State Normal, if followed by other schools and colleges, will not only raise the tone and standard of contests, but will also have an educative influence of great value. We hope our exchanges will pass on the word.

"A suitable tonic for those who are behind in their lessons—Catch-up.—*Ex*.

"Freshman year—'Comedy of Errors.'"

Sophomore year—'Much ado about Nothing.'

Junior year—'As you like it.'

Senior year—'All's Well That Ends Well.'"

We presume the answer to the following question, given by the *U. P. Courier* must have been suggested to them from their observation of college experiences:

"Is Cupid a good archer?
Though oft his arrow hisses,
And all his aims seem fairly true,
He's always making Mrs."

Dorn—Where can I find a hoe?

Martin—What do you want with a hoe?

Dorn—I am thirsty, and I was just reading in the Bible, "Ho, ye that thirst?"—*Pennington Seminary Review*.

"The smallest bark, on life's tumultuous ocean,
Will leave a track behind forever more.
The lightest vane of influence set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.

—*Exchange*.

PERSONALS.

"The Play's the Thing."

Othello, February 3, at the Boston Museum.

Richelieu February 7, at the Boston Museum.

Are you a man of taste? Then you will be sure to have tickets for both performances.

Auction sale of choices for the *Othello* and *Richelieu* performances Saturday Jan. 11th at 1.30 P. M. in Covenant Hall.

* * *

Miss Sadie Lamprell gave a most pleasing recital last month. Miss Lamprell's work is always strong and attractive, and on this especial occasion her rendering was unusually fine. She is teaching private classes at her home.

* * *

Mr. James Hervey Ward, Post Graduate, returns this month to Alliance, Ohio, as Principal of the Department of Oratory and Physical Culture in Mt. Union College.

Pres. Marsh of the Mt. Union College says of him: "Prof. Ward is a gentleman. He has proven himself popular among the students and a very successful teacher. His public readings are of a high order, and very creditably rendered. He is energetic and ambitious and will undoubtedly build up an excellent school of Oratory in Ohio."

* * *

Nov. 29th, in Stoughton, Mass., a number of scenes from "The Rivals" were presented by members of this college.

The *Stoughton Record* says: "The thirtieth reunion of the Stoughton High School occurred last Friday evening. The special entertainment of the evening was furnished by Miss Lizzie Drake Farrell, assisted by friends of hers from the Emerson College of Oratory. Mr. Stowe gave a capital rendering of the irascible, testy, opinionated 'Sir Anthony,' while Miss Hardy was equally happy in her rendition of Mrs. Malaprop, whose peculiar sayings and watchful oversight of her niece

amused the audience greatly. Mr. Schofield played the part of 'Capt. Jack' very acceptably, and his plan to deceive his choleric old father was well carried out. The little part of Miss Whitehead as 'Lucy' was well done. As the romantic and charming heroine 'Lydia Languish,' Miss Farrell added to the reputation she has already won for an easy, pleasing style that promises much greater success in the future."

* * *

Mrs. Blanche Martin, Post Graduate, spent several weeks in Maysville, Kentucky, this fall, introducing the subject of Physical Culture into the public schools of that place.

The *Ledger* speaks of Mrs. Martin's teaching as follows: "Those who are interested in the principles of Pedagogics will enjoy a rare treat should they visit the class-rooms in the High School during the instruction in Physical Culture by Mrs. Martin. The magnetic influence of the woman is as irresistible in the class-room as on the platform, and her ability so to exalt her subject is such that her work becomes moral culture as well as physical. She wins the hearts, and inspires the spirit of helpfulness in every pupil to such a degree that the results are marvellous." Mrs. Martin's classes consisted of thirty teachers and more than one hundred children.

* * *

From Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, comes news of the earnest work of Miss Mina A. Read, '95. She is teaching Oratory in Acadia University, and Physical Culture in Acadia Seminary. The classes in Oratory are large, numbering one hundred and twenty five students; the physical culture classes have about forty in them. The majority of the students in the University are divinity students and their interest in the work is steadily increasing. Miss Read holds the chair of oratory and physical culture in the Summer School of Science of the Maritime Province, one of the largest summer schools in Canada.

* * *

The recital presented Nov. 26, by Miss.

Zitella Ebert and Mr. Charles Schofield was a most artistic affair in every particular. At 2:30 there had assembled a large audience; and the many recalls spoke their appreciation of work presented. The program consisted of "A Soul Saved," - - Dickens
(from the Tale of Two Cities.)

Miss Ebert.

Trading Joe, - - J. W. Riley
Mr. Schofield.

and a comedietta, in which both Miss Ebert and Mr. Schofield sustained their parts admirably. The musical numbers were well rendered by several artists from the Conservatory.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Price is now traveling with Julia Marlowe's company through the West. He is meeting with much success in his profession.

* * *

Our graduates who do the most excellent work for the institutions which have engaged them are sure to be those who cultivate such a taste for oratory in their pupils that it can be gratified only by attending an institution devoted entirely to that study. Cornell college, Iowa, is fortunate in having two such teachers as Mrs. Sarah A. Hackett, '93, and Miss Frances C. Hodley, '93, and Emerson College feels the strength of their work through the recruits she has received from Cornell.

* * *

On November 25, 1895, at Hutchinson, Kan., by the Rev. Dr. Hall, Sarah Bertha Ashton, of Rockford, Ill., (E. C. O. Class '96,) was married to James Cooper, of Boston. Although not wholly unexpected, the event was somewhat of a surprise coming at this time. The newly married couple expect to take up their residence in Boston next spring. Their many friends here and elsewhere wish them all happiness.

* * *

Mr. John E. Duffy, '95, is taking a course in Logic, Music, Psychology, English Literature, and Political Economy, in the Catholic University, Washington D. C. A letter received from

him, says "I have not lost the Emerson spirit. I am here a member of the society of St. Paul, preparing myself to go out as a missionary. Our novitiate is five years and corresponds to the receptive period at the college; our active life, to the speaker when he is before his audience. Though living in a new world of sanctity, activity, and contemplation, I have not forgotten the world which was so kind to me when I was in it. The thoughts of my noble friends in Boston are forever dear to me."

* * *

(Impatient young Prof.)—If I had a bell, I would call them in immediately.

(Blushing maiden.)—Sir, I'll be your bell(e).

* * *

Our business manager has a new and difficult task to perform; one, however, that seems to pertain to his office. It is that of translating a certain two-syllable name into one of one syllable which he can remember more easily.

* * *

A very enjoyable evening was given to the "Woman's Dorcas" of the Eliot Congregational Church, Roxbury, November 21st. by Miss Adell Casler, '97, Miss Effie Hagerman, '97, and Miss Anna L. Whitehead, '96. The enthusiastic recalls following each number and the many individual expressions of thanks later in the evening, showed that the young ladies had pleased and interested their hearers.

* * *

This from a

"Most potent, grave and reverend" P. G., as he roguishly smiled upon the laughing girl at his side:

"No one need know what slips
Have passed between our lips,
Nor need they ever care
How dainty our bill of fare,"

Truly, like his prototype, "Sir Anthony" "he feels like having a little fooling himself."

* * *

Miss Eleanor Sullivan is teaching large classes in Physical Culture and Oratory at Waterbury, Conn.

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HENRY L. SOUTHWICK as "Othello."

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The students at Emerson were sorely disappointed at the loss of Dr. Dorchester. His interest in the work of the college and the inspiration that he gave to his classes had endeared him to all. So that it was natural that the students should feel apprehensive lest the literature classes should fail to maintain their usual high standard of interest and instructiveness. Forever perish such fears! Let our allumnai quiet their solicitations about this matter and rejoice with us that Prof. Ward is now our teacher of Literature. We are sure that we express Dr. Dorchester's sentiments when we say that he is glad that the place he so reluctantly left is so ably filled.

Is there not a decided lack in any scheme of education that has to introduce prize contests in order to interest students in any line of study and to incite them to their best effort? Elocution and oratory are healthful, invigorating, and attractive studies,—when well presented they need no condiments to prevent them from

being nauseating. Yet how often they are degraded into mere weapons of forensic pugilism. Our educational institutions ought to devise other means of awakening interest in such subjects, than by appealing to the relics of barbarism. There is greater pleasure in serving the truth than in distorting the truth into the service of self. The purpose of truth is to make men free. And the mind works best when it is directed toward helping others to see truth. The mental stimulus of every classroom in every college and university ought to be the desire to help mankind.

The erect carriage of the Indian has been the source of many conjectures. What has given him, a savage, such an erect figure? Various explanations have been attempted from a purely physical standpoint. One supposition is that the Indian has straightened his spine and cultivated habitual poise through being accustomed to carry heavy weights on his head; and the conclusion drawn is that the gymnasiums should rectify this sway-backed generation by providing convenient weights to be carried on the head. There certainly is great need of correcting the ugly habit of having an abnormal curve in the back. But the premise concerning the red-man is not well founded. And the suggestion to the gymnasiums is amusing. If there is one exercise that would make a heavy gymnast more of a "walking block" than he is at present, it is the exercise suggested above. The end sought can be accomplished through the Emerson College physical culture, and by having the right weight and quality *in* the head.

The Emerson Temple of Oratory is not yet in actual process of construction. Nevertheless a sure foundation for it is being laid—in the breadth and depth of the culture which is so

manifest as a result of the course of study at Emerson College, in the high character of the work done before the public, and in the undaunted courage and inspiring efforts of those who are striving to accomplish this great end. The one fond hope of all Emersonians is for a Temple of Oratory,—one that shall be a fitting monument to Dr. Emerson, the founder of "The New Philosophy of Education in Oratory."

It was for this purpose that the two plays, *Othello* and *Richelieu*, were given in the Boston Museum. Nothing less than this could have induced so many Emerson students to take so much energy from their regular work. It was devotion to this cause that led young men who are preparing for the ministry, to assist with might and main and a good conscience in the production of the plays. The mere fact of appearing well before the foot-lights is poor compensation for so much behind the scenes that is decidedly disagreeable, to say the least. The extra work caused by the rehearsals was no light tax on the participants; but it was a willing and delightful service, because it was unselfish; it was satisfactory, because it was done heartily unto the good cause. The home-greeting was one of rapturous enthusiasm. But even that has not lured any one to dream of "The land beyond the green baize curtain."

The chief effect upon pupils and teachers of giving these plays is this: The success achieved is a convincing proof of what Dr. Emerson has so repeatedly said to us; namely, that hard work and right every-day living are the sure passports to success. The personal effect on each student is to inspire him to renewed effort toward his own individual ambition. A large majority of the Emerson students are preparing themselves for teachers; the greater number of the remainder intend to be public readers; still others are zealously fitting themselves for the ministry; a very few are wishing that they might go onto the stage. (May success in other lines repent them!) The teacher, the reader, the preacher, all have been quickened by the masterly production of these great plays, and will follow the more zealously

the even tenor of their way—the Evolution of Expression and the Perfective Laws of Art.

A MORNING TALK.

MARY B. MERRITT.

In a short talk before the school some mornings ago, Dr. Emerson stated clearly and definitely the relation which our work bears to the study of Shakespeare's plays, and the position of the school in regard to the theatre. Since these questions are of so much importance, we are sorry not to offer a verbatim report of the President's talk.

The following are a few sentences culled from a student's note book.

All life is dramatic. The theatre merely as a show is not necessarily valuable. The theatre is what the people make it, it has no character of its own, neither good nor bad. It takes its character from the people who go there, and from what the theatre goes to demand of the stage.

Without the theatre, we should never have had a Schiller nor a Shakespeare. This does not prove that it is always good, but it does prove that there is opportunity in the theatre for what is noble, right and pure. The theatre may be as low as the bottomless pit, it may be as high as heaven.

The theatre, in one form or another, is as old as civilization, and it will last forever. It may be preached against and it may deserve it, but it will last because it may be made to satisfy some of the demands of the human soul.

Besides getting all literature in one when we study Shakespeare, we get a revelation of human nature that we get nowhere else outside of the Bible. We enlarge ourselves only by seeing through other people's eyes, feeling through other people's hearts. The moment we go outside of ourselves to express human emotions for others, that moment we enlarge ourselves.

There is no book outside the Bible that makes sin appear so sinful as do Shakespeare's plays. Everywhere, Shakespeare's power is tremendously moral. There is no book outside the Bible, that shows jealousy to be such a

demon as the play of Othello. Yet Shakespeare teaches you to separate the villiany from the villian. He makes you hate the evil, not the evil-doer. Take the villian Iago, that devil with a tremendous intellect under the control of an evil purpose, and you pity rather than hate Iago. You hate his evil doing.

It is absolutely impossible to understand Shakespeare without a knowledge of the Bible. Shakespeare was a student of the Bible; he borrowed Scripture style. Compare Marc Antony's speech with that of Paul before Agrippa.

Shakespeare, as you study it here, is only an application of our principles. The life and body of our studies here are Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Evolution of Expression and Perfective Laws, the other things being adjuncts to these.

We look upon the plays wholly from the scholar's point of view. Emerson College does not seek to fit you for the stage. A very few have gone from here to the stage and I will say that those few did not have to work their way up from the bottom. On the other hand, we have cured hundreds who had a fever for the stage. I would bring down absolute discouragement on any who thought of going there. If you are called upon by almighty God to go upon the stage for the improvement and good of mankind, I would say go, and may the wings of angels add to your flight! But do not go there merely from the dictates of fancy.

A TRIBUTE TO MISS HOYT.

BY BERTHA SHAFTER.

MARRIED.—In Somerville, Dec. 24th, 1895, Leland T. Powers and Daisy Carroll Hoyt.

Radiant faces, cheery greetings and hearty handshakes, made our reunion after the Christmas holidays a happy occasion. But we all missed the presence of one who had been to us a teacher and friend. We had bidden her God-speed on the last day of the term, and had been with her in thought on Christmas Eve, when she made her marriage vows; but in our sympathy with her joy, we had not realized our own loss, until we returned and missed her

loving word of welcome. Still we know that time and separation can never make her any less ours, for in spirit she will ever be with us.

And what an inspiration it has been to learn of one whose rich thought-life, and deep insight into the things of the spirit, and loving impulse to share with others have made her a living embodiment of the principles for which our work stands.

Truly the highest form of expression is radiation—that subtle power of a beautiful personality, which has been speaking eloquently though silently to us, and which has quickened our earnest desire to also become free and open channels through which Truth, Beauty, and Goodness may be expressed. The wedding took place at the home of the bride, and was full of the beautiful spirit of the Christmastide.

Our heartfelt good wishes will ever be with her and her husband.

“Lovely lady, go thy way!
Yet with us shall something stay,
Caught from thee, that shall not pass,
Like the freshness on the grass
When a cloud has dropped soft rain,
Drifting o’er the sunparched plain.
Then the cloud floats down the wind,
But its blessing stays behind.”

A SYMPOSIUM BY ALUMNI.

THE BREADTH OF THE WORK AT
EMERSON COLLEGE, AS VIEWED
BY SOME OF HER GRADUATES.

ÆSTHETIC CULTURE.

BY SOLON LAUER.

It seems to me that, more than any other educational institution, the Emerson College unites æsthetic with physical and intellectual culture. Excepting the schools which are devoted especially to the study of art and music, æsthetic culture plays a very small part in the curricula of our educational institutions. To be sure, in our colleges the history of art and music is sometimes studied in brief outline, architecture is sometimes taught as a mechanical science, and the works of nature are studied theoretically and experimentally. But the *perception and feeling of the beautiful* in nature

life and art, is not awakened to any great degree. The lack of this especial work in our educational institutions is painfully apparent to one whose perception of the beautiful is naturally keen and active. In colleges and schools for young women, a study of art and music is usually a part of the regular curriculum. It is growing in favor, and is being more and more adopted in public schools. It is to be hoped that the time will come when the public taste, educated by thorough instruction in the public schools and in colleges, will not tolerate the barbaric architecture, dress, furnishings, etc., which now greet our eyes in every town and city. Intellectual culture alone is not true culture. The feelings must be educated until the human soul responds to the forms of beauty which shine forth in the world everywhere from the Divine Architect. Religion, ethical life, are founded much more upon æsthetic feeling than upon intellectual perception. The church which "forgets that men are poets," cannot meet the largest needs of the human soul; nor can the school or college or educational system of any kind achieve its best success by ignoring the æsthetic element in human nature.

The Emerson College, while it does not pretend to give systematic instruction in the arts of music, painting and architecture, does make æsthetic culture fundamental in its work. Through the study of the masterpieces of literature the perceptions are quickened, the feelings are deepened, and the soul of the student made more responsive to all those influences in nature and life which inspire the poet and the orator. Beauty exists not alone in art, not alone in architecture, not alone in nature; but in the speech of the human soul it finds expression, whenever the soul responds to the high influences; and when the student contemplates the words of the poet, the same faculties which were active in the poet are active in him also; and his rendering of the poet's lines will be perfect in the exact degree to which his faculties are awake and active,—no more. The true student of oratory, then, must feel all that is felt by the musician, the artist, the architect, the lover of nature; and if this is not true,

genuine, æsthetic culture, and no mere superficial imitation, I do not know what oratory and æsthetic culture are. The study of music, art, architecture and the beauties and wonders of nature are great aids to the development of oratoric power; and whether the orator studies these technically or not, he must study their literary expression, and feel the power of them, before he can attain his highest perfection.

THE TEACHER AS CRITIC.

BY ALBERT ARMSTRONG.

If there is one thing cultivated in us more than another during our course here in the College, I think it is the analytic habit of mind. We have it in all of our class exercises, in all the work we see our teachers do there, and especially are we called upon to show how active and skillful our minds are in that particular direction when in the normal work we are called upon to teach.

This habit is simply the mind active in criticism, and this is the subject about which I have been requested to say a word.

It has been brought to my mind most impressively since coming here that there are two kinds of criticism. There is criticism that is death, or, at least, blight to the person criticised; and there is a criticism that means life and growth and inspiration to the one criticised. One is called destructive or negative, the other constructive or suggestive. The latter is sometimes called sympathetic criticism.

Now right along this line there is a universal principle which we must never lose sight of. It is that of holding the mind upon, and seeking to develop the good wherever it is found. *The mind absorbs or becomes like what it dwells upon.* Good begets in it good, Beauty calls forth that which is like itself, so all good qualities influence us according to this law. The mother does not help the child to become better by day after day telling it of its faults. The minister does not build up his hearers spiritually by continually harping upon their sins. Nor will a teacher help a pupil grow in the right line by telling him of what he did

wrong in thought, word or act. This principle is broad in its application. It applies to all forms of teaching whether in the house, the school, or the pulpit. Paul emphasized it when he wrote to the Romans, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." He, of course, speaks on the moral plane, but it shows the universality of this principle. The man who is always finding fault, who is always looking for failures and weaknesses in others is pretty sure to be the scrub oak in the forest. It is nature's reward. We become what we think. It is the man who looks on the bright side of things that grows, and inspires others. The natural tendencies of the human mind are toward the good and the beautiful. They are upward not downward, forward not backward. The flower springs up seeking not darkness but light; so the mind does not love error. It naturally seeks for and reaches after truth. Hold before it the truth, the right, and it will leap toward it.

It has been said, and well said, that our modern form of criticism is death to art. Why? Because it is negative in its character. Much of it is little more than faultfinding. It requires little intellect to do this. The merest child can find fault. But it takes a great mind to criticise truly and helpfully. He who would do this must take into his consideration the universal. The teacher who would succeed must be especially wise and skilled along this line. If he makes the pupil's fault an object of thought, he may place a mountain in his way over which he shall forever despair of climbing. What he should do is to cause the pupil either objectively or subjectively to see wherein the good which has been done may be enlarged, or this or that which has not been touched may be brought out, and sympathetically to help him to accomplish it. This is working on the constructive or suggestive side, and is the only true way to direct his powers. There is a strong tendency to speak on the other side, but the true teacher will carefully avoid it.

We are taught that a pupil's fault may in exceptional cases be made a "spur" to him. When this is necessary it becomes more than

criticism, it is reproof. To guide the mind rightly towards its highest development requires much tact and care. The teacher must have keen insight, agile constructive powers, and a ready imagination to do this successfully. It is the "art of all arts."

EDUCATION.

BY ALICE L. MOORE.

Sage and seer for ages past have bent their grey heads in deep study over the great question, What is education?

Myriads of mighty brains have formulated systems, ponderous as their thoughts, by which this education could be acquired. Millions of argosies have set sail for this golden fleece, and their wrecks strew the shore to this day: yet every sunrise and every sunset sees new ships with white sails unfurled to the breeze move out into the unknown deeps on this same quest.

Mysterious prophets and teachers have arisen and in measured speech and studied tone have spoken in an unknown tongue—Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Sanskrit, worlds of mathematics and science, telling the exact and *only* way to this greatness. Many have listened, praised, wondered, worshipped and tried to go the ponderous way.

There have ever been results, but what are they?

To some it has been a burden bound upon the back, too grievous to be borne. The cries of "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" have set the eager throng rushing from one side of the world to the other until the only wonder is that gravity didn't give way and everybody tumble off once for all.

But ever the quest has been like that upon which we all as children went—for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Who has found it, who is satisfied?

The great sphinx of inquiry still lies calmly with face toward the rising sun, ever and forever asking the vital question, What is education?

Nineteen hundred years ago, there came One

who said that this was not a thing at all, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," not without, and is an unfolding, the blossoming and fruit-bearing of the spirit Divine which is the ego of every human being.

Although the greatest discussions have arisen since then, the research still goes on, the question is as frequently propounded; yet the truth the Master spoke has come again and again to the wise that education is not something from without to be put within, but a drawing out, the development of the individual.

In this nineteenth century there has come among us one who with the sphinx has watched the east until the answer has come to him — perhaps not the answer in all its entirety, but an answer so great that, would the world so watch, "Heaven would be begun ere earth ended." And if you ask him what education is, he will answer as did the Master.

We have all been asked many times with regard to the Emerson System of Oratory and Physical Culture — "Is it educative?"

The only conclusive answer is to prove it by results. To so prove is more than theorizing about it and is unmistakeable evidence.

In one of the largest state normal schools in New York State, I taught Reading, or Elocution as they call it, to no class more than one hour a day, and no class could have more than twenty weeks of this drill in a year. In that time I had worked with the pupils on the first eight principles in the Evolution of Expression. After I had taught there a year, a Professor in the school who teaches Arithmetic and Civil Government said that he could tell without question which of his pupils had had the "mental discipline" of the Reading Class by the way they thought, reasoned and executed their work.

For short periods of time I have taught other subjects than Reading and Physical Culture, and I have most thoroughly enjoyed testing the universality of these laws of education Dr. Emerson has taught us. They have never failed once and I cannot see how it is possible to teach any subject successfully outside of them. Study the most perfect system (so ac-

knowledged) of geneneral education and its *working* principles are closely allied to ours.

In speaking to me the other day of the school system of Canada a teacher said, "We have three departments in our schools here, the public schools, collegiate institutes and universities. In the public schools we learn a few facts; in the collegiate institutes we learn to expand these facts somewhat and add a few more facts; in the universities we find the relation of facts, but we have not yet found what true education is; that is, how to draw out of the person what he originally knew." There are few schools where "The relation of parts to each other" is taught or developed.

One of the most thorough students who has been in our College said to me, while we were studying there, that she had gained many facts which lay as waste lumber in her mind, and that never until now did she know how to use this store nor see how each was related to every other. My own experience corroborates hers. One never realizes his power until he sees all his knowledge marshalled forth into a working force. Thousands of blessings are showered daily upon our beloved College by those captives whom she has set free.

What does this mean? That the application of these principles — shall I say the Emerson principles? No, God's principles upon which our President and his students work — develops the power of the individual.

Many and many students of mature years have I heard testify as to what the work of our College has done for them; students who have drank at the fountain, and students who have filled their pitchers in the streams that are now flowing all over the land. It has been their awakener into more glorious and beautiful worlds of thought. It has brought purpose into aimless lives. It has discovered power where helplessness lay weeping. It has been, and is, eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, tongue to the dumb, feet to the lame, strength to the feeble.

What is education? Is it to gain wisdom, knowledge, power? power with God and man? Then,

"Here is the test of wisdom,
Wisdom is of the soul."
It is to "see something of God each hour of the
twenty-four, and each moment then,
In the faces of men and women I see God and
in my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street, and
every one is signed by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know
that wheresoe'er I go,
Others will punctually come forever and ever."

And if this is the final test of wisdom, the aim of education, to develop the powers of the individual as an *individual*, to work out life's lesson, to evolve the greatest possibilities for brain and soul, then the principles and the working out of the principles upon which the Emerson College of Oratory stands are educational from first to last.

If to enlarge our sympathies so that,
"I do not ask the wounded person how he feels,
I myself become the wounded person,"
is educational, then the noonday sun is on our College, for through the brotherhood of man do we find the Fatherhood of God, "heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ."

THE WORK OF EMERSON COLLEGE IN RELATION TO CHARACTER.

JOS. S. GAYLORD.

In reference to character some of the chief, as well as more or less unique, characteristics of the "Emerson Philosophy of Education in Oratory" are the following:

1. *General education through oratory chiefly.*

"Education in Oratory" is not entirely synonymous with education through oratory, and perhaps quite a little room should be left by the side of "chiefly" for the use of other means of education. But Emerson College has shown how much greater are the possibilities of education through oratory than has been supposed. Much must depend, of course, upon the meaning which is given to oratory. "Oratory is the truth plus the personality of the orator." "Oratory is beauty, truth and good perfectly reflected from the personality of one individual through presence, gesture, voice and speech to the end of helping others." Oratory is expressing by means of voice and gesture the best that has been thought and

said, to the end of helping others. The great fountain of truth from which we may get the best that has been thought is literature. Oratory is one, then, with a true experiential study of literature. It is more than a mere study. It is also "expressing to the end of helping others." This "purpose of elevating the lives of those who hear," gives a moral tone to all the work. By using a large variety of selections from the best literature and by expecting all extemporaneous and prepared work to have a good moral influence, the College is able to awaken and cultivate all of the general powers of the students.

2. *Direct and systematic development of Feeling and Will as well as of Intellect.*

It is well known that a mastery of selections from the best literature has a very desirable influence upon the development of feeling and will. By choosing the selections with reference to their progressive influence upon feeling and will, as well as upon intellect, Emerson College works for a systematic and harmonious development of all the mental powers. This development is secured also by requiring the students to work for and depend upon desirable results in those who hear. When a harmonious action of all the powers has been secured by the use of selections, it is easily transferred to extemporaneous speaking and to the delivery of orations and addresses. Harmony of mental and physical action is, of course, aimed at throughout.

3. *A general aim towards the development of character.*

All the work of the College is arranged and taught for the purpose of making better men and women. Held as a practical attitude this aim gives a very desirable atmosphere to the work at Emerson. Under such influences good moral habits are easily formed both in the class room and out. Each student is expected to gain good character himself by continued efforts to help others to good character. The atmosphere of the College is not comfortable to one who is not willing to make an earnest effort to grow better himself and to help others grow better also.

4. *Special work for the development of the elements of characters.*

Individuality is the first element to come into prominence as a general attainment and also as a fundamental ingredient in each special performance. It is the true self secured against all artificial or unnatural forms. It gives a uniqueness to each person. It gives one confidence in himself in all he undertakes. It leads to a moral self-reliance and more and more complete surrender to conscience, thus securing moral weight. The second element is *receptivity*. It is this which is shown in freedom and responsiveness to truth in many forms. It is a condition of receptivity of all truth, right, perfect and good. It leads to a deep insight into things and events and to profound views of the meaning of human life. It gives a moral or religious outlook to every act of conduct. To these two elements must be added a third, namely, *centrality*, or an organizing power. A person is readily distinguished by the presence or absence of this power of putting things together for the formation of new wholes. It is manifested in the form of great intensity, and it is the beginning of the creative. A person of great centrality is warmed by the truth, and does with a fervent spirit all that he is capable of. There is another element which is the life, the reason, the worth of the other three, *productivity*. All action has a "teleological import" and the circle of a thought or an act is never complete until it is reproduced in another. This gives a sense of harmony among the mental activities and also between the physical and the mental. All life is self-revelation to the end of another's welfare. Productivity brings decision of character, makes one satisfied with truth realizing itself in the world, and leads one to obedience to the authority of conscience as an inner voice which is ever productive in the lives of men.

The limits of this paper will not allow us to consider at any length the special means used for the cultivation of these elements of character. We must be content to say that every part of the work works to this end. The physical culture, voice work, the rendering, dramatic

work, extemporaneous speaking, orations, addresses, papers, etc. It is not merely that these elements are held theoretically to grow out of a study of the above subjects but the teachers work directly for these elements by using the subjects mentioned.

5. *The putting of more emphasis on the Good than on the True, the Right or the Perfect.*

In such a large sense does the Good include the True, the Right and the Perfect that all are secured by the securing of the Good. The college holds that the true way to cultivate any power in one's self is to work directly for the cultivation of that power in another. Putting the emphasis upon the results of one's life in others avoids some tendencies which have been injurious to education. It avoids (1) running all into one mold, (2) dictation on the part of the teacher as to how the results are to be secured, (3) a tendency towards mysticism which comes from putting too much emphasis on the Truth, (4) a tendency toward the mere doing of duty which is the result of too much emphasis on the Right, (5) a tendency toward "artistic" forms as ends which comes from too much emphasis upon the Perfect.

6. *An application of each principle to daily life.*

This is a very noticeable characteristic of the Emerson Philosophy. It is held that all education is for life, and that each step in the development of an educated man should be based on a true principle of moral, as well as of intellectual, life. Such an application of the principles of education gives the students a unique opportunity for self-culture of the highest order. That the opportunities are appreciated and to a large extent improved is evinced by the enthusiasm of the students and graduates, and by their spirit of helpfulness in whatever circumstances they are placed.

LITERATURE AND ORATORY.

BY A. M. HARRIS.

"Nay, come let's go together."

We are agreed then, on the importance of the study of literature as a mental discipline and

general broadening influence on the whole intellectual and moral being. Perhaps no one study so well supplies the place of a liberal education, and perhaps no one study offers such opportunities for the college graduate to put into active use all the education he has obtained in his classical course. Universities and colleges throughout the English speaking world are giving more and more attention to this branch of learning. The teacher of it in order to be successful *must* be carefully prepared and naturally fitted for his work. No teacher is a teacher unless he enables his students to teach themselves; unless he fixes in their minds the images, truths, principles and sentiments of the subject matter, though the words indeed may be forgotten.

With a branch of learning so gigantic in its scope and the time for class work so very short, it is easy to understand why a teacher of literature who thinks anything of his reputation, cannot attempt a mighty jumble of authors, a kaleidoscopic, bewildering, entangling whirl of topics, but confines himself to relatively few and representative authors and introduces those authors to his students in such a way that they fathom the writer's character, ideas and aims, and methods of attaining those aims, and in short get so well acquainted that every author seems like an intimate personal friend. Then the student is enthusiastic. Then the student leaves school determined to explore new and unworked fields of literature "on his own hook" as the saying is.

Prof. Welsh says, "To refine the taste, to sharpen thought, to inspire feeling, the student must be brought closely and consciously into contact with personality, — that is, with the writer's productions, not only are extracts to be presented, but when practicable and expedient entire artistic products. *These are to be interpreted*, and in them, as in a mirror, the student should be taught to recognize the genius that constructed them, his style, his character, the manners, opinions, and civilization of the period." I believe Professor Corson of Cornell University has expressed himself to the same effect. "*Interpreted*." There is the key note of this article. The teacher should interpret. In order to interpret he must read: Oratory connects the teacher and pupil as the copper wire connects the electric generator with the motor. We mean not Fourth

of July oratory of the spread eagle type, **not an** exhibition of voice manifestation aggravated by a patented set of gestures, but that quiet, fascinating, entrancing interpretation which is the highest kind of elocution, and can emanate only from an earnest heart and unclouded brain, assisted by a well trained tongue.

Oratory is to literature what medicine is to surgery. The surgeon, after operating on his subject, uses the art of medicine to heal him up and make him whole again. The professor of literature after a critical analysis, uses oratory to restore his subject to life and beauty. The greatest element in the physical make up of man, is Life. But what is life. Though the Professor of anatomy manipulate his scalpel ever so skillfully he cannot show it to you, though he lecture ever so wisely you cannot understand it, but let him bring a living being into the room and you can feel life. The greatest thing in literature is its spirit. The professor may take some literary gem and show his students the bones, he may explain the structure of the meat that covers the bones, but if he cannot exhibit that gem as an active force and moving influence he has failed in the main object of his teaching. It may be asked, "Are not the study of anatomy and histology necessary to the physician?" Certainly, so are grammar and rhetoric and composition necessary to the student of literature. They go together. The trouble is that so many who essay to teach literature get no farther than the bones, and the pupil leaves school with a confused remembrance of hyperbole and circumlocution, anapaestic metre, truncation and feminine endings and all the machinery of rhetoric and composition, without an experiential knowledge of the results which those studies in the hands of a master have produced. In other words the student has learned a great deal about the structure of literature, but little of the literature itself.

Literature must be interpreted, and that by reading. It will be seen then how necessary to the teacher is a training in common-sense oratory. Many prominent professors, it is true, have never had special instruction in elocution, but they have become fine elocutionists nevertheless, through natural channels and force of circumstances. All this took time, valuable time. I believe a student of literature who takes a full

course in oratory under competent instructors, will become an able and successful teacher earlier in life than he otherwise could. The Emerson College of Oratory offers peculiar advantages to those intending to make literature a profession. The constant exercise in interpretation, the unusual development of all the activities of the mind, especially the emotional element (which so many courses of study neglect), and the regular curriculum, embracing as it does gems from the best known writers in all branches of literature, gives to the earnest student that quick appreciation of merit in literary production, corresponding to what a newspaper man calls "a nose for news." The equipment of our college in this line of work does not appear to be generally known. It seems as if it ought to be an attraction to graduates from regular colleges who intend making literary lines of work a specialty, and the E. C. O. alumni who are teaching in universities and colleges would do well to explain the matter thoroughly to graduating students. Such students coming to Emerson would find their work so arranged that it would not be oratory by itself, nor literature by itself, but both together. If I did not fear being haunted by Daniel Webster's ghost for taking liberties with one of his famous personations, I would express myself by saying, "not oratory alone, not literature alone, but oratory and literature, now and forever, one and inseparable."

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE PUBLIC READER.

BY JULIA T. KING.

The aim of the public reader should be to inspire the hearers to better living. To be a successful public reader means the consecration of self to high ideals, and the possession of a sincere desire to lift others to great heights of thinking and living.

To most minds, public reading used to mean, (and indeed, to many to-day it means the same,) something superficial. Scholars sometimes scoff at the very word "elocution" and think it implies something affected, and unnatural. This general opinion concerning elocution is, perhaps, deserved, for until Dr. Emerson gave to the world his new philosophy of education in

Oratory, there was no system by which those desiring to become public readers, could properly prepare themselves. In consequence many studied with retired, unsuccessful actors or actresses, who had not been educated in oratory. Others went to teachers professing to instruct in Delsarte. These teachers, instead of working from within out, by first inducing the right states of mind and then letting the body give the outward form of that inward concept, told the student just what gestures to make and when and where to use them; also just what voice to use in certain passages. In consequence the mind of the student was wholly upon the mechanical side of the rendering, and the result of this was self-consciousness and artificiality.

I speak of this because I believe the Emerson College graduates and students have a great work to do in the public, standing forth as exponents of this glorious system, revealing to the world more of the genuine mind to mind, and heart to heart oratory. People like to be talked *with* not talked *at*. They are willing to be led, through this beautiful medium of speech, to the greatest heights to which the orator can lead them. And it is right here that we recognize the responsibility of the speaker, for we teach what we *are*.

We can carry an audience only so far as we have gone ourselves. As Emerson says, what you are so roars and thunders above you that I cannot hear you speak. Indeed we find in this, as in all branches of art, that the first essential is the development of character. That which helps one to grow more than anything else is contact with great souls. The public reader should seek every opportunity to meet and to know such people, for all persons affect us either for good or evil, to a greater or less degree. This subtle influence which goes to make up the sum total of character is felt by an audience. Perhaps the audience holds this perception unconsciously, yet it has a powerful affect on them.

Ah! could we realize how important a factor in our influence upon others is our association, we would not dare to waste our moments in idle unprofitable company.

Much has been done to elevate the standard of public reading by the earnest, faithful students who have gone forth from this college to their homes, carrying thither the spirit and enthusiasm

of our work, and by their loyal living and earnest purpose placing our great cause in favorable light. But the United States covers a large territory, and wide-stretching is the field for work.

We have a prejudice to overcome; for as yet, public reading is not held in as high esteem as it should be, and I appeal to the Emersonians each and all to take upon themselves the responsibility of lifting this art to its proper place.

How shall we do this? First, by steady application of the principles underlying our work. If one gives himself wholly to this work for a *long enough* time, what will be the result?

I. A deep purpose to be a true man or woman. I have mentioned this point before, but I speak of it again by way of emphasis. Manhood, womanhood, these are the essential requisites.

II. An intellectual development which shall enable the student to present a selection from the author's standpoint, thus broadening his mental horizon and awakening his sympathies. It is thinking *with* and feeling *with* another that makes one sympathetic.

III. A voice culture which frees that agent of expression and makes it a channel through which thought can be conveyed to the minds of others.

IV. A physical culture which shall strengthen and give grace and responsiveness to the body thus making it an expression of what is within.

Then if the person has been earnest as is assumed, there will be as an underlying purpose the desire to *help* all. What more could one ask?

I say, that if the student remains in the college long enough, and applies himself faithfully, he will become thus equipped.

Now, there may arise in the mind a question as to the choice of selections and the arrangement of a program.

A reader is generally expected to appear three times on a program and of course one desires to present a variety. After experimenting several times I finally concluded that the best effect was produced upon the audience when a strong, dramatic story with a moral, was presented for the first number. An audience will form an opinion of you on your first appearance. They are looking for your best and if you present something of a light order, they may laugh and be amused, but you have produced no lasting impression upon them.

After you have revealed your high purpose to elevate the moral standard, in your first number, you may give something humorous for a second number, and it is usually advisable to do so. There is a mission in giving humorous selections if they are thoroughly refined in character. There may be many a weary, care-worn person in the audience who will be relieved by a bit of fun and thereby lifted from a depressed condition.

Sometimes I hear people say they have to come down and cater to an audience by giving them something funny. There is no necessity of "coming down," but on the contrary, if your selections are of the proper kind, you lift them up. It is a mistake to say "I will come down to my audience." Are not the people in that audience human? Have they not hopes, aspirations, fears, sorrows, joys, as you have?

Make the good, the true, and the beautiful attractive to them and they will enjoy it. Make your humor refined and it will appeal to them. *Never* condescend to give anything common or vulgar to an audience for the sake of provoking them to laughter. You have cast a shadow upon yourself and insulted them and your services will not be required a second time.

For a third number I have found a nature sketch or a group of poems which shows you to be in touch with the Universal, is most impressive. This general rule might be varied by the introduction of a Shakespearean selection or something in the line of a monologue.

Now just a word in regard to the choice of selections. Much depends upon this. The great cry among students is "where can I find good selections?" The "Hundred Choice Selections," the "Elocutionist's Annual," and other books which are specially compiled for those desiring recitations are carefully perused, but it is seldom one finds anything satisfactory in these. We learn by experience that in order to get good selections one must be an earnest student of literature. The works of the standard authors and poets are not only instructive, but most enjoyable; and for the most part, make up your program from these authors. When one sees on a program such names as Victor Hugo, Bulwer Lytton, Walter Scott, Tennyson, Longfellow, Emerson, and others equally well known, he is led to expect

something to which it will be worth listening. Just consider for a moment what a privilege it is to interpret to others the thoughts of such great minds. "We grow by what we feed upon" and as we become more and more familiar with such writings, the capacity to appreciate them will develop, the mind will broaden and the heart become more sympathetic, and withal comes the desire to give to others that which has so inspired us.

Certain stories and poems will impress and thrill you more than others. Those are the ones which you are most likely to give best. The fact that they mean much to you is an evidence that you can express them in a way to influence others, for there will be value in your interpretation.

You may sometimes find it necessary to make a cutting from a long story in order that your recitation shall not take over twenty minutes, at the most, to present. This is often done, and advisedly, provided we adhere as strictly as possible to the words of the author.

Emersonians, be wise in your choice of selections, for the world is looking to you for that which is highest and best. Unless you present the best literature, you do not properly set forth the dignity of this college of which we are all so proud. Let us resolve to take plenty of time in choosing our selections and then, only after most thorough preparation, present them to the public. Remember, those who hear you will judge of the entire work of the college by what you do. The reputation of the whole depends upon the work of each individual. Be loyal, be steadfast in your purpose. Remember the words of Nelson to his soldiers, "England expects every man to do his duty." So the Emerson College of Oratory expects every student to do his or her duty.

MODJESKA AND HAWORTH.

THE FAMOUS ARTISTS VISIT THE EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

Madame Modjeska, accompanied by Mr. Joseph Haworth, paid a visit on Saturday morning, January 11th, to the Emerson college of Oratory, and was enthusiastically received by the several hundred students. On being in-

troduced by Dr. Emerson, Madame Modjeska said a few words in expression of the delight which she experienced in calling at the college. Among other things she said:

"It is a great pleasure to me to witness the beautiful work that is being done in this school. I was very anxious to be introduced to you all, so much more that it is perhaps the last time I am to be in Boston and I may never see any of you again. I want to give you all encouragement and express my delight in seeing that so many of you here are devoted to this lovely art. All my sentiments can be better expressed by Mr. Haworth. It is not want of feeling that prevents me from expressing myself but a deficiency in speaking a language which is foreign to me."

Mr. Haworth then came forward and addressed the pupils as follows:

"My dear friends: Because of Madame's request I am placed in a very embarrassing position. I feel delicate about daring to speak after so illustrious a person, who is the peerless queen of our art (great applause,)—but you have lost the latter half of my sentence,—and a good and perfect woman (great applause.) My only regret is that Madame Modjeska is not a Bostonian, (laughter) though art belongs to no sex or country; it is as boundless as the casing air. I know that Boston appreciates genius and such genius as Madame Modjeska has. She is a woman who has striven to uphold the dignity of our art and she has done more for it than any living actor in America or in Europe. (Great applause.)

I suppose you all know that it is here that I received my first inspiration to play Hamlet after seeing a most intelligent impersonation of the role by Professor Southwick, (great applause and cheers.) I was cheered on in my efforts, and the result was in great measure due to the encouragement I received from my friend Mr. Southwick, and the encouragement I also received from the pupils in this school. I want to say that I know Mr. Southwick has been himself encouraged by that grand gentleman Dr. Emerson. He has done a grand and noble work in perpetuating a love for what is noble

and high in art, and the entire community owes him a debt which it can never sufficiently repay. (Great applause.) I daresay right here that the Emerson College of Oratory stands unrivalled in this or any other country. (Applause.) I read somewhere once that Dr. Johnson said that to know Shakespeare well was to be a very well informed man or woman. I know that the pupils of this school very intelligently interpret the master's mind, and you owe the sincerest debt of gratitude to your tutors, to Dr. Emerson and to Professor Southwick, for guiding you in the realms of sublime thought that has been revealed to us by Will Shakespeare, poet and player, whose name will go sounding down the ages to the end of time. He was an actor. (Laughter and applause.) I want to say God bless you Dr. Emerson and Mr. Southwick. I hope you will keep this college going and that you may help to realize Madame's hope that we may have an endowed theatre, and I do not think they can appreciate the high forms of art anywhere as they can in dear old Boston.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE STUDY OF ORATORY.

BY PRESIDENT EMERSON.

[From stenographic reports.]

The study of oratory is the study, the proper pursuit of which, gives one the power to develop such discourse on a definite subject and so to present it to the minds of a promiscuous audience through spoken words, voice, gestures and presence as to cause those persons to immediately think, feel, and act agreeably to that one's purpose concerning them. Thus you see within certain lines it gives a person who has properly pursued the study, unlimited power over others—a power which enables him to compel this promiscuous audience, of which we have spoken, to think, feel, choose, and act agreeably to his purpose. We shall show, however, before we finish the lecture, that this is not an arbitrary power. Yet it is a power that can and does accomplish what we have just claimed for it. Let us take up, then, the several points that have been mentioned in this

definition of the study of oratory.

Discourse, on a definite subject, for a definite purpose. The study of oratory is not confined to the study that enables a person to express merely the thoughts of others, nor even to speak these thoughts in a pure tone. It accomplishes all this, and something more, namely, it develops power in the individual to think definitely on a subject and to so unfold that subject in the presence of others that they shall think as he does on that subject. I do not like to think that any one's thoughts, as to what the study of oratory will accomplish, are limited merely to this end, namely, that of enabling the individual to beautifully interpret the writings of others. It is not merely to express the opinions of others, it is to have opinions of one's own and to know how to express them. Your study in this College ends in this: to become originators and composers, and to so compose and express your composition as to influence others to the extent we have mentioned in the definition.

I. In the composition of a discourse there are several points to be observed. Everything must be subordinated to the clear and easy comprehension of the hearer. The easy comprehension—this is a matter we should think of very closely. The design of a discourse, first of all, is to influence the minds of others in a given way. The writer, or the orator, must fix in his mind just what he intends to execute in the minds of others, as clearly as the musician does when he attempts to play on an instrument. If a musician plays upon a piano, he intends, not to strike at random, but to discourse such music on that piano as he has previously planned. When a violinist takes up that king of instruments, he has fixed in his mind just what he intends to discourse on that instrument. The orator is not discoursing music on the piano nor the violin; he is discoursing thoughts, feelings, purposes, acts, on individuals.* The members of his audience are his instruments; he plays upon them.

Ole Bull, the great violinist, when asked how he could play on his violin so as to interest people so much, replied: "I do not play on

it." "What do you play on?" Ole Bull replied: "I play on the audience through my violin." So we can say to the orator that through certain mediums, which we have mentioned in the definition of oratory, he works upon the audience. He has no other purpose in view but to move their thoughts, feelings, purposes, and acts agreeably to his own purpose. I want to repeat this point, in various ways, over and over again, because it is the secret of the right study of oratory.

If you use such language in your composition as is not easily comprehended by the audience you are hindering the audience. Your language should be an open medium, a free channel, with no obstruction in it. If you do so, at first you may not be considered profound by vulgar people, because vulgar people always think that a person is profound when he uses language that they cannot comprehend. But if you study the language of the great orators, going back to Demosthenes or even earlier, as fragments of the earlier oratory come to us, you will discover that they used the simplest forms of speech, because they did not want their language to become a dark wall between themselves and their hearers. They were speaking to influence their hearers, and they did not want their words robbed of their power before reaching the hearers.

In converting coal into electricity, i. e., in converting the power of steam into electricity and then converting that electricity into mechanical power, it is said, that from 10 to 60 per cent of the original power is lost. Even those who sell the instruments will acknowledge ten per cent. Experts will tell you from ten to forty per cent. But as new inventions are brought out and applied, the percentage lost grows less. An orator must use language that will not consume from ten to forty per cent of his power before he can reach the desired result in the minds of others. The audience is not to know there is any language used. If the audience notices your language to praise or blame it, then you have lost power over them, and their attention is turned away from the theme or thought that you would give them

towards another object, namely, the language. You are not before your audience to call their attention to the language used.

II. The subject of the discourse must seem vitally connected with something in which the hearers are already interested. You can never carry your audience with you, unless you begin with something in which they are interested and thence lead to the ultimate thought you have in view. "But," it may be said, "you should take the audience to something beyond what they are now thinking; you should awaken new and added interests in them by your oratory." Eminently true, but you must always begin with them with that in which they are already interested. Men are not going to leave the thing in which they are interested, to follow you in something in which they are not interested. We should state in this connection, that you are not to attempt to interest your audience in yourself. The successful orator avoids this as a dangerous whirlpool. He knows that his ship of oratory will be wrecked, he knows that the proper purpose will not be attained if the audience is thinking about him.

III. The discourse must be an unfolding and not an aggregation. There is quite a difference in the effect upon an audience of a discourse in which many things that seem to have some relationship are gathered together, which I term an aggregation, and one that unfolds, as the flower unfolds from the bud. I would say to young ministers, who are called upon to compose one or more discourses every week,—Whether you are going to hold an audience by properly influencing them largely depends upon whether you obey this law of evolution in the composition of your discourse, or whether you content yourself with an aggregation of things pertaining to the main subject. The human mind will follow a subject from the beginning, if it evolves; it will not follow a subject that is made up of many parts, bound together with a kind of cohesion, even though they be bound together ever so skillfully.

I can point you to one who always composed his sermons according to the law of evolution—Henry Ward Beecher. Read his sermons.

You need not necessarily read them for his illustrations, his thought, his arguments, all these things are beautiful; but read them in regard to this one point of evolution. He always took a text, found the leading thought in that text and dwelt upon it until his discourse was developed. He did not gather things together and then try to cement them with a bit of borrowed eloquence; it was simply an unfolding of truths of the utmost importance. Whether the one who speaks is a minister or some other kind of public speaker he must understand this law in regard to the development of a discourse. There is nature's power in it.

IV. All the illustrations must sustain the main purpose of the discourse without calling attention to themselves. A speaker should not desire the audience to be specially interested in the illustrations of his thought. He should not seek many illustrations; he should not be characterized for abounding in illustrations. He may use them, but he should use them so strictly in accordance with the law of subordination, that they shall not stand out as separate figures, calling attention to themselves. A good speaker always looks to it very sharply that the audience shall not have their attention diverted from the main purpose, by entertainment furnished in the illustrations.

We say that illustrations are used for two reasons,—one for beauty, the other for use; one for the sake of making a speech clearer, the other for the sake of making it elegant, beautiful, attractive. However they both resolve themselves into one purpose, viz., that of use. What use? This: of engrafting the main thought of the discourse into the minds of the audience so that it will grow in their minds. How about illustrations for the sake of elegance and beauty? Simply this: If the embellishment will cause the audience to receive the thought more easily, then embellish; just as you sugar-coat a pill that a person will not swallow without it. But an embellishment is for no other reason than introducing the thought into the minds of the audience as a living power; as a germ that shall grow.

Upon this point of so arranging this discourse as to give entertainment by it, let us speak a little further. Some speakers—in fact most speakers—are afraid not to use many and the most attractive illustrations, fearing that they cannot keep the attention and interest of the audience without this kind of entertainment. Depend upon it, if this be your object, you will necessarily so compose your discourse as to draw the attention of the audience away from the main line of your thought towards the entertainment. On the other hand, let me say this: Dare to trust to the thinking tendency of your audience. Those orators who have been most successful have been most characterized for their trust in the thinking powers of the audience.

Read one of the great discourses of the old orators—discourses delivered to the populace, discourses delivered to nothing much better than what you would call a mob to-day—and see how high is their thought, how profound their reasoning, and how they depended upon the thinking of the mob for their results. Their faith in the thinking tendency of the audience is marvellous! You may select seven of the greatest orators in the world and you will find that every one of these great orators was a man of incalculable faith in the thinking tendency of the audience. Set your audience thinking, and they will entertain themselves.

A person is never entertained by anything outside himself; a man is never entertained by anything but his own thoughts. When you come to the last analysis of this matter, it is what you make the audience think that entertains them; therefore it is their own thought that entertains them, and in the degree of the profundity of the thinking power of your audience, will their enthusiasm be. If you want an audience enthusiastic to-day; if you want to make the same audience enthusiastic, perhaps, to-morrow; if you want enthusiasm rolling up from day to day, this is the royal road to it. You must make them think profoundly, otherwise the enthusiasm which you enkindle to-day may die to-morrow.

I might say at this point if you will al-

low me, that as a school, you are known to be remarkably enthusiastic. People outside the College have asked me this question more than any other, "What is the secret of the enthusiasm of the students in your college? Why do they continue enthusiastic, and why do they grow in enthusiasm throughout the first year, then have greater enthusiasm the second, still greater the third, and still more triumphant enthusiasm in the fourth year?" I always reply: "It is simply this and nothing more: from the first day the student enters the College, we set him to thinking for himself; and as he goes on thinking for himself, from within the realm of his own mental domain there opens vista after vista of revelation, yielding the splendors of thought, the splendors of truth, the triumphant power of the invisible weapons of truth. The student becomes enthusiastic just in the ratio of the activity of his mind."

You may make an audience enthusiastic for a day. I can imagine a minister going out with a very entertaining sermon and creating an enthusiasm for one Sunday; perhaps he has two or three such marvellous discourses, and entertains, like a theatre, for two or three Sundays. By this time the people, who are in want of a minister, conclude he is just the man to call. They call him. A year afterwards he is looking for some one else to call him, for his own flock has ceased to bleat after him. He did not make them enthusiastic in thought. He did not send their minds to the real veins of truth, which their own intellect could refine and around which their own hearts could be drawn. There is no other enthusiasm which will abide. Do not think that you are going out, by any splendor of your own ability, to create and continue an enthusiasm on the part of your audience.

I could say the same thing to public readers. If you want to be recalled to the place where you have read once, you must set the audience to thinking. After your first reading they may say: "Oh, how beautiful! Why, you excelled Miss So-and-So and Miss So-and-So. I have heard all the great readers in the country and

you excell them all." Well, it will prove logically this: that you have excelled everything they ever heard and now they do not want anything more. They do not need you again and will not ask for you again. When people praise you in this way, you may think it is intentional flattery. It is honest praise on their part, because, at the time, they may think what they say is true. But the test comes whether they want you again or not, whether you made them hungry, whether you had the power to lead them in green pastures and beside the still waters where they could feast for themselves and drink of the waters of truth for themselves. This is what men want. "Introduce me to the fountain of truth," is the cry of the human heart. This is the test of all art. That art which does not introduce you most to nature is not high art.

We turn our attention now to the personal means or agents, as they may be called, through which the orator conveys his well composed discourse. The first agent we shall mention is *self-forgetfulness in the interest of others*. This is his fundamental power. This touches the matter of self-consciousness. There are many persons who might be considered potentially great speakers, if they could get rid of self-consciousness when they come before an audience. I have been asked this question many times: "How can I overcome my self-consciousness when before an audience?" I always reply: "By becoming conscious of the needs of others." You are before the audience neither for their approval nor their disapproval. You do not come before them as a student in rhetoric before his master, to have him correct your composition on a given theme.

When the orator comes before the audience he has entered the battle. He is not studying military tactics. He is not devoting himself to any of the many tactics he has studied before. He is there to forget tactics, to forget methods, so far as holding these as objects of thought are concerned. He is there to move that audience and he is going to do it or there will be a funeral and he will furnish the corpse. The audience must be moved, not in a way to follow

him, not in a way to remember him, but moved to thoughts of their own, higher than ever before. In fact he is to carry them out and on to such a distant land that they can never return. They can never be just what they were before that hour.

The orator has to believe in the final perseverance of the saints. This is a good old fashioned doctrine and I think there is much truth in it. I was not exactly brought up on it, but I accepted it years afterwards. This idea of the perseverance of the saints stands over against that other idea that a man may be lifted up into the kingdom, where he can see the shining domes and the river of life reflecting the splendor of God, and yet slide back to where he was before, and even into greater darkness, there to remain forever. The human mind is so constituted that if it is really lifted to where it fastens itself upon a great truth it will stay there. Men sometimes shout hallelujahs in praise of a truth when it is not their truth. They are only praising an advertisement of the truth that somebody has set forth. But when men get the real thing and their own minds cling about it, as a vine twines around a trellis, the mind is going to be shaped to that truth. It is the prerogative of the orator to carry the audience into another kingdom in a single hour, not emotionally, but by fastening in their minds such objects of thought as their minds will not and, in the nature of things, cannot let go of.

If a man goes before an audience with this purpose in his mind and this purpose dominates him, every faculty of his being will be brought into proper training by this purpose. He will not be self-conscious. He knows he is not there on trial before that audience, but he knows that that audience is arraigned before the judgment seat of truth. They are to be judged not by him but by the truth he brings to them. He is going to do more than this. Such power is given to the man who is sincere and who has developed his powers of oratory, that it affects his will. He does not merely present a truth to them and say, "Now here is a truth, you can use it or not just as you see fit," but there is so

much of omnipotence put into that speaker, that he may well quote, as pertaining to the power he then uses, "I will make them willing in the day of my power." He can influence their wills not by any superimposed will of his own, but by holding the truth before the minds of the audience, until they see nothing else and so follow it.

It is said that a wolf can be led in this way. The story is told—I used to be much entertained by it when a boy—that a man freed a wolf from a trap, but before doing so managed to blindfold him so that he could see only at one point. The man then held a piece of meat where the wolf could see it and the wolf followed it. When the wolf got a little too near the man, he feared that the wolf might ask for a larger piece, so he flung the meat in another direction. The wolf went for the meat and the man made his escape. People follow what they see, if they do not see anything else. When the orator holds the truth before the audience they do not see anything else. His mind acts upon them; their minds act and react upon the truth, until that truth becomes a part of the very constitution of their character. The great orator is the one who has the same audience month after month and year after year, and is capable of holding them and making them come again and again.

We said, in the definition of Oratory, which we gave at the opening of the lecture that you can influence people through *spoken words*. We do not believe in words as words. Yet the orator cannot do without words. He cannot get on without spoken words, so that the thought that is in him shall be heard and felt. I hardly want to leave this inward training of the mind and speak of anything incidental, and yet we must. If you do not put forth your words so that people will hear easily, it is just as bad as though you gave them words of which they could not understand the meaning.

I have known of persons who were afraid of depending upon what was in a word, when the word was simply spoken, so they piled things, which they thought the word ought to convey, onto that word. The consequence was, that

like every other driven animal, the word fell dead. They thought they could put a certain amount of feeling into the word, and that the audience would pick off that feeling when the word came around. They will not do it. Whatever the speaker has to utter from his heart, from his conscience, from his will, must all be *within* that word not on the outside of it. The word and the thought must be one. I cannot say too much, nor make it too emphatic, about people understanding just what to say, and just what word to use.

The elder Booth when asked what a word was, replied: "A word is an almighty thing. It is that awful thing that can carry a human soul into the highest heaven or plunge it into the lowest hell." He saw so much in words, and it is one of the secrets of his being called the king of tragedians. A successful teacher and one of long experience is one whom you can always hear readily. It is easy to understand almost every word of a successful preacher. It is easy for a jury to hear every word that a successful lawyer drops into their willing ears. He never mumbles, he never depends on anything he can put on a word; but he depends on saying the right word, shooting it quickly through their ears and lodging it in their judgment.

Oh, a word can be made a mighty thing, if it is a living word, if it is a word fitly uttered, if it is a word, chosen because there was no other word that seemed a proper vehicle for your thought, and if you have burnished that word so that it reflects your thought! How beautiful are burnished words, words that are mirrors, words so spoken that they seem to be polished mirrors reflecting the thought that shines upon them! Again, we should say in leaving this point, that you should not allow the attention of the audience to dwell upon your words. It is better that the audience should not be able to repeat your words after you. Although they should hear your words easily and distinctly they should not know they hear them. If the word is so perfect that it conveys the thought, the audience will retain the jewel and forget the case in which it came.

Let us notice another point,—*the voice*.

People think, or some people seem to think, that an orator must have characteristics of voice different from anybody else. The only peculiar characteristic of the orator's voice is that it is the servant of his thought. That speaker, on the platform or in the pulpit, who calls the slightest attention to his voice will find that he has lost his power over the audience. Many voices stand between the speaker and the hearer like an impassible mountain or gulf, so that if he would get to the audience he could not because that voice is between them. "Why" you say, "it is a fine voice; a beautiful voice; a grand voice." Yes, very likely it may be. I do not know but that the gulf between Lazarus and the rich man was an awful and sublime gulf, but do you suppose the rich man had any interest in the sublimity of that gulf as long as it kept a messenger of heaven from bringing him a drop of water to cool his tongue.

This brings us to a very crucial point—one which I shall elaborate at some future time. Shall a person make a gesture? Shall he make many or few gestures? Shall a person move about or stand still? What shall he do with himself, physically? Just what he does with his composition as a good rhetorician; just what he does with his voice as a good speaker. Your gestures should be in the service of the audience. "If a man deliver an oration, may he not show the splendor of that speech by gesticulating on his own account?" No sir. If a gesture is made, it is for the purpose of showing the audience something they would not have seen without it. Any number of gestures used to enable the audience to see something more than words can suggest, are admirable. It is not a matter of numbers; but a matter of service or necessity. It meets a demand in the nature of the audience, for further revelation.

Lastly, let us consider the greatest and the finest agent in communicating thoughts to the audience—thoughts that shall forever stay in their minds and control their feelings, their will and their acts—the *presence of the speaker*. Henry Ward Beecher when addressing an audience upon the subject of oratory once said:

"The greatest thing in oratory is the orator." A man should stand for more than he can say, because he should stand for the spirit of what he would say, and the spirit is necessarily greater than the letter. Presence is not a thing that you can put on and off at will; presence is the personal character of the individual. The more acts a person has committed in the service of truth, the service of right, for the welfare of others, the grander is his presence and there is nothing else that will develop presence.

When I use the word "presence" I do not mean physical bulk—that a person shall weigh two hundred pounds rather than ninety-eight pounds. Some few men of the greatest presence have been men who did not weigh more than one hundred pounds. Saint Bernard was not only a glorious saint, but he had such a mighty presence that people were profoundly impressed by him even when he did not speak, and he is said to have weighed only seventy-five pounds. There is such a thing as presence without much *avoids*. The presence of the soul communicates to the audience in ways "ye wot not of." You cannot say that it is by this or by that. It is not a thing of weight; it is not a thing of bulk. Let no one think, therefore, that he is going to influence an audience because he has learned to take the speaker's position and stand thus or thus.

You have read of, if you have not seen, men who carried everything before them, and yet you could not see how they did it. Measure them by any of the rules and you would find that they came short; still they exerted great influence. What is the secret? It is that the soul is looking out at the eyes; the soul is binding wreaths around the lips; the soul beams and brightens like a halo around the brow, and the whole person is enveloped in the light of truth and right. It works in such a subtle way — this presence—that even the judgment cannot say that such a person has presence and such a person has not. It is a thing that passes beyond judgment, therefore one cannot say: "I will be influenced by him, for oh, my, look at his presence!"

Presence, of which we are speaking, cometh not with observation. It eludes the critic's eye.

It stands like something over a man, invisible, hidden, like the power, of which we have sometimes read, that stands behind the throne. This presence comes as a growth; comes from surrendering the soul, daily, to the high behests of truth and right. This power of oratory is something for which people are ambitious, because, within certain lines, it is omnipotent. I qualify by "within certain lines." Do not quote me as saying it is omnipotent. Within certain lines it is omnipotent.

If it is a power that can make other people think, feel, choose and act as the speaker wishes, is it not a dangerous power? I answer, without going through the labyrinths of argument, that instead of its being a dangerous power, it is always a beneficent power, because oratory is always governed by universal laws, and a man's power comes through his obedience to these laws. Universal laws are beneficent, are they not? Ask the rising sun, or the spring, or the summer breath which waves the grain; ask all nature, that furnishes a supply for every demand; ask Him who holds the mighty deep as a highway for man; ask Him who has taught man to guide the lightnings and make them the messengers of love; — ask Him, I repeat, if universal laws are not beneficent. The orator who develops this power of presence does it through obedience to universal laws. There are only certain lines along which one can walk and obtain the triumph of the true orator.

I wish to call your attention for a moment to the laws of Oratory, that we may see what they are and see if there is anything that is not beneficent in them. I have, in my studies, been able to point out sixteen laws of Oratory, obedience to which makes any man or woman successful. You only need to turn your attention to the four volumes of *Perfective Laws*, which you study here, to find out what these laws are. Remember they are not merely laws to contemplate, laws to talk about, they are laws to which the person must surrender his being, in order to succeed. If you turn to these volumes you will find that the first of these sixteen laws is Purity. Is there anything dangerous about that? The next law that you find following in the wake of Purity

is Progressiveness; the third is Self-command, and the fourth is Foresight.

The fifth is Luminosity, or in other words, revelation, revealing what is. The sixth reposes upon the truth, or, for a single word — Repose. The next is the seventh law — Sympathy or Persuasiveness. What follows and grows out of this? What is it that roots in this law? Positiveness, or, in other words, moral aggressiveness. What is the ninth law? Adoration. What is the tenth law? Prescience or Insight. What is the eleventh law? No charm, no trick, no, thank God, this eleventh law — Reality. What is the twelfth? Beatification, the blessedness that comes from following the previous eleven. Then what comes further in the thirteenth law? Moral weight, and we now begin to get at this sense of presence. Anything dangerous in this?

What is the fourteenth law? Profundity — looking beneath effects at causes. The fifteenth, Fervor not fever. I look out in June upon a rose bush and what do I see? A bud opening under the genial atmosphere of those June days. What was fervor there? Life, life, life from within. Flowers in nature's garden are not made out of wax or paper and then tied on a bush with a string.

Then comes the last, the summing up of oratory — Authority. There is no authority for man but the laws of his own being. In this chapter the orator has so perfectly obeyed the constitution of his own being, that he touches the constitution of other people's beings with a living touch, and so points out the truth to people as from an authority not himself. He has the power to present truth which is so clearly seen by the hearer, that it becomes authority.

Let me say this word in closing: Men say that no person is authority for another — that the speech of one person is never authority for another. By some this argument has been carried out logically, until for them there is no authority in any book, no authority in any bible. Such persons are making a mistake. When the truth is pointed out or put in statement by an individual, that truth becomes authority to him who can see it, just as much as though the indi-

vidual who pointed it out or stated it was the creator of it. As I read the statements made by the great men of the past, I see that they were climbing, climbing, climbing to heights where the sun never set, from which a splendid face was never withdrawn; when they had reached a certain height they cried out that they had seen the truth, the world looked at the truth they had pointed out, and that truth became their authority. Therefore authority is founded in statement; authority is founded in words; authority is founded in written and spoken language, when this written and spoken language contains a revelation of the truth — never without. My opinion, and my perception of truth are two distinct things. Any man's opinion may be foolishness; his perception of truth is divinely ordained. The two may be as far removed from each other as the north from the south, midnight from noonday. It belongs to the orator to point out the truth so distinctly, that it becomes an authority to which men gladly bow.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL DECLAMATION,

BY GEORGE W. SAUNDERSON.

In one of the small cities not far from the Athens of America, there is a grammar school in which the children are required to declaim. In that school, a bright boy of eight years who had just been promoted to the grammar grade, was told that he must be ready on the next Friday with a declamation. Returning home that afternoon he told his mother, an educated and cultured woman, and asked her what he should get for a piece. She advised him to find some little story that he liked and learn it, promising to help him. The boy who was fond of stories about animals, soon found a bright and simple anecdote about a dog, and with his mother's aid, that evening learned to tell it in a perfectly simple and natural manner.

The next day he took the book to school to show his teacher his selection for a declamation in order that it might receive her approval. The teacher told him that it would not do to speak a selection of that kind be

cause the scholars would all laugh at him if he did.

What wonderful control over her pupils that teacher must have had; or rather, what a confession of weakness and of unfitness for the place. A child must not tell a simple and proper anecdote, in which he is interested, and which he understands, and which he can therefore tell naturally, because the other children will laugh at him! Who taught the other children those false notions of declamation which would make them laugh at simple and natural story telling? Who but the very teachers who admit their inability to control them? No wonder American public speakers are accused of declamatory rant if this is the kind of training given in our public schools. The wonder rather is that we have as many good speakers as we do.

But to the story. The teacher took up a book of patriotic selections and picked out a paragraph from the speech of a forgotten revolutionary orator. This, she told him would be a suitable and satisfactory declamation for him. The paragraph consisted of one long, involved sentence. It dealt with a topic with which the boy was not familiar and in which he was not interested. He did not even understand it. Remember he was but eight years old.

A good deal disheartened, he took the selection home to his mother, and told her what the teacher had said. She tried to see what he could do with the new selection, but soon saw that it would at best amount only to memoriter repetition without thought or feeling. She had had some experience as a teacher and recognized that this kind of recitation would probably do more harm than good. So she told her boy he need not learn the new selection that night and she would see the principal the next day about it. The principal admitted that the one sentence paragraph was hardly suited to a boy of eight, but agreed with his assistant that the little story would not do.

The difficulty in this case seemed to be that the teachers wished to teach both declaiming and patriotism without knowing well how to do either. To carry out their purpose as easily

and conveniently as possible, they adopted the plausible plan of requiring patriotic declamations. Probably this plan might be made in a measure successful, provided sufficient wisdom was employed in the choice of the declamations. But as applied in this case, and as it would be likely to be applied by average teachers, little can be said in its favor. For the principal, in turn, took up the ever handy volume of patriotic selections and found another declamation. It was not so incomprehensible nor so difficult to speak as the one sentence paragraph; but this, too, dealt with a kind of patriotism beyond the range of a boy of eight. He neither appreciated it, nor was interested in it. He learned it, however, as his mother did not wish to make any stir about the matter, and recited it after a fashion. His heart was not in it, and, instead of the clear telling of something he understood and had made his own, it was too much words, words, mere words, without thought or feeling behind them to give them vitality and life. In short, he had been pretty nearly reduced, so far as that declamation was concerned, from a thinking, feeling human being to the ordinary word-machine so often heard on declamation day in our schools, grinding out with meaningless intonations, the thoughts of great men hardly appreciated even by the teacher, or repeating with almost phonographic exactness and want of feeling the teacher's inflections and emphasis.

Can any thorough educator who understands that education means development, doubt that this boy's expressional growth received a real check in this instance? Nay, but for the fact that his parents know what education really means better than his teachers seem to, and hence will counteract the influence of this false method, who can tell the permanent injury that might have resulted to his expressional development, from this one mistake of his teachers?

It is to be hoped that this literally true incident is not representative of what is taking place in our schools. Yet, judging by the character of the declamations and recitations often given by children, and by the tone in which they are recited, one cannot help feeling

that there is far too much of the same kind of disregard of the child's power to comprehend or appreciate what he recites. Too few teachers stop to ask, or even to consider for their pupils, that old but ever new question, "Understandest thou what thou redest?" Yet, to understand what one reads or recites is one of the first conditions of its correct expression. It is and ever must be an essential condition of expressional development. The fountain cannot rise above its source. The child cannot truly express what he does not understand.

One of my fellow students at college, being called on for a rule one day in the French class, rattled it off with a glib freedom which was very suggestive that he had committed only the words without giving much thought to their meaning. The eccentric Frenchman who was teaching the class peered curiously at him over his eye-glasses for a moment, and then exclaimed emphatically, "Monsieur H —, if you get your lesson so well again, you not know nothing." His English was not quite correct, but the educational idea behind it was right nevertheless. It is only applying an established principle of education to say, that children taught to recite declamations without understanding what they recite are in equal danger of knowing nothing of true expression.

A LITERARY AND DRAMATIC FEAST.

OTHELLO AND RICHELIEU AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

"All things come round to him who will but wait," and so the much longed for days of Feb. 3d and 7th came, bringing with them the performance of *Othello* and *Richelieu* at the Boston Museum by members of our Faculty, assisted by the students. For several days we had been looking forward to these plays with great expectations, but even then were not prepared for the thorough conception and brilliant execution which we witnessed. From first to last, it was one artistic success and the minor details were worked out with a nicety that is seldom seen. At the beginning of the performance, a person of culture was heard to

remark, "We may now prepare to enjoy ourselves, for we shall hear Shakespeare given by students of true oratory and expression, who are entirely free from the affectation of actors." At its close, another remarked, "It was done as well as by professionals. A wonderful achievement for amateurs." It is true that the work considered in a purely theatrical sense was amateur, but it represented a degree of dramatic education and literary culture which caused it to appeal to those who were looking for the highest interpretation and for truth that is deeper than the tricks of effects, and the results showed a facility in presentation, which would bear even theatrical criticism.

Splendid audiences filled every available seat. Enthusiasm ran high and vented itself in hearty applause. Again and again were Prof. and Mrs. Southwick, Prof. and Mrs. Tripp and Prof. Kidder obliged to respond to curtain calls, while the work done by those representing the minor characters was genuinely appreciated. A profusion of flowers and other valuable gifts, including a silver loving cup for Prof. Southwick, were passed over the footlights.

Knowing how interested our readers are in these presentations, especially those in other cities, we have collected some of the press notices which we insert for their benefit.

We are also permitted to publish Dr. Rolfe's letter in which he speaks of the plays as follows:

Feb. 7, 1896.

MY DEAR SOUTHWICK:

Allow me to congratulate you and your fellow-actors on two great histrionic triumphs. The plays were both admirably rendered and the applause and other tributes you received were well deserved.

Your *Othello* was worthy of an experienced actor of the first class. Possibly the *Richelieu* might be better done, but I cannot conceive it. The character is a far more difficult one than the *Othello*, but you proved yourself every way equal to its demands. It stirred and moved me more than I know how to express. I came away as from a most impressive religious service,

where you had been the eloquent preacher.

Mrs. Southwick was wonderfully good as Julie—alike faultless in the tender and grand passages. Give her my warmest congratulations.

If ever you find Othello's present occupation in the College gone, take to the stage, where I am confident that you can shine as a "star" of the first magnitude.

I express myself inadequately—but again I congratulate you. Always cordially yours,

W. J. ROLFE.

OTHELLO.

Transcript.

The leading feature of this performance was the skill and knowledge which a body of students bring to the dramatic interpretation of Shakespeare. There is shown such an insight into the dramatist's inner meaning, such understanding of the value of words and phrases, that the student of Shakespeare and the drama finds a performance of this quality an almost infinite pleasure. Archaic meanings are clarified to the spectator by the enjoyment he receives at knowing that the actors understand every word they utter, and the whole purpose of the dramatist stands revealed as it is not possible to reveal it through a mere reading of the play.

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The second of the two plays produced in public this year by the Emerson College of Oratory was "Richelieu."

The performance had many merits, and in some respects was distinctly superior to that of the ordinary professional company. A particularly noticeable feature was the excellent stage management, and the sense of proportion and appreciation of dramatic values shown in the grouping of the characters. As a result, the unity of the play was duly preserved, and the impression was left of a well-rounded, complete and symmetrical production.

The individual members of the cast, with scarcely an exception, deserve praise for the evidences of intelligence and careful study that appeared in the rendering of their lines; and from a literary point of view, the performance was a genuine treat.

Journal.

"THE MOOR OF VENICE."—Rarely has there been a smoother amateur performance of any of Shakespeare's plays than that given at the Boston Museum by the Emerson College of Oratory. "Othello" was the bill, with Henry L. Southwick in the title role. Mr. Southwick's performance was such that it recalled in the minds of many impersonations by actors whose names are familiar in dramatic history. This was his first appearance as the Moor, and speaks loudly for

his ability as an actor. There was just the faintest fear that the play would have a drawback, as many in the cast were unfamiliar with the stage and its settings, there having been but a single stage rehearsal, but this was unwarranted, for each and every member of the company surprised all with their excellence.

Lola Purman Tripp as Desdemona made a pleasing picture, and was warmly received. Zitella Ebert as Emilia called forth the heartiest praise for her intelligent reading, and in the strong scenes that the part abounds she was adequate.

Walter B. Tripp played Iago with fine taste, and his villainy was always tinged with delicacy. The Cassio of Charles W. Kidder was a manly presentation, and Frederic A. Metcalf as the Duke of Venice read his lines understandingly.

The Museum has been accustomed to large audiences, but the one that welcomed the students of Emerson College taxed the theatre to its utmost capacity.

Herald.

The Boston Museum was filled yesterday afternoon on the occasion of the performance of "Othello." It was a very enthusiastic audience, and the really excellent work of the members of the cast was most heartily applauded. The leading characters were in the hands of ladies and gentlemen who have shown great dramatic ability and fine conception of the works of the great dramatic masters. The Othello of Mr. Henry L. Southwick, the Iago of Mr. Walter B. Tripp, the Brabantio of Mr. B. C. Edwards, and Mrs. Lola P. Tripp's Desdemona were all remarkably strong and successful, while all of the minor parts were acted with fine discrimination and intelligence. It was a delight to hear all the lines of the great work given with such care and satisfactory expression. The play was most adequately dressed and mantled, and in the whole production there was nothing left to be desired.

Globe.

The production of "Othello" was most excellent throughout. Many a professional company could have gained valuable points by witnessing the performance, so splendidly was it staged and so clever was the work of the participants. Not the slightest suspicion of a "break" appeared to mar the work of the actors, and the repeated bursts of applause were more than fully deserved.

It would be almost unkind to single out any of the performers for special praise, yet the delightful Desdemona of Lola Purman Tripp, the cunningly deceitful Iago of Walter B. Tripp, and the forceful Othello of Henry L. Southwick merit more than passing mention. Mrs. Tripp was an ideal Desdemona in every way. Her beauty caught the sympathy of the audience from the first, and her consistent presentation of the character aroused much enthusiasm. One of her most charming scenes was where she has a pre-

sentiment of her coming fate, and sings the little song taught her by an old nurse.

Miss Zitella Ebert as Emilia, wife of Iago, surprised all her friends by the strength of her work as well as by the finish which she gave to every scene in which she participated.

Henry L. Southwick, as the noble Moor, made an imposing appearance, and he also followed up the first impression caused by his fitness for the part, with most satisfactory work. When he denounced Desdemona, he was perhaps at his best, and moved his hearers at will.

Walter B. Tripp as Iago achieved a decided dramatic success. All of the principals were most carefully costumed, a feature which added much to the success of the performance.

RICHELIEU.

Herald.

The performance of "Richelieu," which was given at the Boston Museum yesterday afternoon, was certainly very creditable to the Emerson School of Oratory, and if an audience of professional actors and managers could have witnessed it, much of the prejudice against schools of elocution might have been removed. The Emerson School, however, is more than a mere school of elocution, and this fact was very apparent yesterday. "Richelieu" was not dumped upon the stage and its lines spoken by a lot of parrots, giving a bad imitation of a not over-good instructor. It was carefully staged and well, and it was capitally acted in every part. The stage management was also notably good, and the performance was smooth from start to finish. There have been worse performances of this popular play on this very stage by professional actors with considerable reputations.

It has become so much the habit to indiscriminately praise amateur theatrical performances, from feelings of kindness and charity to players who do not make pretension to professional excellence, that warm commendation of the performance of yesterday may be misunderstood and may, to a certain extent, be discounted by those who did not witness the production of "Richelieu." For that reason it is well to say that the performance given at the Museum yesterday afternoon, before a very large, brilliant and highly discriminating, if friendly, audience, stands well the test of the very highest standard of criticism. Of course, it would be absurd to say that these students of the drama, who lack experience and who prepared for one performance only, could give as artistic and finished a presentation of the play as could a carefully selected company of regular players; but judging the performance in its entirety, it was infinitely superior to many which have been given here by stock players and travelling combinations in support of some great star. It was a positive relief to hear the text spoken intelligently, the English language clearly enunciated and words given their full value and emphasis. There was not a single instance of mispronunciation in the entire performance. What professional company could

make a similar record? Absolutely none. Some of the members of the cast did not appear as thoroughly at ease as they might in the costume of the court of Louis XIII, there was now and then an uncertainty of walk and an awkwardness of gesture which betrayed the amateur, and lack of experience was shown in the manner of giving and taking up cues; but there was a fine, directing and controlling intelligence behind the work of all which challenged admiration and won hearty and honest appreciation from all.

Mr. Henry L. Southwick was the cardinal. He had a clearly defined conception of the character, formed, not from history, but from the play, and his Richelieu was that of the dramatist, as it should have been. He played with commendable consistency and great strength. His reading of the text and the business of the part was, for the most part, conventional — that sanctioned by the best usage — but he imitated no one, and he made no attempts to gain applause by resort to tricks of elocution or novel bits of original business. He gave an intelligent and effective impersonation. He succeeded admirably in suggesting the grim humor of the cardinal, and the famous declamatory passages and brilliant theatrical outbursts for which the play is noted were skilfully handled and won enthusiastic plaudits.

The Baradas of Mr. Charles W. Kidder was fully up to the professional standard. He has a fine voice, which he uses well, and none of the points of the part were slighted. Jessie Eldridge Southwick's Julie was entirely satisfactory. Her scene with the cardinal, after Julie has repulsed the advances of the King, was finely played, and her dramatic reading of the speech beginning "yielded" has seldom been surpassed by any actress. It well deserved the round of applause which it called forth. Lola Purman Tripp was fully equal to the demands of Marion. Mr. Holt's Francios, Mr. Tripp's De Mauprat, Mr. Edwards' Huguet, Mr. Morse's Joseph, Mr. Schofield's De Beringhen, the Gaston of Mr. Blanchard and the King of Mr. Metcalf all deserve a word of praise, and the smaller parts, which are so often badly presented, were capitally handled by Messrs. Stowe, Rice, Workman, Ross and Eaton.

The audience was very enthusiastic. Prof. Emerson, who occupied an upper box, was presented with a beautiful floral tribute, and during the performance flowers of all kinds and in all designs were passed up over the footlights frequently. Mr. Southwick, who is deservedly popular with the college and its friends outside, in addition to receiving many floral tributes, was presented with a silver loving cup by the class of '97, and was compelled to make a speech. He returned thanks for his associates in a very happy manner.

Journal.

The performance of "Richelieu" was a distinguished success. A large and fashionable audience greeted the players and exhibited its

approval of their excellent work by unstinted applause. Prof. Henry L. Southwick as the Cardinal made an excellent impression. He was called before the curtain repeatedly, and at the end of the fourth act, on being presented with numerous bouquets, besides other floral pieces, and a silver loving cup, and called before the curtain half a dozen times, he made a brief speech, in which he thanked his friends for their generous applause. Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick as Julie de Mortimar shared the honors with her husband. Their support was firstclass, and evinced thorough, painstaking effort on the part of everyone.

Post.

The pupils of the Emerson College of Oratory gave a matinee at the Museum yesterday afternoon, the play being "Richelieu." The performance was certainly a most commendable one, all the characters being well sustained, and the work of the different members of the cast reflected credit alike on the scholars and their instructors.

In the title role Mr. Southwick gave some of the best work he has ever performed here, displaying a studious conception of the character and carrying it out with force and finish. Jessie Eldridge Southwick was the Julie and gave a sweet and graceful impersonation of the Cardinal's ward. Walter B. Tripp made a manly De Mauprat and Lola Purman Tripp was excellent as Marion.

Globe.

Boston museum was packed with people yesterday afternoon and the people were filled with enthusiasm to an extent seldom seen at a theatrical performance. The faculty of the Emerson College of Oratory presented "Richelieu" and more than repeated the success which they achieved in their production of "Othello" on Monday. The audience come to criticise but remained to applaud.

There was but little in the entire play to call for anything but praise. The principal actors were called before the curtain time and time again and speeches demanded.

Mr. Henry Southwick and Jessie Eldridge Southwick were seen at their best. They stirred their hearers to the utmost in the dramatic passages in which the piece abounds and the many light bits were given in a manner that showed the utmost appreciation of the possibilities of the text.

Lola Purman Tripp, Walter B. Tripp, Charles W. Kidder, Charles M. Holt and Curtis G. Morse were satisfactory in their respective parts, and the pupils who made up the soldiers and attendants deserve much praise for their careful work. The piece was well costumed and in all respects well staged.

Boston Times.

"Othello" was the play on Monday afternoon in which Henry L. Southwick assumed the title role, and the finish and force of his performance left an indelible impression on the minds of all who witnessed it. He lived the part of a noble Moor who "loved not wisely, but too well"—"not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme"—"threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe." His whole acting was instinct with a charm that comes from a complete understanding and sympathy with the part.

Shakespeare has endowed Desdemona with marvelous beauty, of face and voice and a charm of manner, and Lola Purman Tripp easily fulfilled these winning requirements.

Mr. Walter B. Tripp was the Iago, the vile, black-souled hypocrite, and his acting was fine in every detail but there were times when his lines suffered from hurriedness.

The other individuals who deserve special mention for the excellence of their work were Mr. Charles W. Kidder, Mr. B. C. Edwards and Miss Zitella Ebert.

"Richelieu" was Friday afternoon's play. It was given by practically the same cast a few seasons ago at Union hall, and the unstinted praise which the work of the participants received in these columns at that time, can but be repeated with an added force in chronicling last Friday's production.

Mr. Southwick's Cardinal Richelieu is a masterpiece, and Mrs. Southwick's Julie de Mortimar is as womanly and sweet as one could wish, while her few strong scenes are given with a dramatic fire and fervency which thrills her audience.

Mr. Tripp was the Adrian de Mauprat; Mr. Kidder the Baradas, and Mrs. Tripp Marion de Lorme, all of whom were noteworthy in their work.

What more convincing proof of the worth of the Emerson college could be found than these productions of "Othello" and "Richelieu," which represent a department of the regular work of the school?

Boston Ideas.

Take the two performances together, it is surprising to notice the complete unanimity of purpose displayed, the pregnant vitality of all the work and the general spontaneity of artistic versatility resulting therefrom. It illustrates how well-centered is the prime aim of the Emerson College of Oratory, how constantly and universally is true artistic culture kept the watchword, and how unswerving an allegiance to their instructors' principles is held by the pupils. The instructors are cultured and skillful through love for their work, and through deep devotion to the principles of the best in art, developed in themselves through carefully used experience. Therefore it is no wonder that the students gain a quality of instruction which shows a clear value

both in its own expression and in connection with the work of the teachers. The literary and dramatic culture attainable at this school is admirably exemplified in these two performances of this week—which are well calculated to win thoughtful attention and appreciation from all observers. The performances were truly a most desirable triumph for the college, and a strong tribute to the versatility and power of its training. Mr. Henry L. Southwick's *Othello* on Monday was a source of vast pleasure to lovers of intelligently-controlled art; and an effective piece of work to the minds of all. Mr. Southwick showed deeply concentrated power, as well as forceful interpretation of the Moor's salient and characteristic features. It was a truly fine rendering. Mr. Walter B. Tripp treated *Iago* with an individuality that bore fruitful results as the role grew in vitality under his hands. His work was strikingly good. Lola Purman Tripp was a charming *Desdemona*, looking the role daintily and acting it with a keen perception of the requirements of reality. *Zitella* Ebert's *Emilia* was remarkably strong; Chas. W. Kidder's *Cassio* most excellent; the *Roderigo* of Chas. Schofield and the *Brabantio* of B. C. Edwards, good; all, in fact, deserving some word of appreciative commendation.

Friday's performance of "*Richelieu*" certainly deserves as many words of praise as does "*Othello*." It was a colorful, delightfully-thoughtful interpretation, and most effectively done. Mr. Southwick's *Richelieu* was a most skilful assumption, abounding in able handling both of lines and of situations. Mr. Frederick A. Metcalf's *Louis XIII* was ably accomplished, Mr. Tripp's *De Mauprat* also; Mrs. Tripp's *Marion De Lorme* excellent. *Jessie Eldridge* Southwick's *Julie De Mortimar* was interpreted with that specially characteristic grace so noticeable in all this artist's work. The role was also imbued with that degree and quality of feeling necessary for the delightfully adequate performance that it was. The others of the cast worked with earnest ability.

Courier.

The serious dramatic work of the week has come from the professors of the Emerson College of Oratory, assisted by some advanced students, who have given at the Museum one afternoon performance each of "*Othello*" and *Richelieu*." Professor Southwick's scholarly and appreciative talent gave truth and force to the title roles, and there was good art and stage effect in Mrs. Tripp's *Desdemona*, Mrs. Southwick's *Julie*, Mr. Kidder's *Cassio* and *Baradas*, Mr. Tripp's *Iago* and *De Mauprat* and Miss Ebert's *Emilia*. The readings were sound, the action just and the general effects well studied and executed.

The two plays were attended by very large and cultivated audiences. Although the participants do not count themselves professional actors, yet it is safe to say that a more true and faithful interpretation of these plays has seldom been given in this city. After each scene the applause was

prolonged and the curtain was raised again and again in answer to the demand of the audience.

During the latter part of the performance of *Richelieu*, after repeated curtain calls and round upon round of applause, Prof. Southwick stepped to the footlights, and in a few well chosen words very graciously thanked the people for their cordial reception. He returned sincere thanks to all connected with the management of the museum, to Mr. Smith and Mr. Garey for their thoughtfulness and generosity.

Most hearty words of congratulation have been received from Prof. W. J. Rolfe, Hon. J. W. Dickinson, Rev. E. O. Jameson, Prof. Wm. G. Ward, Hon. Henry B. Pierce, Supervisor Robert C. Metcalf of the Boston schools and Mr. A. E. Winship of the *Journal of Education*, and many others.

And now that the work is over, after witnessing such a glorious triumph by our instructors and fellow students, we will take up our work with new zeal and courage, being truly happy in the knowledge that what has gone forth has been of the highest order, and its influence is and will be to lift humanity to higher realms of truth.

We have received reports from all sides of the comments of educational and literary people, and from every direction comes the report that an unusual treat has been enjoyed, and the rare interpretative value of the work has been a new inspiration and revelation in dramatic art.

S. L. P.

ERRATA.

In Dr. Rolfe's paper in the December number, on page 33, second column, sixth line, for "corrupted" read "completed;" and on page 34, first column, seventeenth line from bottom, for "practically," read "poetically."

The ghost of *Hamlet Junior* has appeared. In the paper entitled "*Hamlet's Affectional Nature*," the fifth line from the top of page 47 reads thus: "He betrays the *best* of his own loving nature." It should read, "He betrays the *bent* of his own loving nature."

"Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!"

NORMAL DEPARTMENT.

FREDERIC A. METCALF, '89, EDITOR.

THOUGHTS AND HINTS ON TEACHING.

BY MARY A. WOOLSEY.

We, as teachers, have great responsibilities resting upon us, but with how great a joy do we enter in upon the life-work of teaching. Christ was a teacher, our greatest teacher, so I can understand why His life was so full of joy. Yes, and can we not understand too why he sometimes suffered pain?

Do we find joy in teaching? Do we sometimes suffer pain in teaching? If we are successful teachers we can answer affirmatively each of these questions. What greater joy can there be than that which is awakened in us when we watch truth grow into a human soul! What greater pain than to see the grains of truth, which we have scattered, fall short of the fertile soil which we know lies somewhere in the heart!

It is for us then, if we would succeed as teachers, to reach the inmost recesses of the hearts of our pupils; and, to do this, we must be known of them even as Christ was known of all men; and, to be known, we must teach what and *only* what we are. As Christ suffered even so do we suffer when our pupils hear not our voice, neither know us; but our joy is unbounded and full when they listen and in their hearts follow.

The plowshare of Love must go deep into the soil, the gentle rain of sympathy must moisten the earth, and it must be well fertilized by an enthusiastic Hope, a steadfast Faith and a perfect Trust. With the way opened up before us, we can then sow broadcast the great physical, mental, moral and spiritual Truths which underlie this system of Physical Culture and Oratory as taught in the Emerson College.

My experience seems meager but perhaps it will yield a few helpful thoughts. I can give you a few thoughts which have been worked out in it and which I have found very helpful.

To secure correct breathing without purely

mechanical means or calling attention to the muscles of respiration, have the pupil, standing easily upon the balls of the feet, close the eyes, as this will enable him to perfectly center the mind upon the object of thought. Then tell him *to fill slowly every cell in his body with oxygen*, even to the tips of the fingers and toes. This, of course, is done entirely through the nostrils. Watch for the result and you will be surprised at the excellent position which the body will unconsciously take and also the perfect action of the respiratory muscles. Much depends upon the perfect concentration of the mind upon the object of thought as the muscles have a tendency to rigidity when the mind is centered upon their action, but they act like God-given agents when free from mental bondage.

I have been able more quickly to establish a correct habit of breathing in this way than in any other. Two cases of nervous prostration which had been treated by electricity, found the effect of of breathing pure air in this way was similar to that of the passing of the electrical current through the body, only that the breathing was pleasanter. It caused a tingling sensation all through the nervous system and left the nerves in a delightful state with no feeling of pressure upon them anywhere. One pupil said to me, "Why, I wonder if the air doesn't really go into the cells of the body! It seems as if it does!" and it certainly seems to do so.

For poising, have the pupil try catching an imaginary butterfly which has flown in at the window and alighted upon the lace curtain just above her reach. She will have to go about it quietly as it will fly away again and again if alarmed. You will find that she will poise upon even one foot as easily and lightly as you could wish. Practice of this kind will educate this muscular sense of poise and make the difficult poising exercises more easy of attainment. On this perfect muscular sense of poise rests all perfect exercise. There can not be a perfect relationship between the whole and the parts without this perfect sense of poise through the entire body, and more attention should be given to those simple exercises which are nothing less

than the foundation of all the exercises which follow. There are more things, than are dreamt of, in the philosophy of the Emerson system of Physical Culture.

A simple thing which will save hours of work is a shawl strap buckled snugly (not tightly) about the waist just below the sternum. In the waist exercise this is the line of articulation, or where the bend or break is made. It is one of the most difficult exercises to get pupils to take correctly. I became desperate with one pupil who would bend only at the waist line and who hurt her back every time she took the exercise. The strap saved my reputation as well as that of my pupil. It is now one of my best friends. It isn't necessary to use it more than once or twice, either on small boys or grown clergymen.

Another exercise which is difficult for pupils to get correctly is the hip exercise. Bend the knees only just enough to *compel* you to use the chest center to sustain the position. Repeat this only until the pupil is conscious of the strong chest center and the free movement of the hips from the proper line of articulation.

In working through the voice for health, I have found our regular voice exercises to contain excellent medicinal properties, such as quinine for colds, pepsin for dyspepsia, nervine for the nerves, etc. We can change the condition of our health as well through the voice as through the body, for no one can misuse the voice and keep well, much less do so and get well. If we were to scold with the voice one week how long would we keep well? One pupil had the habit of doing this in all he said, though perfectly unconscious of it. It was due to the condition of the nervous system. The nerves were at such a tension that the vocal cords were drawn too tightly, the muscles of the throat were tense, and the very attitude of the head even when not speaking was strained and unnatural. I worked to relax that tension in the body entirely through the voice. I asked him to imagine that he was speaking to an extremely sensitive nervous invalid (a person who was his exact counterpart though I didn't tell him this) and his tones became as soothing and mellow as a lullaby, his head took an easy position and the

muscles relaxed their tension. He soothed and quieted his own nerves in trying to soothe and quiet the nerves of his imaginary invalid.

Ah! what a mighty force is there in our college spirit of helping others; for, while we are working to clear the way in the voices of our pupils that the divine artist may sketch a new world of beauty in their tones, lo! the same beauty is reflected in our own voices. While we seek to uplift the divinity in others, divinity enters us. Christ went about seeking to uplift humanity. Could it have been that which made him divine?

I have been working upon word painting with good results. For example, take the word joy. Have your pupil give it in five different ways. First, as describing the joy of a happy child of five years, next as that of a girl of twelve years, then that of a young woman, whose joy is echoed in the "golden wedding bells," which are ringing new responsibilities and hopes into her life, then the joy of the mother in the full prime of life, with her children growing into man and womanhood about her, then close with the joy of the aged, silver-haired wife who sits waiting for the dip of the boatman's oars.

Take the word in the same way with the masculine element in it. The changes which come into the voice in this word painting are subtle and magical. It seems a simple thing to do but it means *power*. It is simply teaching the voice to paint whole pictures with one tone and its inflections, while one word furnishes the background of each picture. Happiness, love, faith, sorrow, peace, light, darkness, gloom, brightness, pain, despair, hate, hope, kindness, sadness, etc., are words which may be used in this word-painting. The principles which underlie this practice are those which underlie the Evolution of Expression and Perfective Laws.

What a grand work our teaching becomes when followed in accordance with these principles. How great the pleasure experienced as we watch Truth evolving from the lower physical activities up through the mental, moral, and spiritual realms ——— to God, the center of all Truth.

Then, if we are what we would teach, what cannot we attain to in this grand calling. Possibilities lie in us which, if commanded by Truth for Truth's sake, would make our power to uplift the divine in human souls unlimited. Are we not then called to go into all the world and preach this gospel to every living creature?

PERSONALS.

Miss Francis White, '95, is instructing enthusiastic and growing classes in Meriden, Conn, and Northampton, Mass. Her special subjects of instruction are Evolution of Expression and Physical Culture. Successful lectures prepared the way for these classes.

* * *

Mr. A. M. Harris, now teaching in Oberlin, Ohio, has just delivered a lecture upon "Shakespeare's Indebtedness to the Bible." Very favorable comments are made concerning his effort, by the Oberlin News.

* * *

Miss Mary Tice, '97, has been recently called home by the illness of her mother who has since died. Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to Miss Tice in her affliction. Her many friends hope for her early return to the College.

* * *

Miss Winifred Pearl Emery, '97, was married at her home, in Orange, Mass., Christmas eve., to Mr. William B. May. The good wishes of her College friends attend upon this earnest student.

* * *

Miss Ethel Whitcomb of Emerson College, Boston, recently gave recitations before the Woman's Club of Newton Centre. Two of her selections were from the writings of Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, i. e., "Old Mother Goose" and the sweet little story of "Mary Elisabeth." The audience was deeply moved by the wonderful reality of her conceptions. The pathos

and humor of this rarely gifted artist confined with a charm of manner, and a very attractive personality, gave the Club a very entertaining and profitable meeting. At the close, Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart Phelps (who was the honored guest of the Club) said, "The rendering was exquisite."

MRS S. A. SYLVESTER,

First vice-Prest. Woman's Club,
Newton Centre.

The Club has about three hundred members, and on this occasion the hall was full to overflowing.

Mrs. Cronkhite has been appointed chaperon of a party that is to sail from New York for a tour through some of the most interesting cities of Europe.

They expect to leave about June 1st and will devote the succeeding weeks to earnest study of all that may benefit those of refined tastes.

If any Emerson students wish to join this party or have friends who would like to do so, all information will be gladly furnished on application.

MRS. N. L. CRONKHITE.

Emerson College,

Cor. Tremont and Berkeley St.

Boston, Mass.

The Emerson College Club of Lynn met Friday evening, January 31, to elect officers for the ensuing year. Edith C. Noyes was chosen president, Catherine Campbell, vice president, Sadie P. Porter secretary, and Edith M. Whitmore treasurer. The club voted to arrange for a lecture by Professor Southwick to be given in March, and has already secured his service and mapped out the plan for the evening. In May last year this club gave an entertainment for the benefit of the building fund and realized forty dollars net. The proceeds of the coming lecture will be devoted to the same purpose.

All students in the college who live in Lynn, as well as all graduates, are invited to communicate with the club regarding membership and meetings.

EDITH M. WHITMORE.

For the E. C. O. Club of Lynn

Emerson College Magazine.

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CHARTS.

A chart of the Emerson System of the Philosophy of Expression has been prepared by Jesse M. Roberts, A. M. The chart gives an outline, with key-sentences, of the Sixteen Steps in Evolution, and the Sixteen Perfective Laws. The chart is highly recommended by Dr. Emerson, and is invaluable to all teachers of our work; though we would not recommend it to outside persons wishing to get a knowledge of the system, as a mere outline might be misleading. Charts will be sent on receipt of price to any address. Charts mounted on rollers, to hang on wall, \$1.00: unmounted 50 cents.

Address all communications to

BUSINESS MANAGER,

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE,

Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.



Rich. — "Mark where she stands:
Around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!

Richelieu, Act IV, Scene I.

HENRY L. SOUTHWICK as "Richelieu,"

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Be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer through the winter bud.
Tennyson.

Immediately following the editorials will be found a beautiful little article entitled "The Stream and its Lesson." It is an excellent illustration of the thought of our former Editor-in-Chief, Miss Alice F. Tourtellot, who has proved her ability as an Editor. Her plans for this volume of the Magazine, being built on her former experience and coupled with her excellent literary taste, would have made these pages more inviting. Although thwarted in her plans and restrained for the present from work which to her is most inviting, may opportunity yet indicate a pleasant path for her ready pen.

Look for Prof. Conant's article entitled "The Realm of Tone." Prof. Conant spent four years at Emerson College in order to learn the Emerson Philosophy of Expression and to adapt it to the teaching of piano. This work he has done most thoroughly. The Evolution of Expression is easily traced in music. And he who can apply it in his teaching, can multiply his results. One thing quite noticeable in this kind of teaching is that it is not tiresome to either teacher or pupil. The mechanical grind is wanting—results are obtained by such exercises and by such direction of the mind as give zest to all practice. There is a best method for doing everything that needs to be done.

Mention was made, in our last number, of Prof. Kidder's intention of publishing a text book on Vocal Physiology and Visible Speech. The book is now an accomplished fact. It is a neat, well bound volume of 176 pages, uniform in size and general style with the Evolution of Expression and the Perfective Laws, and is entitled "An Outline of Vocal Physiology and Bell's Visible Speech." This book deserves an extended review, but at present the briefest outline must suffice.

"Vocal Physiology teaches the position and action of the organs of speech while producing articulate sounds; Visible Speech symbolizes these positions and tells the accompanying action." "Each symbol makes visible a position, and has a definite sound value of its own which never changes." The following are named among the practical benefits to be gained from this branch of study: "Establishing a standard of pronunciation," "Overcoming defects of speech," "Mastering foreign languages," "Polishing the speech and training the ear." The elaboration of the system of symbols is

very clear, concise, and definite. There are forty diagrams which accurately illustrate the various symbols, and among them are diagrams of all the English consonants. To show the possibilities of symbolization, a paragraph in the chapter which treats of vowels, reads thus:

"Each of the thirty-six vowel symbols stand for definite positions of the articulative mould, and, consequently, for definite sounds; each of these sounds or vowels may be produced long or short in quantity, giving us practically seventy-two vowels: each of these seventy-two vowels may be modified by adding nasality (as is done in case of some French vowels), giving us 144. In some languages (among them, I believe, is the Japanese) are to be found a few aspirate vowels; so, if occasion required, we might aspirate all. Doing this would give 288 vowels."

One very serviceable feature is the insertion of charts of the English Elements as given in the four leading dictionaries — Webster, The Century, The Standard, and Worcester. These charts contain not only the elements with their diacritical marks, but also the corresponding Visible Speech symbols.

In all, the book contains 18 chapters, each of which bares directly upon some phase of this science. The conscientious care and thoroughness of Prof. Kidder are thus bodied forth in permanent form. And this branch of study will necessarily receive a new impetus, for no book of equal, practical value has been published on this subject.

The following letter, which we insert, explains itself, and is in itself the highest endorsement of Prof. Kidder's treatment of the science of "Universal Alphabetic."

1525 35th Street,
West Washington, D. C., Nov. 15, 1895.
MR. CHARLES W. KIDDER.

My Dear Sir,— My only desire in reference to "Visible Speech" is to see the system made use of without being tampered with. Your book, I am happy to say gives a perfectly honest presentation of the subject, and I should be sorry to let copyright stand in the way of its publication. I, therefore, willingly consent to your employment of the symbols in your work entitled "An Outline

of Vocal Physiology and Bell's Visible Speech."
With best wishes I am

Yours very truly.

A. MELVILLE BELL.

America is decidedly conservative. She is necessarily, not constitutionally so. A self-governing people learn to think thrice, to move with care. Petty reformers in all lines, by their impatience, show that they are near sighted. If the mountains are not immediately removed into the sea, they bluster against humanity as being faithless and inconsistent. But he who sees through things, who looks long enough at occurrences to discover tendencies, will attack mountain obstructions single-handed, waiting *serenely* but *actively*

For the slower pace
Of the human race.

We are advocates of reform in the methods of education, especially as applied to Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Elocution, Literature and Oratory. We most thoroughly believe that our system, which combines all these branches into an inseparable system, and which uses them all as factors in producing the one great end, *character*, is unequalled and unapproached by any other system of teaching these subjects. So we ask, Are there any auspicious tendencies in the educational outlook? Let us see.

Heavy gymnastics are gradually giving way to much lighter exercises and calisthenics. Many physicians in Europe and in America have concluded that it is more necessary to maintain "nervous equilibrium" than to secure great muscular development; and they believe that physical culture should be pursued in such a way that, instead of borrowing the energy of the future to pay taxes on present feats of strength, it should rather conserve and increase the nerve-force. A few teachers, who are far in advance of all others, are now aiming to cultivate the body in its relationship to the mind. The current is in the right direction, and we may take advantage of it.

In Voice Culture there is a groping toward the light. It is a groping, because most teachers insist that Voice Culture is a physical science—which, alas, is totally unscientific. He

alone *knows something* about "voice training" who teaches it as a *mental science*, who secures a perfect physical adjustment by having each pupil use such objects of thought as will reach his individual need. It is perfectly clear to any unprejudiced mind, that however incapable the soft palate may be, it stands no more in need of conscious manipulation than does a small-pox patient of a looking-glass. "Vocalizing" that substitutes vocal gymnastics and habitual "style" (*distortion*) of tone for the warm expression of a sincere heart, may not miss its mark; but it does fail to accomplish the true purpose of singing, which is to awaken in the mind of the audience a fuller experience of noble emotion and magnanimous aspiration. How many a well meaning teacher has taken all the language out of his pupil's voice! The cultured voice is a natural voice, and it speaks a universal language. Its mode of culture is the thinking and the expressing of great thoughts. He who can express high thoughts and who understands the method by which to secure an equal or greater result in the voice of another, is able to pull at the heart-strings and the purse-strings of the public. Expressiveness of voice will forever be at a premium.

Elocution can now stand erect. The teaching of Elocution is now—thanks to Emerson College—placed on a firm psychological basis. Is this kind of Elocution popular? We appeal to the list of attendance, to the enthusiasm of the classes, to the favor with which our graduates are received in other institutions of learning, to the appreciation of our efforts before critical Boston audiences. We might mention some other very significant facts, but we will refrain for the present. Acrobatic graces are catchy—but what do they catch? We know whereof we speak, when we assert that grace, that everything that pertains to artistic rendering is "from within, out." This theory appeals at once to educators. And when it is efficiently put into practice, it becomes a source of unusual delight to the student and very perceptibly quickens his power of application in other lines of study.

Literature and elocution are cultivating each others acquaintance. Prof. Corson's little book, "The Aims of Literary Study," is quite timely, and deserves a wide recognition. Prof. Corson is not alone in his belief that vocal interpretation is a necessary part of the study of literature. Let the good work continue! Elocution and literature wedded several yerrs ago at Emerson College.

There may be tricks in all trades, but there are no tricks in Oratory. An assumed "Position of Expectancy" by a would-be orator is a sure preventative of expectancy in the audience. They see such sights as disincline them to think upon the subject of discourse. He who would quicken in his audience the "strife after the unattainable" must, for the time, "live and move and have his being" in the truth he utters. This kind of oratory makes people think and feel and act. Nothing less than this has ever pleased the people. They may acquiesce for a while in the passtime of having their ears soothed with sonorous sounds and their eyes delighted with sweetly sensuous manipulations of the exterior man. But great, vital thoughts must be flashed into the mind to produce a lasting effect upon an audience. The people do not demand to be amused. They do demand to be led in thought and to be incited to action. If our work is, as we believe it to be, founded on universal principles of mind, then in so far as we obey these principles, will we be successful as orators. Success in any art means simply obedience to universal spiritual laws which underlie the creation of all art—yea of all life.

In all lines of art there is a "putting away of childish things," a refinement of taste, a subordination of means to end, which indicates a nobler conception of life, a purer devotion of all these arts to their mother art—"high right seeing," "high right living."

The real question then to be considered is not, Are the conditions favorable to the introduction of these new ideas and methods; but rather, Am I prepared to upbuild and uphold the dignity of my profession! Am I yet competent to deal directly with the destiny of human souls? (This the teacher of Oratory

must do) These are pertinent questions. They can be rightly answered only by an enlightened conscience.

THE STREAM AND ITS LESSON.

ALICE F. TOURTELLOT.

A bright, sparkling little Stream gushed down the side of a mountain. For years it had rushed on at its own sweet will, now playing at hide-and-seek among the rocks along its course, now madly tossing its spray high into the air, and anon winding and creeping into the crevice of some cave, only to emerge again in a moment bright and joyous as ever. Gladly all these years it had helped to carry health and fertility along its banks. Gladly it had gone on to join its brothers and sisters, helping thus to swell the big river which flowed on and on far out to sea. But one day this little Stream took on a willful mood, "I'm tired," it thought, "of this life of mine. Here I am hurrying on my way only to be swallowed up in that big river out there. I'd like to become a big River all myself, I think I'll go a new way." So little by little the Streamlet marked out a path for itself, off away from all the others, over a course not pretty at all, but which, in its willfulness, it pretended was so. By and by it came to a broad plane where it stopped. "I'll just stay here," it thought, "and then by and by all the smaller streams will come to me, and I shall grow and grow myself."

But O, what a change came over the pretty water! For no other springs and rills ever came down that way to nourish it. It could not, when it would, find its way onward. It could not return whence it had come. Slowly but surely it lost its bright, sparkling appearance, and grew stagnant and black. All life seemed gone from it, and the air around it grew chill and sunless. No sweet feathered songster ever came now to dip his bill in its cooling waters. Only rank weeds grew on its banks. Then truly the Stream was in great distress, and moaned and cried out, and would have altogether lost heart, had not the good Fairy of its waters come to the rescue. "O, Fairy," cried the Stream, "Let me go back to my brothers and sisters! Give me back my rocky home on the mountain side! Let me go

on to join the beautiful River, to become part of it, to find my life and happiness in it. Forgive me, and help me, Fairy!" And the good Fairy, pitying its grief and sorrow, showed it a path it had not seen before, whereby it might come out among all its friends; and now once again the Stream, sparkling, joyous as ever, went bounding madly on, having learned that only as it was willing to live for others, would it itself grow and find happiness.

"HAMLET" AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

PROF. SOUTHWICK IN THE TITLE ROLE.

The students and friends of Emerson College are again to enjoy the rare treat of hearing a scholarly interpretation of "Hamlet." Prof. Southwick has a very unusual intellectual grasp and spiritual insight which will make this a production of the highest merit. Definite information concerning time, place, and sale of tickets can be gained from the following announcement:

The success attending the recent production of "Othello" and "Richelieu" at the Boston Museum has led to numerous requests for their repetition during the present season. It has also been represented that large numbers of friends who would otherwise have been present have been unable to attend the productions because they have hitherto been given in the afternoon. Because of these suggestions, and the kindly and generous manner in which the dramatic productions of the Emerson College have been received by press and public, a committee has arranged for a production of "Hamlet," at the Boston Museum, Saturday evening, April 11, at 7.45 o'clock, with a cast substantially identical with that which presented Shakespeare's great tragedy a year ago. Seats now on sale at the Emerson College of Oratory; and at the Boston Museum, Monday, March 30. Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c., 50c., and 25c.

THE REALM OF TONE.

ALBERT F. CONANT.

When two bodies are brought into contact with each other an atmospheric vibration is established. This vibration acts upon certain auricular nerves, and produces a sensation which is called a sound. When atmospheric vibrations follow one another at regular intervals, and with sufficient rapidity, the sensation becomes continuous; the sound is prolonged,

and is called a tone. Noise is the result of vibrations following one another at irregular intervals. Tone is the result of vibrations following one another at regular intervals. The effect produced by any given number of vibrations a second is called the pitch of the tone. The pitch is said to be low or high according to the frequency of the vibrations. Individual vibrations are heard as such, until they attain the speed of sixteen per second, at which point they blend, and form the lowest tone that can be heard. When the vibrations number more than four thousand per second, the effect upon the ear ceases to be pleasant, and although tones having a higher pitch may be heard, they are not used in music. Musically speaking then, the Realm of Tone lies between sixteen and four thousand vibrations a second, and includes all tones within those limits. This is the whole in music.

The Parts. Tones may be heard in succession or combination. Discord is the result produced by the combination of tones in disobedience to the laws of acoustics. Music is the result produced by the succession or combination of tones in obedience to those laws. Any musical composition employing the tones C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, and no others, is said to be in the key of C. Let the lower C be considered a fundamental tone, and its vibrations per second be represented by 1. The upper C is said to be an octave higher: its vibrations per second are twice as numerous, and would therefore be represented by 2. The vibrations of these tones, together with the intermediate tones bear to one another the mathematical relations of $1, \frac{9}{8}, \frac{5}{4}, \frac{4}{3}, \frac{3}{2}, \frac{5}{3}, \frac{15}{8}, 2$. A key consists of a group of eight tones, whose vibrations bear to one another the above mathematical relations. Any tone may be taken as the fundamental tone of a key; and each key may be duplicated above and below, in as many octaves as the limits of the Realm of Tone will allow. The keys are the parts in the Realm of Tone.

Service of Keys. Each key has a distinct individuality of its own. For example, the key of two sharps (D) has the brilliancy of abounding physical vitality. Four flats (A flat) is pre-

eminently the key of pure sentiment. The natural key (C) is the most dignified and majestic of all. It is universal and masterful. The key of one flat (F) is contemplative and reposeful. It suggests authoritative intelligence. Minor keys partake of the character of their corresponding majors, but the effect of each is modified by a mournful element. Emerson students know that in gesture, the foot may express intellect, or the head action; but the foot will best express action, and the head intellect. So the key of A flat, for instance, may be used to communicate any emotion, but it will best express affection. Composers have recognized the individuality of different keys, and while exceptions are not infrequent, the majority of the great works are in appropriate keys.

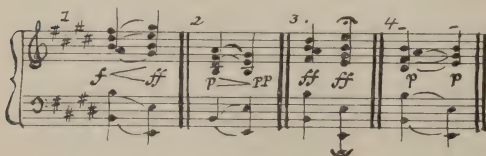
Relation of Keys. A landscape changes its aspect many times each day. The altitude of the sun, the intensity of its light, and the consequent cloud reflections combine to change the position and depth of the shadows, and to modify the coloring of every object. So a melodic thought may be seen in many aspects by presenting it in different keys, thereby modifying its significance in accordance with the individuality of each key. The passage from one key to another is called modulation, and may be effected in many ways. The chord of C major is found in three major and two minor keys. Through the possession of this chord in common, those keys are related: and since every major and every minor chord is common to five keys, the relationships are many and varied, and it becomes easy to pass from key to key. In the Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2, Chopin has given a most beautiful example of this by presenting a melody in seven keys, and has made the necessary modulations so naturally, it is difficult to determine just where any key ends and the next one begins.

Analysis of Keys. It has been discovered by experiment that the first, third, and fifth tones of any key sound well when heard in combination. The effect thus produced is called a chord. Chords are formed by the combination of not less than three tones. The first tone is called the root, and the chord receives its name

therefrom. Any tone may be taken as a root, and a chord constructed upon it by combining with it, its third and fifth. Chords are the parts of a key.

Service of Chords. Certain chords produce a joyful effect, which is called major; others are more mournful, and these produce minor effects. A calm, peaceful chord effect is named diminished; while the augmented chord is harsh and piercing. These are the four chief characteristics inherent in chords of three tones. Many subordinate effects are due to the relation of the chord to its key. For example, the chord of C is situated upon the first degree of the key of C, and upon the fifth degree of the key of F. In the key of C, it is vital and decisive; in the key of F, it is suggestive, and leads naturally to the chord of F. The service of a chord to its key is also largely dependent upon the relation its individual tones sustain to one another. (See below Relations of Tones.)

Relations of Chords. The tones C and E are found in the chords C major (C, E, G,) and A minor (A, C, E.) Through the possession of these tones in common, the chords are related, and it is easy to pass from one to the other. The relationship is the thought suggested or the emotion excited by the two chords when heard in succession. Since any two chords may be heard in succession, relations may be established between chords having but one, or even no tone in common. The effects thus produced through chord relations are almost infinite in number. As examples of chord connections, four ways of relating the same two chords are given below. The first is inspiring and represents Life. The second appeals to the Affections. The third is evidently the decision of a resolute Will; and the fourth symbolizes the Intellect as it holds a thought steadily before the mind, while contemplating its truth and beauty.



Analysis of Chords. Any two tones, heard successively or in combination, are said to form an interval. In the chord of C (C, E, G,) the tones C, E form an interval called a third. The same may be said of the tones E, G. Intervals are the parts of chords.

Service of Intervals. The interval C, E is joyful in effect, and is called a major third. The interval E, G is mournful in effect, and is called a minor third. Intervals, like chords, serve the whole by contributing to it the effect of their own individuality, modified somewhat by their position in the chord.

Relation of Intervals. Let the major third C, E be used as the foundation of a chord, and the minor third E, G be placed above it. The joyful element predominates and the effect is major. Again, let the minor third C, E flat be used as the foundation of a chord, and the major third E flat, G be placed above it. The mournful element predominates, and the effect is minor. In each case one major and one minor third were combined, but their relation to each other determined the effect of the chord.

Analysis of Intervals. The parts of intervals are single tones. Each tone contributes the effect of its pitch to the interval, and the relation between any two tones determines the nature of the interval they produce.

Service and Relation of Tones. The characteristics of tones as they appear in chords and keys offer a very inviting field for investigation. The root of a chord is vital and fundamental. A chord lacking the root in the bass is comparatively weak. It has no foundation. The effect of a chord with the third omitted is neither major nor minor. The third gives character to a chord, and may be said to supply the moral element. Without it a chord sounds empty and void of purpose. The fifth corresponds to intellect. It is obvious these tones may stand in different relationships. Any chord in which the root is in the bass and soprano (1, 3, 5, 1,) is strong, decisive, and conclusive. (See last chord in example 3.) If the third is in the soprano (1, 5, 1, 3,) and is approached from the tone above, the chord is modified by a benevolent element. (See last

chord in example 2.) If approached from below, it represents vital aspiration, the very life of the soul. (See last chord in example 1.) If the fifth is in the soprano (1, 1, 3, 5,) the effect is contemplative. The thought is held steadily as if for intellectual scrutiny. (See last chord in example 4.)

Carry these thoughts into the relations of tones to their keys, and new correspondences appear above the musical horizon. In the kindergartens, colors have recently been associated with tones, as an aid to memory. The first tone in a key is red, the third tone, yellow, and the fifth, blue. In a recent Saturday lecture, Dr. Emerson showed the relation between colors and states of mind. He said that red appeals to the sensibilities in a vital way; yellow appeals to the will through the affections, and is benevolent; and blue suggests mystery and appeals to the intellect. Comparing this with what has been said above, it is clear that the first tone in a key (vital) corresponds to red; the third, (moral) to yellow; and the fifth, (intellectual) to blue: and thereby the correspondence adopted by the kindergartens is justified. Continuing this train of thought we find the introduction of blue into yellow produces green. In the responsive work at the Emerson College, the result of intellect in will is purpose. As green is the connecting link between blue and yellow, so a lofty purpose leads from the intellectual appreciation of good to the performance of moral acts. From time immemorial musicians have felt that the fourth tone in any key led to the third. (See the four examples above, where the A, which is number four in the key of E, passes to G sharp, which is number three in the same key.) If the fifth tone be blue, and the third, yellow, then the fourth tone corresponds to green, and also to that attribute of the soul which leads to an habitual choice of the good. Similar processes of reasoning will show the second tone to correspond to orange, the union of yellow and red. Will in life results in courage. This explains why the key of D is so brilliant. (See Service of Keys, above.)

The sixth tone in a key is dark blue or in-

digo. The seventh in any chord or key is always suggestive, never conclusive. It imperatively demands continuance along lines suggested by its individuality. The minor seventh is violet, through the admixture of a little red with the blue. Life in the intellect is perception; and as the minor seventh (counting from the fundamental tone in any key) always effects a modulation into a new key, so the perceptions constantly enter new fields of discovery, and result in the acquisition of hitherto unknown truths. The major seventh is a rich, deep purple. The proportions of the colors being reversed, blue in red corresponds to intellect in life which is intuition; and as musicians have invariably considered the major seventh a "leading tone," resolving itself into the first tone of the octave above, so the intuitions, organized upon a spiritual plane, lead the mind into the perception of a higher life.

In an article of this description, the treatment of the subject is necessarily fragmentary. Perhaps, however, enough has been said to show that a definite correspondence exists between tones, colors, and mental states. The time will come, when, in the history of music, this correspondence will be recognized, and applied in detail. The master-pieces of musical literature, analyzed in this new light, will reveal the thoughts as well as the emotions of the great composers; and to the ennobling influence which music now exerts upon the soul through the feelings, will be added a more intellectual and scientifically exact apprehension of its significance.

HOW EVOLUTION EVOLVES.

The work in the Evolution of Expression is a cultivation of sixteen definite habits, or habitual mental activities. Habit is a readiness and facility in the performance of some action, resulting from its frequent and conscious repetition.

There are two things to be remembered about habit: first, that to be quickly acquired the act must be frequently repeated in the full glare of consciousness; second, that as the habit becomes more fixed and strong, less and less con-

sciousness is required for its performance, and consequently, more and more is released and at the disposal of the performer. The direction and use of this released consciousness is of vital importance to the student since upon it depends the development or dissipation of his powers of expression.

At the beginning all the available consciousness or attention is employed in a simple, unguided, vital response in thought, feeling and expression to the central idea of the selection; but each succeeding repetition of this mental activity requires less consciousness to support it. What becomes, then, of the residue that has been freed from duty? It must go somewhere, cling to something, and if we do not immediately find it something to do, it is very liable to resort to that haven of unemployed consciousness—self.

The released consciousness must be attracted back to the central idea and utilized in maintaining a continuous interest, and preparing the coming thought for its expression. Thus the bulk of consciousness is gradually transferred and is used to fix the new habit of readiness.

As this habit grows strong the released attention is employed in an appreciation of the extent and value of the thought, and thus it goes on, annexing more and more territory and establishing in each conquered mental state a stable and economic system of self-government, with lofty ideals and unbounded possibilities. The requisites for the conquest are concentration, repetition, intelligent direction and plenty of hard work.

C. B. B.

SYMPOSIUM CONTINUED.

THE BREADTH OF THE WORK AT
EMERSON COLLEGE, AS VIEWED
BY SOME OF HER GRADUATES.

THE ORATOR'S POWER.

BY REV. B. F. KIDDER PH. D.

Ralph Waldo Emerson never uttered a profounder truth than when he said: "The soul knows only the soul." Things which appear are only the symbols by which the mind which created them seeks to reveal itself to other minds. And he who has learned to discern

only things visible is yet blind in the midst of a world of spiritual realities.

The orator's great mission is to open the eyes of the mind, to awaken souls, till they arise and put forth their powers.

The orator deals only with souls; and his own soul is the measure of his power. He speaks; but however beautiful the word, it is only an instrument. His soul is the hand upon the hilt of this sword which directs its aim and, gives it power. His personal presence may be impressive; but it can be expressive only of the soul within. A corpse may look beautiful. By means of the galvanic battery, it may be made to perform certain movements. But what do those movements reveal? Form, bearing, gesture, the whole outer life, are only interpreters that help the spoken word to reveal the soul of the orator to the souls of his hearers. And if the spoken word is parrot speech, and if the gestures of the orator are the jerkings of a corpse, as some manipulator presses the galvanic button, it will not take the living soul of the hearer very long to detect the ghastly farce and repudiate both the speaker and his words. *Genuineness, sincerity of soul, is at the foundation of the orator's power.*

No system of education is worthy of the name which does not rest upon *truth as an experience and upon benevolence as an active principle*. Truth is for the mind. If there were no mind there could be no truth. Truth is the life, the operation, the conscious experience of the Divine Mind. Truth as an experience is the soul's only possible qualification for the fellowship of God and the service of God. And the soul's only possible service of God is the service which man renders to his fellowmen. The orator serves his fellow men by awakening their minds to the truth. But he cannot communicate what he does not know; he cannot impart what he does not possess; he cannot lead others to a higher mental, or moral, or spiritual plane than that which he himself occupies. Truth as an experience in his own soul must forever be the orator's supreme qualification.

The Divine Mind does not hold truth for

itself alone. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Every act of the Divine Creator is a revelation of the Divine Mind. No soul that has entered into divine experiences that has come to be possessed by the truth, ever holds truth for self alone. The orator seeks to share his divine possessions with other minds. Love, the love of the truth and the love of his fellow men, impels him to do this. *Benevolence is an active principle in the soul of every orator.* The orator's interest in the welfare of his hearers draws him to them and draws them to him. Love conquers by giving itself. The orator pours out his soul for others. And the more he gives, the more he has left to give. The fountain within him is fed from the eternal springs of truth and goodness — good will toward men. Christ's words, "I am come that they might have light and that they might have it more abundantly," belong not more to theology than to the philosophy of every day life. He was wholly obedient unto the truth. He loved men more than he loved his own life. In every word that he spoke his soul went out to other souls. From the purely humane stand-point, he was incomparably the greatest teacher, the greatest orator, who ever lived, because he perfectly fulfilled the conditions of the teacher's, the orator's powers — truth as an experience and benevolence as an active principle.

The Emerson College of Oratory has achieved its unparalleled successes because it has yoked its car to these divine forces. *Its work begins with the soul. Its ultimate good is the welfare of souls.* It expects no culture, no excellence, no development of power that does not come through the mind, using the word in its largest spiritual meaning. It puts character at the foundation of achievement. It makes the soul the orator's throne room. From this point he directs his armies and administers the affairs of his kingdom. All makeshift and mimicry are abomination to him. He is dealing with souls. Truth out of a soul that loves the truth and loves his fellow men, is his only weapon. By this he conquers. Truth bap-

tised with love is his only sceptre. By this he reigns; and living souls are his only subjects.

THE WORK OF EMERSON COLLEGE IN RELATION TO EXTEMPO- RANEOUS SPEAKING.

BY FRED M. BLANCHARD.

The life of the Universe we call God. Whatever else God may be, he is certainly Power. We can conceive of no power beside. Man, as the child of God, has within his soul an instinctive desire for power, together with an unconquerable tendency Godward; and it is our inspiration to believe that life is to foster this tendency and lead us daily to greater heights.

As we look down into the dim light of the primitive days of man, we see him contending with the lower animals for supremacy. How bitter must have been the conflict while brute force remained his only weapon. One day, man learned to outwit his enemy by the use of a superior brain and a greater activity of mind. From that day to this, the lower animal has been his slave.

Humanity multiplied in the earth. Families grew to races. The question of supremacy was raised again, no longer between man and the lower animals, but between families, nations and races; between man and man. From that day to this the conflict has raged. Seas have been filled with blood and mountains reared of the bones of slaughtered humanity, and still no answer. The seers and prophets of many centuries cried out against this useless strife, but no one heard their voice. At last, came one who, standing on a mountain top that surveyed all worlds, cried, "Peace on earth! Good will to men!" A few heard and wondered, while the sword fell and gave place to thought. They told others, and one by one these withdrew from the fray. Little by little the noise of battle died away. Men clasped hands across the breach and called each other brother.

Did the desire for power end? No, nor ever can; but the lesson of true power was set

for us to learn — the power of love. Henceforth we know there can be no true power but Good. If we would have power, we must become Good and give ourselves to others.

This leads us to the life and aspiration of the true orator.

Who has not sat at the feet of a great orator and, with glowing cheek and hungry heart, longed for such power as his to lift men farther toward Divinity — to reflect truth from the Infinite to the souls of men? How can one acquire such power? First, by such daily thinking and living as to evolve the great man; and, secondly, by such training as to enable him to give himself most completely to others. *To be and to express* are the twin functions of the orator.

If the orator's power is to be measured by his ability to control the thoughts, feelings and purposes of others, there is no doubt that that power is at its climax when he speaks extemporaneously, in direct contact with the minds of his audience. By extemporaneous speaking, we do not mean speaking without preparation. In a strict sense, one cannot speak at all without preparation; for no one is able to tell what he does not know. Knowledge is necessary to rational speech. For the purpose of this article, extemporaneous speaking means speaking from a *most careful preparation of the thought*, but not of the language of a discourse. This method of address is preferable to any other, for several reasons; first, it keeps the speaker within the limits of his own knowledge, it insures the most careful preparation, while at the same time, it gives abundant room for tact in adaptation; most of all, it insures that, without which no orator can succeed, intense present activity of mind, upon the subject considered, while before an audience.

Let us now consider the relation of the work done at Emerson College to the great power of extemporaneous speaking. When do we begin to acquire this coveted ability? The very first day. When do we reach the end of possibility in that line? Never. It stretches on into the infinite future, ever more alluring and promis-

ing. It goes hand in hand with personal growth.

The various departments of the college work may be all brought under two heads: Cultivation of power *to think* and *to express*. So closely are even these allied, that they very often seem to both have root in our system of Physical Culture. Why should this be? Because, without health of body there can be no real and permanent health of mind, or vigor of thought. Through Physical Culture a high state of health is reached, the best possible presence is attained, and the parts of the body are so developed and related that the resulting *freedom* and *unity* of action has, when supplemented by an obedient voice, only to be commanded by the mind, to insure perfect expression.

In cultivating the voice, the first thing to do is to find it. So full are the ears with the sound of supposed "fine voices," that the pupil too often fails to realize that he has the best voice in the world, for him, if he could only learn its free use. This voice, once discovered, can be controlled and developed till it becomes the faithful servant of its owner — the true reporter of his states of mind.

Conjointly with physical and voice culture, there is carried on in the Evolution of Expression, regular and systematic work in the presentation of the best thoughts of master minds. The very first day at Emerson College, the pupil confronts an audience of several hundred people whom he is expected to animate with the vigor of his own thought. Here is an inestimable advantage possessed by a large school, — the pupil always has an audience. The student has so carefully prepared the thought of his author, that, although for the greater part using the words of another, he may almost be said to speak his own thoughts, certainly he makes them his own, and speaks, while he thinks them anew, with all the power at his command; for the purpose of influencing his audience to think and feel as he does. Step by step, the pupil is carried on by the energy of his own thought, under guidance of his teacher, through the periods of growth com-

mon to all humanity in relation to *art*; the *colossal*, the *effective*, the *realistic* and the *suggestive*. All along, whether he is dealing with the whole, a part, or parts in their relation to the whole or to each other, there are two never failing criteria which he must satisfy; he must think rightly, and he must affect his audience according to the definite purpose contained in what he has to say.

The average student reaches the suggestive period of growth by the end of the first year; and the second year, strives to satisfy the exacting criteria of the Perfective Laws of Art. Here, as before, clear and vigorous thinking to definite and immediate ends, is the demand which the pupil must meet at every appearance. His work is now, for two years, subjected to the most rigid criticism as to its artistic worth in affecting the human mind according to the purpose of the speaker.

But only the technical side of the Emerson College training has thus far been mentioned. Without doubt, the greatest growth in the student is personal, along the line of character. Human life is the study from first to last. The philosophy of life is the philosophy of the orator at Emerson College; and no principle is taught there that is not rooted in the universal, and related directly to humanity. It has been remarked that the Emerson graduates are inclined to make their work into a complete philosophy of life. Such a statement is misleading and distorts the fact. There is a philosophy of life taught at Emerson college, which is as broad and deep as life itself; and upon this, and harmonizing with it, is built the New Philosophy of Education in Oratory. The principles underneath belong to all time; but their application to the teaching of Oratory, originated, so far as is known, with President Emerson.

Realizing that in the degree that one understands humanity will he succeed as an orator, the riches of Shakespeare are opened to the student during the last two years of his course. No less than six of the great dramas are thus dramatically interpreted by all for the great lessons in life there to be gained. From the

study of Shakespeare, as perhaps from few other sources, ideals are gained, sympathy grows broad and life appears as it really is. We love the good and hate the evil, while, at the same time, we pity the evil doer.

It will be apparent to the most casual observer that the work outlined above is the best possible training to develop the extemporaneous orator; in that it aims continually at health, a responsive body, truthful voice, and the power of concentrated, logical, effective thinking before an audience, and a comprehensive knowledge of human life. These are fundamental requisites in the equipment of every orator, and pre-eminently of him who would speak extemporaneously. If with such training he fails, there is then no other road — he must be born again, for no man's permanent power as an orator can be greater than the man.

DIVINE LOVE AND ITS RELATION TO ORATORY.

BY PRESIDENT EMERSON.

[From stenographic reports.]

I have a compliment for the present Senior Class. It has asked me a question that was never asked me before. I think it is a more searching question than was ever asked me before. It is certainly a question which grew out of their earnestness, their fidelity, and their success in their studies. In the Perfective Laws there is a chapter which we call the Tenth Law of Art applied to Oratory, namely, the real, or Reality. The Senior class in studying this chapter sent a request to me, that I should not only tell them what Reality was, which I had been teaching them, but that I should also tell them the meaning of that which I gave as a definition of Reality. Reality, when we get down to that rock beneath which we cannot go, is Love.

Finally, after many days of study and thoughtfulness, their President, representing the class, asked me if I would give a definition of Love; that is to say, elaborate, to a considerable extent, the definition I had given, because Love is a word sometimes used in such a way that it

is freighted with deepest meaning, and at other times used in such a careless way as to indicate some different meaning, and again to indicate, perhaps only a passing state of mind.

I replied to the President that I could not give an exhaustive definition. Definitions are dangerous things. I can no more give a satisfactory definition of Love than I can of Truth—what is Truth? who can define it?—no more than I can give a definition of life. The most we can do is to make approaches to definitions, by suggesting thoughts which open the mind, so that each one will find a definition for himself, or at least words by which to express what he means. I do not know that I should venture, in a single sentence, even an approach to a definition of that which is so great, that which is infinite in its scope. But as applied to man, perhaps it is safe to say, that *Love is that state of mind which continuously desires the well being and happiness of all conscious beings*, and I think even this sometimes narrows the meaning.

I think nothing less than Being — Universal Good — fully expresses what I mean, but for the sake of getting at definite points I will say for the present, that Love is that state of mind which desires the welfare and happiness of all conscious beings. It is not merely a theory, this matter of Love; it is a life; it is a fountain ever flowing; it is not a passing state, — something to take on and put off; it is not a rememberer of itself, it remembers others; it is not a desire to be ministered to by others, but an all absorbing impulse of the faculties of one's being to serve the welfare of others. There is no merit either Christian or moral in self forgetfulness, as such. This is not the end. Self forgetfulness, I say, is only a negative virtue. When a person's desire for another's welfare has made him forget all his own, then his self forgetfulness has merit.

I promised you that today I would speak of Love and its relationship to Oratory, but I shall take the most of the time in trying to suggest what Love embraces, and leave it to the Senior class work to speak more specifically of its application to Oratory, though some things may

be suggested in this direction today.

There is no literature on this subject that more fully specifies what Love is than texts in the New Testament. I cannot turn there without seeing something about religion and the relation of religion to Love. This question is often asked: "Has such a person experienced religion?" This question, in itself considered, does not mean very much. You could ask this of almost any person in the world and, perhaps, be answered in the affirmative. Men are born with a tendency to religion; nearly all peoples have experienced religion. Of course there have been some people who were so low in mental development, so near the animal and in some respects beneath many animals, that there is no indication that they have experienced religion. But these are the only exceptions we know anything about. It is possible that the human race was once as far down in the realm of development as this, but to-day we are not to discuss this phase of evolution.

It is safe to say, in general, that the Christian has experienced religion, that the Jew has experienced religion, that the Mohammedan has experienced religion, that the Hottentot—no matter what his condition may be—has experienced religion. The question that engages us as Christians is, *what* religion? The religion of men has always suited their state; in other words, their state has exactly fitted their religion. Many times their religion has not been of a kind to elevate them, even if they obeyed its precepts.

Our question today would be, what is the Christian religion? It is not necessary for me to define it. I will turn to the best interpreter outside of Christ himself,—I will give his own interpretation a little later. If I should turn to Timothy, 1st Chapter and 4th verse, what would I find? "The end of the commandment is love out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience and of faith unfeigned." If I turn again to Romans, the 13th Chapter, what should I find? "Owe no man anything, but to love one another, for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law"—that is, the law concerning that person, of course. And this is more sweeping: "For

this thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not covet."

His mind here seems to stop and survey the whole heavens, and he concludes by saying: "And if there be any other commandment, is it briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" Then he goes on to expatiate upon love, that is, upon its manifestation, not attempting to define it, except through its manifestation. Then what is the final purpose in the Christian religion? It is to love others as we love ourselves. In fact, it points, in its spirit, to something higher than this—vastly higher than loving others as we love ourselves—of loving them so much better than we love ourselves that we forget ourselves entirely. This is the end and this is the spirit of it.

God has been and is man's ideal, and this ideal has risen as man's mind has risen to perceive it. God has not changed. God has not developed and unfolded into higher being, but as the race has progressed, conception of Him has constantly unfolded. Man's ideal of God has become so high in the civilized, or strictly Christian world, that this Ideal Being has become a reality to our consciousness. Would you and I, knowing Him, dare, when conscious of His presence, to disobey His command and tell Him so to His face? If He could become present to us, even to our bodily senses, would we wish to injure Him? Would we dare to injure Him? On the other hand, would there not fall upon us such a sense of the sacredness of the Divine presence, that we could not injure Him if we would, and certainly we would not if we could.

A man may have a disposition to injure that which his theory pronounces holy, but when he *senses* that holiness, has he the slightest disposition to injure it? Suppose every time I meet a person there falls upon me such a sense of holiness, inspired by the thought of God's presence, that I am lost in worship—could I do aught but love that person? Remember that true worship of God begets love of man. Remember that the eye of Heaven is upon that person and that when you injure him you injure Christ who is

God; it is recorded in letters that will never fade, what you do to him you do to God. Suppose I turn away from my friend to yonder bitter enemy of mine who seeks, day and night, to injure me, and when coming into the presence of this man I should hear a voice saying: "Remember what you do to him, you do to Him who created him." What would I think and how would I feel? Would there not come into my perception that which would inspire me with reverence and make me feel that I should put off the shoes from off my feet, because standing near Him, I should be standing on holy ground.

But do men represent all conscious being? Are not all animals not only conscious of pain, but also conscious of pleasure? He who lives a religion of love according to the interpretation of the New Testament feels that he would not willingly injure animals. Those blazing eyes of Omniscience, looking through all the past and all the future, seeing everything as now, are turned right on that sparrow you shot in your vacation last summer. How dare you go to the Adirondacks and shoot a deer for pleasure? I am speaking of doing these things for mere pleasure. How dare you catch a trout from yonder brook for the mere pleasure of it? We are in a holy world; we are in a world where God is, and the sensitiveness of every animal is near the heart and the life of God. When I walk through my barn, which contains perhaps thirty head of cattle, and look into their eyes, I see that He is looking out of their eyes. These are dear to His heart. I must keep them as His cattle; I must love my cattle as being His cattle.

Let me turn to the Bible which teaches, in effect, that the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters do the sea, and there shall be nothing to hurt or molest in all his holy mountain, and his mountain shall fill the whole earth. I have read this for many years, but within the past few years I have been made very happy to see that others, who would not read this book as I do, were beginning to believe it, by studying another book which for a long time was a comparatively atheistic book, namely, science. I would refer you to

Prof. Drummond's book, "The Ascent of Man," for I wish all those who think to read it. In this book he uses the word "Altruism." What does altruism mean? It means just what I have been talking about—love for the welfare of others, working for the welfare of others—not as a great cold principle, not for a reward, but that you may fulfill the essence of your being.

What is Drummond's line of thought? He goes back to the chemical world and rises, in his studies and explanations, into the vegetable kingdom, still onward and upward, he rises from the vegetable to the animal kingdom. Now through the long road he travels, he looks at every track of the animal, looks at the way animal life develops, looks at the development of his body, his instincts, until by and by, he finds that even the animal kingdom is pointing right straight to altruism,—that is, love for others; he finds love organized into the laws that govern matter. Science is no longer atheistic.

Finally, as he deals with man in his more visible ascent, he shows that every step he rises in the scale of his being he comes nearer and nearer to love for others,—not for himself but for others, others, others—so fully that there is room for no other thought. He lives no longer for himself but wholly for others. What an idea! We can trace this progress in nature. Oh yes, prophets and apostles, you tell us nothing in the Bible that the great universe outside this book could not tell us, if we only had eyes to read it. But what have you done? You have anticipated for man the slow tread of evolution for untold ages and brought to man's vision the end from the beginning.

The Bible itself, from Genesis to the gospels, seems like an evolution. I find, at first, men and nations seeking for themselves, and then men and nations beginning to think of other men and other nations, and so it goes on up to the time when man shall forget himself and his nation and remember at last only the good of the human race.

The whole world has been asking, Who is God that I should obey him? What is He? A

God of vengeance, a God of justice, or a God of truth? He is a God of love. He is not beneficent; He is beneficence itself. He is not good; He is goodness itself.

God is no longer a being that asks all men to bow down to Him and worship Him as slaves worship a master, but he says, "Come unto me and learn of me, * * * my yoke is easy and my burden is light." He no longer saves men for his own monarchical glory, nor damns them for his own monarchical glory. He lives for them. He works in all known laws, for this world is not without a God. Its laws are not without a God. Omnipotent love has put an almighty hand right on the very forces of eternal and universal laws and is working them to what end? To the end of bringing us to Christ. So all natural laws are schoolmasters to bring the human race to the divine Being.

"Do I believe in the judgment day?" "When will that day be?" It never began and it will never end. The judgment is now, the books are open, not only upon which to record, but from which to judge. You are not merely to dread a future judgment. Judgment is proceeding now. The most glorious picture of the judgment day which can ever be seen through the intellect is given us in the 25th chapter of Matthew, where the King of the Universe assembles all people, and divides them, putting a certain portion on his right hand and a certain portion on his left. Let us look at this picture to see what the vital point is. What is its purpose? This picture of the last judgment, so-called, is for the purpose of showing to every man and woman by what test he or she is to be judged by Almighty God in the last judgment.

What are the questions which are asked? Let us for convenience, put it into earthly form. Suppose I want to know whether you are in a condition for glory. What shall I ask you,—if you had certain sufferings, certain dreads, certain horrors, certain other things; and then if you have had another kind of emotion the opposite of that? No, no. This is not the test. "Are you a Mohammedan?" This is not the test. "Do you believe in the theory of the Jews?" This is not the test. "Do you be-

lieve in predestination?" This is not the test. "Are you a Baptist, are you a Congregationalist, are you a good Hallelujah Methodist; are you a Universalist, are you a Unitarian?" Never such a question.

How men in reading this chapter of Matthew slip by the vital point, upon which all in life and religion depends. "You have done something to Me," saith God; "you have done something to Me." "Why, Lord, what have we done to Thee? We never saw Thee." "I was naked and ye clothed me." "I never saw you shivering with cold." "I was hungry and ye gave me of the food ye had, whether it was much or little. I was sick and ye took care of me." Just think of it; God shivering with cold and hunger; God sick. Let us bring this right home, and you will see what we mean. There is no glossing this over; there is an eternal judgment going on to-day. I wish the scream of the prophet, in regard to this matter, would pour forth from every pulpit and prayer-meeting in the land.

The judgment is set, the books are open; what think you of God's word? It is a terrible, awful test;—oh, how searching!—but there is no getting around it. Here is what the scripture says, is the final test. "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me." You think those were very wicked Jews who instigated the crucifixion of Christ and very wicked Romans who nailed him to the cross. They did do something indescribably wicked. But are you not doing the same thing in spirit? "But," you reply, "I love Him; I think highly of Him, I think he is the Christ, the Son of the living God, the second person in the God-head, in the Trinity." But what do you unto him? "Why, I worship Him. I honor Him; I preach his word; I attend the prayer meeting. I read a chapter every day." But this is not the final test. The question is, what have you done to the man who works for you? What have you done to the man who performs your daily labor for you? Can you meet your hired man or your hired woman and say, "I have, to the best of my ability, treated you as if you

were Christ" Can you do it?" Have you done it in your looks, in the upward curve, rather than the downward curve of your lip; in the tones of your voice?

Oh, we are in a holy world, I repeat. This test stares us in the face. "But," you say, "I think this is rather sentimental. It may be in the Bible; you may interpret it out of the Bible. But I have not taken much pains to read the Bible; I have been through college; I have been chiefly interested in science." I say again, read the highest revelations of science. That tells you the same thing. Are there not laws governing nature, and are they not irresistible? Are they not, so far as you and I can discover, omnipotent? Law is one, though there are many different forms of it. Every form of law is operating upon man; it seizes on yonder particles of dust; it takes hold of the stars and influences the planets; it takes hold on all these powers of earth and all the heavenly bodies.

Our great Concord philosopher said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." Ralph Waldo Emerson, our wagons are hitched there, figuratively speaking. All the powers that surround me are hitched to the universal forces of nature. The earth as it swings around so noiselessly through space, at the rate of seventy thousand miles an hour, carrying the moon along at the same time—seems simply to be moving endlessly round and round its orbit, and swinging around yonder luminary. But is this all? There *seems* to be no more motive in creation, in the forces and movements of it, than there is in those who drive around Hyde Park in London. As I sit there I see a pair of gray horses—fat, I am glad to say, dock tailed, I am sorry to say—go around the Park; a fat man and a fat woman are in the carriage, and some of the younger members, as well. Trot, trot, trot. If I sit there long enough I will see them go right around the same spot half a dozen times. They seem to go on everlastingly—but to what end? I cannot see any end at all.

When I think of the planets moving through their orbits around the sun, I may see, if I am short sighted, nothing at all. But let me put

on the glasses of science and what do I see? I see to some end. The very trumpets of heaven cry, "To what end?" To the end of bringing all created persons to a state where they shall live for the sake of others. This, young man, is science. You are not here to study oratory after my fancy nor after any other person's fancy. You are here to study the laws that make for oratory, to obey the laws that make for oratory. What is the end of oratory as a study? The same as the end of man, namely, to love God through loving human beings; to serve God through serving human beings.

If I am an orator, what am I to do? I must deal with the mental constitution of people. I must understand the laws that govern men. I can reach no man's mind except through the law that governs it. If I am reaching your mind at this moment, I am reaching it through a law that governs it, not according to my fancy, nor according to any trick of mine. There is something that will last longer than a trick; something that will never wear out,—and that is law.

Before me is an audience of four or five hundred people. You have been brought up in different places. You are here representing almost every state in this Union; not only so, but some of you, represent the British Provinces. Here is one from Armenia, so that we have students from many parts of the world. How am I to speak to you each week at this hour? You are brought up differently, representing different kinds of society, representing entirely different kinds of environments and yet if I am an orator, I must talk to you all, so each will hear me in the language in which he was born. What is that language? It is the language of your nature—the laws of your being.

Why, there have been people, a good many of them, who came to this college thinking they were going to learn some trick by which to be eloquent, or by which to be thought to be eloquent. Some one asked me the other day what he could do to develop one particular muscle of his arm, so that he could suggest more power. What should I answer? Work

for unity, unity, unity, in all the parts, so that every member shall spring into the arena and work in concert with the other members to a given end! There are laws that govern these things. You cannot become an orator by developing this one muscle or that one muscle, by lifting up the soft palate or lowering the larynx. It must be done by every member of one's being coming into service for the good of men. Love is the dominant power of this world.

What are you doing for others? If I should ask many persons, who claim to have experienced religion, whether it had brought them nearer to each other than before, or whether they felt that in doing for others they were doing for God, they would perhaps answer me as an old deacon did not many months ago, who said, "If this is Christianity I am not a Christian." We are going away around and around this matter, instead of striking right home. What is religion? Come right down to this one thing. Do you do in the name of the Lord all the good you can for your fellow beings? If you do, then you are a Christian.

Let me refer to one more text—the 13th chapter of Corinthians—before I leave you. The writer was well born and well bred, notwithstanding he says he was born out of due season. There is wonderful inspiration in his letters. What does he say? "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." What does he mean by "tongues of men and of angels?" In all the beauty of speech. This applies to you who are studying oratory;—though you speak with the tongues of men and of angels, you will not be successful in oratory, if you lack love. "And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not love, I am nothing." You can do nothing for anybody unless you have love. You may be fully versed in the principles pertaining to your subject, yet you can do nothing unless love is the spring out of which all your energies flow.

This is not all he says, for he is very discriminating: "Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains"—and that is great faith. I believe there is no limit to the power of faith, and the more we believe in it the better. But if this faith does not lead you to look into human beings far enough to where you can see something lovable, then your faith is vain. Now, you and I are so constituted that we cannot love that which we do not see to be lovable. Who is to blame, then, for not loving? The blame is that you do not exert your faith to see into others. Jesus Christ never loved anything that did not seem to him to be lovable. He loved his enemies because he saw something in them to be loved. He had that penetration. This is the test of faith.

But here is something which tries us a little more closely; "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and yet have not love, it profiteth me nothing." "How could a person give all his goods to feed the poor and yet not have love?" "It is not the feeding of the poor that constitutes you a Christian. "What is it then?" It is the feeding disposition. It is the impulse which causes you to feed them. Then, if that impulse be followed, the feeding is the fruit of it and that impulse, so far, indicates your love. Suppose I ask half a dozen persons to help the poor, and say that they shall have remission of their sins; suppose under these circumstances they bestow their last dollar. I do not think that the bestowal of the dollar, under such circumstances, would prove that they had love for anybody but themselves. Now, some persons understand that they ought to give to the poor; so on certain days they give so many dollars to feed the poor in Boston. "I give more than I am really able to," they will say, "but then, I am not going to be considered selfish."

Let me bring you a picture for a moment, and with this I will close. There is a little child, hungry, neglected, ragged and dirty. I sit here in comfort and see her. I am a Christian, a member of the church, and go through all the ceremonies incumbent thereupon. I give so much, out of charity, and Miss So-and-

So, who is attending to the charities goes and looks after this child. This child wants a tender word. I am a motherly sort of woman, I think, but I have other things to attend to, and so I give my dollars to have the child looked after.

What actuated the giving of that dollar? Was it love for that little dirty girl, or was it that you might stand well in your own estimation, as well as in the estimation of others, in attending to the common charities.

I would like to see enough of the mother-love in you so that you would call the little one with her dirt and rags into your parlor, not merely to gratify your curiosity to see how the little child would stare at your furniture and your pictures. I would like to see you take her in your arms and say to her: "Here, my little darling, I will give you a bath myself, I will put on warm clothing with my own hands." Do not give by proxy if you can help it. Your dollar is good, but you will not prove yourself a Christian, until you give *yourself* with your dollar.

GREAT DRAMAS PRESENTED.

SHAKESPEARE BY EMERSONIANS.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE IN THE STAR COURSE
AT MUSIC HALL AND AT LYNN.

Again our faculty and fellow students have entertained, delighted and inspired us by their artistic presentation of Shakespeare's great play. After witnessing their scholarly production of Othello and Richelieu, our ideals were very high, and they were fully realized.

We were not, however, prepared for the ease with which the stately lines were heard throughout the immense hall. At first, some in the body of the house were unable to hear, owing doubtless to the stir and bustle of seating those who came tardy, but to us who sat way back in the balcony, every word came clear as a bell.

Knowing the architecture of Music Hall, one would naturally think it would be difficult in many ways, to present such a play there, but if our friends were handicapped by the inadequacy of stage setting or other surroundings, they did

not communicate it to us nor did it show in their work.

That our favorable opinion of the performance is fully endorsed by professional critics will be readily seen in the following clippings from the Boston papers.

Boston Times.

The entertainment in the Star course last Monday evening was a novelty in this series which has thus far consisted of concerts and lectures; it was Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," given by faculty and students of the Emerson College of Oratory, and proved so enjoyable that there was a general wish that more entertainments of this order might be included in the course.

The production was not a novelty to THE TIME's representative however, for the play was given a year ago at the Boston Museum by practically the same cast and the impression then made was such that the high artistic order of Monday evening's entertainment was no surprise. What was stated in these columns a year ago regarding the general excellence of all the impersonations, can be repeated with truthfulness of Monday's production. Each one seemed to completely understand the quality of his or her part, and the reading of the lines was accurate and sympathetic.

The cast was:

ANTONIO	-	-	-	Henry L. Southwick.
BASSANIO	-	-	-	Walter B. Tripp.
GRATIANO	-	-	-	Ned H. Fowler.
SALANIO	-	-	-	Curtis G. Morse.
SALARINO	-	-	-	Charles M. Holt.
LORENZO	-	-	-	Charles I. Schofield.
SHYLOCK	-	-	-	Charles W. Kidder.
TUBAL	-	-	-	Clayton Gilbert.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO	-	-	-	Charles T. Grilley.
OLD GOBBO	-	-	-	B. C. Edwards.
SALERIO	-	-	-	Edward L. Pickard.
LEONARDO	-	-	-	John Merrill.
BALTHASAR	-	-	-	Harry S. Ross.
FIRST SECRETARY,	-	-	-	Curtis B. Rhea.
PORTIA	-	-	-	Jessie Eldridge Southwick.
NERISSA	-	-	-	Lola Purman Tripp.
JESSICA	-	-	-	Ethel A. Hornick.

Conspicuous among them all for its grace, and fascinating womanly qualities was Portia as played by Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick. Her scene in the court room would have been difficult to improve upon. Mr. Kidder's Shylock was a strong, well sustained performance, and the Antonio of Henry L. Southwick was all that could be desired. We will not continue to discriminate the individual interpretations, for every part, even to the very smallest, was in competent hands, making the production in every detail worthy of commendation.

Herald.

The cast was of such excellence throughout that it would be almost impossible to select any

one of the various characters for special mention.

Transcript.

The attraction offered at the Star Course entertainment, "The Merchant of Venice," in Music Hall, last evening, was a careful performance of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," by the members of the Emerson School of Oratory. The attendance was large and no little enthusiasm was shown, for the representation was certainly above the high-water mark of the amateur.

Commendation is due, to all the performers for their naturalness and absolute freedom from theatricalism.

Journal.

The patrons of the Star Course had a novelty last evening, in the shape of a dramatic entertainment, and that the innovation was a successful one was shown by the favor with which it was received. The stage was transformed into a veritable theatre, with a proscenium arch, appropriate scenery and everything that might be necessary for the successful performance of a play; therefore, the Faculty and advance students of the Emerson College of Oratory were seen under the most favorable circumstances when they presented "The Merchant of Venice." The success which this school recently made in its two performances of tragedy at the Boston Museum was duplicated last evening, and the performance would have done credit to professional actors. Mrs. Jessie Eldredge Southwick made an unusually clever Portia, and divided the honors of the evening with Prof. Charles W. Kidder, who was the Shylock of the cast.

Post.

The nineteenth and last but one evening in this popular series of entertainments was a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," given last night, the company being from the Emerson School of Oratory. The cast included Jessie Eldridge Southwick as Portia, Walter B. Tripp as Bassanio, Professor Charles W. Kidder as Shylock and Henry L. Southwick as Antonio. These had the support of many excellent players in the remaining parts, and all are to be commended for the care and general excellence with which they played. Especially good was Mrs. Southwick's work and her Portia was portrayed in a manner which completely won her audience. The other leading roles were well acted and evenly balanced, so that the performance as a whole proved enjoyable throughout. It was well staged and costumed, and this fact added not a little to the completeness of the entertainment.

Globe.

The role of Shylock was portrayed by Mr. Charles E. Kidder in an excellent manner, and

Mrs Jessie E. Southwick essayed the role of Portia, doing justice to the part.

The Congregationalist.

The work of those who took part in these dramas, was of a high order, giving brilliant illustrations of the possible results of elocutionary training.

Budget.

Of all the productions given by the college, none has surpassed "The Merchant of Venice" in artistic rendering.

The Shylock of Mr. Kidder was a forcible and consistent piece of acting, although at times a trifle robust. Mrs. Southwick's Portia was sweet and womanly. In her various scenes she showed rare appreciation of her opportunities and always was above the commonplace. Mr. Southwick as Antonio was able and dignified, and Mr. Tripp's Bassanio was manly and adequate. Mr. Grilley as Launcelot Gobbo was decidedly successful, there being very little humor in his lines which he did not extract for the amusement of his auditors. The comedy of Mr. Fowler and Mrs. Tripp was also effective, and Miss Hornick's Jessica and Mr. Schofield's Lorenzo were also finely portrayed.

On Tuesday evening the play was repeated at Lynn, Mass. The following items from Lynn papers tell us of its success:

Lynn Transcript.

The event of the week at the Theatre has been the performance of this great comedy,—more properly, we think, it should be classed as a "play,"—The Merchant of Venice, in Mr. Hood's excellent course of entertainments, by a company of members of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. One of the largest and best audiences ever assembled within it was present to enjoy what proved to be a fine rendering of a great play.

This company of what we may call *protempore* actors, a company of talented advanced students of the institution above named, have made a careful study of this and several other standard works, and, so far as this one is concerned, with a highly satisfactory result.

It is needless to say that the principal responsibility of the action rested upon the personators of Shylock and Portia,—in the order named, and respectively represented by Charles W. Kidder and Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick,—the latter pleasantly remembered as a first-class reader in several of Mr. Hood's courses. Her husband, Professor Henry L. Southwick, was the creditable "Merchant," Antonio.

Each performer acquitted himself creditably. We would like to specialize some of the minor characters, and indeed we *will* mention Bassanio, the two Gobbos (the blind father and his son);

Tubal, the friend of Shylock, Nerissa and Shylock's daughter, Jessica.

Lynn Item.

The sixth entertainment in this year's Hood course was given in Lynn Theatre, Tuesday evening, in the presence of one of the largest audiences that the theatre ever held. Every seat was taken, and some extra chairs were utilized. The attraction was the "Merchant of Venice," by pupils and graduates of the Emerson College of Oratory.

Shakspeare's drama was in competent hands, for while the company was made up entirely of amateurs, the parts were all well sustained, making a well-balanced cast throughout, a requirement that the drama imposes, but is often forgotten when in professional hands. Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, as Portia, scored a distinct triumph. She was especially strong in the last act. The very difficult character of Shylock was interpreted with a great deal of power by Charles W. Kidder. Ned H. Fowler, as Gratiano, made much of this character, and shows great promise as an actor. Charles T. Grilley, in his limited opportunity as Launcelot Gobbo, was received pleasantly by the audience. Bassanio, Antonio's friend, was interpreted by Walter B. Tripp, and Antonio, the merchant, by Henry L. Southwick. Both were equal to the demands of the characters. Mrs. Lola Purman Tripp and Miss Ethel A. Hornick were charming in their characters, Nerissa and Jessica.

All the adjuncts to a finished production were furnished in costumes and stage settings. The last act witnessed the full strength of the company upon the stage, and every character was strong and true in the conception of Shakspeare's magnificent lines, making a fitting finale to the famous play.

MORE ABOUT OTHELLO AND RICHELIEU.

Boston Budget.

When we see art for art's sake exemplified we may be sure that a total failure cannot result, and when the actors enter into the work with the two essentials, intelligence and enthusiasm, added to adequate preparation, it is no wonder that a notable success is achieved.

Such was the case at the productions in question. Rarely have been seen performances on the professional stage so adequately played in all their parts.

On Monday "Othello" was the play. Mr. Southwick as the Moor was convincing and impressive, and while never inadequate, it may be said to his credit that he was at his best when the greatest demands were made upon his histrionic power. His mobile and expressive face gave words to the part when the tongue was silent. The Desdemona of Mrs. Tripp a most

beautiful impersonation, may be ranked with that of almost any who have lately supported stars in this city. Mr. Tripp's Iago was a masterful exposition of the character. Miss Ebert showed great power and finish as Emilia, and deserves to rank with the members of the faculty we have mentioned. So also does Mr. Schofield, whose Roderigo was harmonious and well defined. Mr. Edwards's Brabantio was also very effective.

Again, as Richelieu Mr. Southwick distinguished himself along the lines to which we have referred, and gave the Cardinal more magnetism than Othello received. Mrs. Southwick as Julie showed that the Emerson College may boast of two ladies able to play legitimate heroines to the satisfaction of the most exacting.

Mr. Southwick gave an excellent performance of Othello, an accurate conception of the Moor's character and personality finding fit expression in looks, movements, diction, bearing, so well indicating the gathering clouds of insanity in the tormented husband's brain, that it would be difficult to say whether he was finest in his portrayal of this deluded side of Othello, or in the martial episode, where he confronts the stage, dominating alike "both you of my inclining, and the rest." His first entrance—in bridegroom suit of white, with black mantle over it, contrasting artistically with his sooty face and dark beard—was very effective.

* * * * *

Lola Purman Tripp, was a lovely, simple, natural, and accurate Desdemona. As a rule the players spoke their lines as if they understood them, notably B. C. Edwards, as Brabantio, and Charles I. Schofield, as Roderigo. It was formerly so utterly the fashion to make Emilia a heavy old matron, though her husband is only twenty-eight, that it was a sweet relief to see in Zitella Ebert a young and pretty woman,—her action and diction alike remarkable in a beginner.

* * * * *

The second production, a few days later, gave us Southwick as Richelieu, and his wife, Jessie Eldridge, as Julie. Both personations were good, and Mr. Southwick's more than good. Semi-occasionally he failed to make the most of a line, or perfect its meaning, as in not emphasizing the title in the phrase "Ah, Joseph,—*Bishop* Joseph;" but as a whole he was a just embodiment of the crafty, astute, dignified, patriotic, Cardinal,—ever on the alert, ever wise. Not slavish in its methods, the actor made the business of the scene suit his pleasure, his face makeup, historic and convincing.

As Mauprat, Mr. Tripp made his lines say what they mean; and Mr. Kidder's Baradas was equal to his Cassio. Charles M. Holt acted the sympathetic part of Francois with virile enthusiasm.

Having had our admiration so fully aroused by our instructors and fellow students in these

productions, let us aspire to the truth of the old adage that "we become what we admire," and endeavor to become grandly receptive to the true and the beautiful wherever we shall meet them, hoping to realize the fact that no one is shut out from the highest possibilities who dares to aspire, or who recognizes how much may be his for the asking.

S. L. P.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LUELLA PHILLIPS.

The home of our much loved poet, the old Craigie House in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is well known to all sight-seers. One cannot help enjoying an hour spent there, for the place itself, its furnishings and surroundings are so beautiful, but when one thinks of the beautiful and grand character of the man who lived, labored and died there, it seems like a sacred place.

It is not my pleasure at this writing, to describe the home which I hope you have all visited, but to tell you something of the man himself. He first opened his eyes to the light of this world in the city of Portland, Maine, Feb. 27th, 1807, in an old mansion which was the first brick building erected in that city. His early training was all that could be desired. His mother was a delicate refined lady who was very fond of music; it was her custom on certain evenings to gather her eight children together in one room, and entertain them with music, reading and the study of the Bible.

At the age of fourteen, he entered Bowdoin college, where he won many honors. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Franklin Pierce and many others who have since won distinction in their different vocations, were members of his class. He graduated in 1825 and commenced the study of law; but his natural inclination toward literature had been so stimulated by the flattering reception of some of his poems that he gave up the study of law, and devoted himself to his beloved literature.

Soon after graduating he was offered a chair in Bowdoin college; he accepted it on condition that he might be permitted to travel

and improve himself. Accordingly he sailed for Europe and remained there three years. On his return, he began his work in college and taught five years; during this time, he wrote many short poems and "Outre Mer" which contains sketches of his travels.

In 1831, he was appointed Professor of Modern Language and Literature in Harvard college, where he labored many years, gaining the love of all his pupils and carrying on his literary labors with great success.

He visited Europe four times collecting many curiosities which add to the beauty and interest of his home. In 1843, he married a daughter of Nathan Appleton, who was beautiful in face and character. Of his love for his children (three girls, Alice, Anna and Edith, and two boys, Ernest and Charles) his poem, "The Children's Hour" will speak far better than I can. He was exceedingly fond of all children, and always took great pains to entertain them when they visited him. The school children of Boston showed that they returned his love by presenting him an arm chair made from the "spreading chestnut tree" under which the "village smithy" stood.

He was very kind to every one and received all people at his home with true gentlemanly courtesy.

There is a disagreement about the time when he first began to write, but it is generally supposed that he wrote his first poem when he was nine years old. He saw beauty in everything around him and described it in the simplest language. He wrote no passionate love tales and never saw the ridiculous side of things, but chose simple subjects and described them smoothly and musically. An Englishman once said that Longfellow's life was his greatest poem.

I think he describes the character and influence of his own poetry when he says,

"Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day."

"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time."

* * * * *

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Of his prose writings, *Hyperion* is the best known; it is a lover's romance and is thoroughly appreciated by the reading public. *Outre Mer* contains sketches of his travels, and is very interesting because he had such a pleasant way of telling what he saw. *Kavanagh* is another of his prose works.

It is said that his writings did much for the introduction of true art in our country. His poetry itself is instinct with artistic power. He led a literary life. Externally it presents little of stirring influence, but is a life of a modest, true-hearted gentleman. To know his life and character, we have only to read his books. His influence has been wholly good, and so long as the English language shall last, his works will be quoted as models of simplicity and purity. His death, March 24th, 1882, deprived America of one of her greatest literary sons.

BOB ACRES.

BY GERTRUDE CHAMBERLIN.

There is no comedy on the stage more popular with both actors and the public than *The Rivals*.

Bubbling over with fun and wit, with highly effective situations, with well-contrasted character sketches, with a light and rapid movement and sparkling dialogue, with just enough of mystification to pique our interest—*The Rivals* makes no demand upon our mental energy, but supplies us with real recreation and a laugh. It is one blaze of wit and hilarity.

But let us to the immortal Bob, or perhaps I should say, to that Bob which our own Jefferson has immortalized!

He is little more than a caricature, but we do not care for that. Sheridan's art makes us forget that his characters lack human nature, and will not bear analysis, that they are surface

creatures, full of brilliant dash created for stage effect.

Sheridan's objective point was not dramatic excellence. Richard Grant White says, "Sheridan's one great quality, his one great element of success as a dramatist, orator and man was mastery of effect." Some one else points out that "the plot of *The Rivals* is without progress and development, that the characters can hardly be said to be conceived, much less sustained, and each has some oddity stuck on him, which hardly rises to a peculiarity of character."

But we forget what they are in what they say. We forgive the lack of insight into human motive, the absence of the higher requisites of comedy in the sparkle of the dialogue. What is it that conquers us? To my mind, wit—for reason cannot stand before a side splitting witticism, especially that innocent kind which has in it no latent sting.

In short we are thoroughly entertained, and the very human heart issues this fiat "To him who hath *amused* much, much shall be forgiven!"

Bob is the third Rival—the other two being Captain Absolute and his mystifying double. Bob with his delightful good humor and swagger—of the country, and yet ambitious to shine as a dandy and a man of fashion, thrown quite off his base by his introduction into the brilliant society of Bath; with the valor of "Bellona's bridegroom" so long as danger is afar, but transformed into the veriest coward at the mere sight of a pistol!

O Bob Van Winkle Jefferson. You are a wonderful compound, a composite of three in one—a delicious *trinity*! But let us have a look at Bob's setting. It is in "one of those old towns with a history."

Dickens puts it before us with a wonderful touch of color. "In the middle of the last century no gayer city existed within the length and breadth of England than Bath. Men of parts and women of fashion crowded here to drink the waters, and seek diversion.

In the morning, gossips of both sexes thronged the pump room to slander their absent

friends, in the most entertaining manner! At midday, Royalty, with its train of courtiers, famous beauties, beaux in periwigs, wits, soldiers, and civilians, took the air in Harrison's Garden. In the evening, the streets were filled by the sedans of pleasure-seekers, on their way to balls and assemblies.

The atmosphere was redolent with sin and, snuff, rouge and romance, scandal and intrigue; and brilliant with the light of tapers and diamonds, the color of uniforms, and the witchery of woman's eyes!"

But let us take up the scenes of the play in which Bob figures, in detail:

Lydia refers to him as "that odious Acres," and Mrs. Malaprop protests that she is under no engagement to him for Lydia's hand. We are curious, and presently Bob sweeps in upon our astonished vision, full of stir, bustle, breezy activity, amazing spirits and still more amazing oaths!—with "Ha! my dear friend, honest Capt. and noble Jack, how dost thou? just arrived, faith, as you see,—Sir, your humble servant—Warm work on the roads, Jack! Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall!"

It is safe to say that we are wide-awake when Bob is before the footlights, and what a foil is he in this scene (which might aptly be called the "Teasing Scene" of the play) to Faulkland, with his jealousy and depression. We here see Bob's lack of tact, his superficiality and—his curl-papers! Moreover, he explains his oath referential, or sentimental swearing, as a new invention whereby a man may swear with propriety, since the oath is merely an echo of the sense, and he gives us the welcome intelligence that "damns have had their day!"

As to Bob's vanity!—the curl-papers constitute a point in evidence, and in Scene 4, Act 3, when our country chrysalis has merged into the brilliant society butterfly, we are given a picture of masculine vanity which must be a revelation to the young woman upon whom Providence has failed to shower a few brothers! We have David's word for the metamorphosis!

Surveying himself in the mirror, Bob says, "Dress does make a difference, David!" to which David replies, "Difference, why, an' now you were to go to Clod-hall. I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you, Master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, Mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard preserve me!" and I warrant your honor's favorite, Dolly Tester, would blush like my waist-coat—Oons, I'll hold a gal-lon, there arn't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phillis would wag a hair of her tail! By the mass, I can't help looking at your head!"

David goes out and Bob takes occasion to practice the dancing-lesson of Mr. De la Grace. Jefferson is particularly felicitous in this scene with his slides before the mirror, and his self-satisfied smirks at his own reflection! In the midst of his struggles with his "true-born English legs" Sir Lucius O'Trigger is shown in. The scene which follows is a brilliant one—Bob represents himself as ill-used by his rival—one Beverley, and the fire-eating Sir Lucius stirs him until Bob becoming inflated with a belief in his own valor, fires apace, and the two sit down to indite a challenge to Beverley.

I shall pass over the scene where Bob communicates his challenge to David, and that faithful servant's whimpering talk of his master's going to visit his ancestors with an ounce of cold lead in his brains; and also that in which Captain Absolute dubs our hero "Fighting Bob;" and come to the one which has the power to fascinate the ordinary audience—the scene of the proposed duel. The materials for it were doubtless obtained from Sheridans own difficulties with Captain Matthews.

Who can forget Jefferson as he waits for his antagonist at King's Mead Fields!—his suit of green, his three-cornered cocked hat, his blanched face and general air of *misery*, which latter becomes abject when Sir Lucius, with that doing-the-thing-up brown manner of his, broaches the little matter of Bob's final resting-place, in case an unluckily bullet brings a quietus with it, and gives him the appalling alternative of being pickled and sent home, or becoming part and parcel of the snug lying in

the Abbey!

No wonder this wittiest of cowards confesses to feeling his valor ooze out at his finger tips! We feel *for* him when the dueling party approaches, and we feel *with* him when he exclaims in answer to Sir Lucius' suggestion that he should fight Capt. Absolute, the Beverly myth having been exploded, "What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute?" "Not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius you would not have me so unnatural!" And so the great duel comes to an end! We like Bob—"Yes, faith, heartily!"—in spite of the fact that he has neither won his lady, nor killed his man! He may not be a consistent "from within-out" character, but he has a lot of human nature in him; and when, all being over, he gives the cordial invitation "Ladies, come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the new rooms—and I insist on your all meeting me there," I for one should like to accept, and have a last look at our hero in all his glory. for I think we shall agree that fiddles and fun are more in his line than bullets and blades, even though he is best known by the heroic title of "Fighting Bob!"

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

EDITH M. WHITMORE.

Second Paper.

In a former paper I tried to show how a proper use of physical culture strengthens the back and brings it into a correct position, thereby, overcoming spinal disease and un-gainly stoop. It is almost a platitude to say that no single part of the body can be diseased without affecting all, and that by curing one part we benefit all.

Now when the correct standing position can be maintained unconsciously the whole body is far on the road to health. But to permanently maintain a correct standing position, great attention must be given to the all around development of the body. The stomach stands among the first of the organs to be injured from an incorrect standing position.

The stomach has no motion of its own, but

depends upon the vital muscles which surround it to digest food and make life happy or melancholy for its possessor.

When these important muscles are flabby or do not work properly the stomach fails in some of its functions and indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness are the results. Let these muscles again come into a state of healthful activity and the trouble ceases.

Many men and women are suffering from diseases of the stomach who can never be cured until they have corrected physical and muscular habits which aggravate the disease and sometimes even cause it.

Much has been written and said about the injurious effects of lateral pressure upon the internal organs. This lateral pressure is generally brought about by a pressure machine known as the corset. The evils of this machine are so apparent that it needs only a cursory mention, for in these end-of-the-century days no one has the poor taste to wear this machine except to conceal some deformity; its æsthetic advantages (?) are a thing of the past and the corset itself is fast being relegated to museums with other pieces of armor, plated steel, and links of rugged brass.

It is now universally conceded that tight clothing is injurious and brings about stomach, liver, lung and nerve trouble. There is another pressure being brought to bear upon the internal organs which the next century will have to remove and this is not confined to sex or age. It is the downward pressure of one part of the body upon those parts below caused by a slovenly or weak carriage. Men and women alike allow the body to droop and sag so that every organ is supported by those below and the friction is enormous. No machinist would run a machine when every part rested and grated upon another. Yet many men and women habitually keep their bodies in that condition, so that no organ is in a state of health. Every organ must be lifted up by exercises which that organ demands before it will properly perform its work.

Another habit which many people acquire is that of holding the muscles of the torso in a

state of nervous tension much like what comes from the clinching of the teeth or fist. One who does this is always tired and debilitated. The energy which is thus diffused through the torso should be so concentrated as to lift the chest and contents of the viscera; the sides, shoulders, hips, need never to be held together, they are secured by nature and we should save our energy for other things.

It is the office of the teacher to bring about by proper movement the concentration of the physical energies in the proper center of the body and thus secure flexibility.

The torso should be so flexible and nicely adjusted that every step, each movement of the arm, every respiration will aid the vital functions of digestion and circulation. The flexible body is always graceful, and vice versa the graceful body is always flexible and healthy.

'Devitalization' is offered as a remedy for this habitual state of tension and devitalization does truly remove the strain upon the muscles, and it does more. When practiced for any length of time it produces a state of nervous prostration which is no better than the original trouble. Concentration gives one control of the whole body all the time.

Often arm movements do not bring good results in a 'patient-pupil' and the teacher must modify the movements, always following out the laws of the body.

Elasticity should always be sought in the teacher and pupil. Elasticity and flexibility are signs of life within and a good stomach action; without them there is no physical tone.

The stomach can be kept in a condition of health and strength only by proper exercise and proper diet.

FRESHMEN SOCIAL.

Truly the Freshmen are "missionaries of cheerfulness." Every one who attended the social meeting on Thursday evening, was delighted with the beautiful spirit of cheerfulness, enthusiasm, and helpfulness manifested in so many different ways. All will be glad when another opportunity is given of meeting and

feeling the warmth of that "inner sunshine which warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it."

Quite an interesting and instructive programme had been arranged and the enthusiasm with which each number was received, speaks for its merit.

The evening's entertainment opened with a piano solo by Miss Frazier. The soloist gladly responded to the enthusiastic applause. Miss Kier most ably represented the class in the natural manner in which she rendered a few selections from Irish dialect. The perfect freedom with which Miss Kier talked with her audience, was certainly a feature in her work to be highly commended.

Freshmen should feel proud of the fact that they do not have to ask assistance of musical talent outside of their own class. So long as Miss Phillips in her full rich contralto so kindly sings such pieces as "Good Bye Sweet Day," what need, indeed, is there? Miss Phillips responded to the unceasing applause.

Another feature was the Delsarte exercises gracefully and beautifully given by Miss Overton. Enthusiasm was still at its height and Miss Overton gave "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

The programme would have been very incomplete without a selection from the worthy president. The applause, that greeted his most excellent work, was long and loud. It abated only when Mr. McKie gave another humorous selection. Miss Cairns favored us with a piano solo which was brilliant.

The duet by Miss Phillips and Mr. Strong was highly appreciated. Mr. Strong, the baritone, thought the programme being rather long, his solo might be omitted, but thanks to one of the class, we were permitted to enjoy two solos, beautifully and expressively sung.

At the close of the entertainment an opportunity was given to become better acquainted, and enjoy the rest of the evening in a social way.

R. B.

Some of the Personals are late on account of the extra demand for space in our last number.

PERSONALS.

The Senior class will present the "Merchant of Venice" this Spring instead of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" as has formerly been done. The Post Graduates will give "As you like it."

* * *

The last term of the college year opens with nearly all the old faces present, and with several new ones who are enjoying the spring-time atmosphere which pervades our classrooms.

* * *

Waldo T. Worcester came down from Concord, N. H., to attend the production of *Riche-lieu*. He is the same hearty Waldo, except for the striking beard. We presume that he is preparing for rough weather; for,

"When this Snow melteth there shall come a flood."

* * *

A beautifully bound volume of Benjamin F. Taylor's poems has been presented to the college library by Mrs. Taylor, who is paying us a short visit. Such beautiful little tokens show the genuine appreciation of the college work when judged after it is seen, not before.

* * *

One of the surprises of the year came in Mr. Stow's Sir Anthony Absolute, given before the Southwick Literary Society. All the participants acquitted themselves real well, but Mr. Stowe went entirely out of himself and into the character. There is occasionally one who becomes discouraged over another's success. Yet such triumphs ought to appeal to our admiration and emulation of righteous "grit."

* * *

The *Boston Evening Record*, in an account of "The Tempest," given by the Smith College alumnae, of Boston, mentions Miss Grace Hardy, and says: "Caliban was truly a 'creation monstrous,' rising at times to a force of action, tragic in earnestness and pathos. The role which might have so easily been rendered ridiculous was, in Miss Hardy's hands, invested with the savage dignity which is its inherent right." Many will remember Miss Hardy to be an Emerson graduate.

— THE —

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At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.
Tennyson.

Is the study of Elocution conducive to vanity? It is so charged by some conscientious persons in this profession. No doubt there are elocutionists afflicted with the malady of self-inflation. Such persons are found in every profession and in every walk of life. Elocution attracts some conditions of vanity. Why not? The strutting cock perches on the fence to flap his wings and proclaim his pride in his feathers and fuss. But the fence is not the cause; it is only the occasion. It is so with Elocution, it may be made the perch for ostentation. But when Elocution is rightly taught it leads to humility rather than vanity.

"It is nothing less than highway robbery to keep students at Emerson for three years."

"You are a set of gulls, or you would not stay there." These and some other comforting remarks occasionally greet our ears. If we mistake not, they were really intended for adverse criticism upon our college. As criticism we care nothing about them, and would pass them by without notice. But as they are so manifestly the result of ignorance, both of the possibilities of oratorical training and also of the quality of work done at Emerson College, it may not be amiss to burn one candle to illuminate the darkness.

The course of instruction as it now stands requires three full years for graduation, and a fourth year to secure the highest diploma. These years are packed full of work that is necessary to oratorical training. And what is still more to the point, is the fact that the studies included in this course, are so systematized and so taught as to lead to a continuous and natural unfolding of the oratorical powers and to the establishing of oratorical habits of mind. A meagre theoretical knowledge of the underlying philosophy can be acquired in less time; but a real appreciation of its application can not be mastered in less than three years. Under the inspiration of the teachers, a student might touch many a step in his development in a shorter time; but three years at least are necessary to thoroughly establish the thirty-two oratorical habits of mind. Emerson College numbers among her students and alumni graduates from many of the leading colleges and universities of the country. It is almost universally the testimony of these students that, to do this work well, requires the expenditure of more energy than was necessary to accomplish their regular college work. Indeed, a number of them now claim that the course of instruction here is more truly educative than is that of the regular college. Be that as it may, the fact

that so many highly educated persons come to Emerson "to stay just one year"—and then stay three and at times four years, ought to be convincing proof that they have found an unlooked for and unusual value in this course of study.

The word Elocution is quite generally thought to be synonymous with "little learning and lots of polish." Elocution, to be truly educative, must be taught on a strictly oratorical basis. Oratorical training requires of the pupil the keenest activity of the intellect, the farthest reach of the imagination, the fullest exercise of the spiritual faculties, and a truly sublime satisfaction in the truth which places him on the height of moral decision.

Communication is a primary law of nature. The development of the universe has been accomplished through the interchange of force. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. The heaven helped to give form and fruitfulness to the earth, and the earth exerted its force to give order and beauty to the heaven.

The idea of a universal anthem is not at all new, and yet we are apt to receive the idea as being merely a grand poetic fantasy. We get glimpses of the future now. May it not be that, when we have reached our higher state the response of the soul to the harmonious movements of the spheres will be the same in kind as its response to grand music here? There is expression in the orderly going forth of the spheres. And this expression is the manifestation of the interchange of force, the intercommunication of the spheres. It is the reciprocal influence of natural law.

Now each part of the universe is controlled by the same laws that govern the universe as a whole. This earth is the main part of the universe to us. Each part of the earth has its influence on every other part. A continent rises, the sea divides and deepens. The equatorial streams, infused with the abundance of summer's warmth, go abroad as messengers of conciliation and scatter the breath of summer on the chilling blasts of the north. The aspiring air

currents of the torrid zone, freighted with old ocean's choicest blessing, visit the land of the north and transform what would otherwise be a barren congregation of rocks and a cheerless sea, into a land of transcendent splendor and awful grandeur. Thus the highest perfection of each zone is secured through the modifications introduced into it from the other zones.

Wipe out the Desert of Sahara with a deep sea, or cover it with a dense verdant forest, and the air currents of the whole earth would be modified. Fill the Gulf of Mexico with towering, snow-capped mountains, and the weather bureaus of the whole world would have to reconstruct their data. Mountains, valleys, brooks, and streams were all made by the same hand that 'gathered together the waters into one place and let the dry land appear.' How evident it is that each fulfills the purpose of the Creator through the assistance of every other. And yet, apparent as it is that they sustain a close relationship, an interesting volume might be written of their hidden dependence upon each other. Science is clamorous over her marvelous discoveries. She should rather stand with bated breath to catch these hidden relationships that would lead toward a universal science.

Now this interdependence, this intercommunication of all things in nature, is accomplished only through a wisdom that can make known its needs and a wisdom that can respond to the messages of need. Nothing exists in and of itself alone. Each object in nature proclaims the eternal necessity of expression.

Now how does this theory apply to man? It is in this way: Man is as truly a creature of the earth as is the grass beneath his feet. He was not super-added; he is not diverse from all else; he is not a law unto himself. He must give and receive. The stone and the plant are as free on their respective planes as man is on his plane. The laws of nature, when acting on their highest known plane, are the laws of man's mind. So man has the greatest power and the widest range of expression.

What then is expression. It is the universal acting through the individual. It is the in-

dividual realizing the purpose of the universal. It is the individual—not working his way back to be lost in the universal—it is the individual taking on the universal and expanding and enlarging and at some time more clearly defining and intensifying the individual. Expression is the individual becoming self-universal.

“LITTLE THINGS.”

BY SOLON LAUER.

From a recent sermon.

A smile is a little thing, yet what sunshine it sheds abroad in the world! Like a morning star, like the Sun-god in his golden chariot, does the smile of a cheerful soul illuminate the world. A cheery tone is a little thing, yet it fills the day with music to those who hear it. A cross word is a little thing, yet blights the day, shuts out the sun, and fills the heavens with black clouds for the soul whose ear is bruised by it.

The attitude of the head is a little thing, yet how it effects the beholder! The drooping head of one fills your soul with gloomy thoughts. The heavens seem bowing with it. You are dejected, cast down, by that simple droop of the head, which means so much. Another carries his head erect, his face is lifted up to catch and reflect the sunshine from above, and like a mirror it throws the heavenly light in all directions, cheering and gladdening all beholding eyes.

An evil tongue casts slander upon your friend. By a little look, a little gesture of the eyes, you accept or repel the slander. By a movement of the eyebrows you slay or save your friend. Lift them, in sly surprise, you have accepted and seconded the slander; draw them down in frowning forbiddance, and you have stabbed the slander with a dagger of scorn. These are little acts, but they have mighty consequences.

The voice is a caressing wand, or a two-edged sword. It soothes or wounds by its tones and inflections. The eyes are the portals of the soul. They cast sunbeams, or hurl lightnings, as we bid them do. Every slightest act reveals

character. The shuffling and the springy, decisive gait, reveal each the dominant condition of the walker's mind. Early in the morning you hear the sharp, clear, decisive step of the successful man upon the pavement. On the stone flagging he is writing the secret of his success. In the telegraphic characters of heel-beats on the stones, he is sending you a message of courage and good cheer. Another shuffles by, dragging and scraping his feet, and he too is writing a revelation of his character on the pavement. If you are a business man, and want a clerk, you need only listen to their foot-beats on the pavement to learn which man you would prefer. And yet, these seem little things; and how seldom we attend to them!

Thus we learn that in every slightest tone or action our entire character is revealed or suggested; and nothing becomes too small to engage our attention. How shall we succeed in doing always the right thing? Not by calculation, not by imitation; but by maintaining right attitudes of mind. If we love and respect the bootblack and newsboys, we shall not offend or hurt them by voice or gesture. If we love our neighbor as ourself, our salutation, our greeting, our tones and gestures will all be correct. The true etiquette springs from true states of mind. A sunny smile is the product of sunshine in the mind. A courteous tone of voice is the expression of a genuine regard for the feelings of others. These are all little things, in themselves; but in their consequences to others, they are among the greatest things. They are the substance of religion and moral philosophy and to make them habitually right should be the earnest aim and constant endeavor of every human soul.

THE RELATION OF THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT TO ORATORY, CHAR- ACTER, AND THE STAGE.

PRESIDENT EMERSON'S MORNING TALK.

It is related of Lord Byron that on one occasion he took down his sword, felt of its edge, and, while musing, was heard to make this

observation: "I should like to know how a man, who has committed murder, feels." Not only Lord Byron, but every great intellect has wondered and questioned how men feel under given circumstances, and especially under extraordinary circumstances. The greater the intellect the more the possessor of that intellect wishes to know how the human mind acts. They wish to know it not merely theoretically, but by experiencing the like in themselves. They wish to experience the like in themselves without being subjected always to the same circumstances. Byron would not like to murder, but he would like to know how the murderer feels after he has committed the murder. Many writers have attempted to show this. Dickens has equalled almost any of the dramatic writers in describing how the murderer feels after having committed murder.

I said that all persons wish—and wish in proportion to the strength of their intellects—to know how people feel under the influence of extraordinary circumstances. This is not all. They wish to know how people feel in the ordinary circumstances of life; they wish to know how persons of different temperaments, of different dispositions, look or feel under given circumstances. I have had a certain experience in life peculiar to myself; I have had an environment peculiar to myself. So have you, and so has every other individual. You see things from the points of view given you in your environment, but you do not see what others feel under other environments, and with different temperaments from your own. Here is a person of phlegmatic temperament. He has feelings much modified, under the same circumstances, by his phlegmatic temperament. There is another of an intensely hot temperament, and he feels differently under the same circumstances, because of that different temperament.

The dramatic writer has pictured all these various conditions of human life. A great dramatic writer has lived, to put it moderately, a million lives. There is no doubt that Shakespeare lived more than a million lives, and knew from his own internal perception, knew

from the experience brought him by his own power of imagination, the experiences of numberless people. I wish to repeat a point I made a moment ago, and that is, that the desire to know human nature, theoretically and practically, is in the ratio of the strength of your intellect. You have here a rare opportunity for studying both sides of this subject. With Dr. Dickinson you are making a specialty of Psychology; you are studying the mind philosophically; you are studying the conclusions that the profoundest minds have reached in regard to the action of the human mind as the human mind. That is the philosophical side, and your love of that work is in the ratio of your intellect.

In your dramatic work you are studying the human mind as Shakespeare saw it. In this branch of the work you are studying the philosophic, not directly, but indirectly, or in other words practically. In Psychology, philosophically taught, we can make no allowance, or but little at least, for the different temperaments. We are taking up the human mind as the human mind abstractly considered, that is, abstract from any given experience—the given experience of one individual. It is taken up just as physiology is taken up. No one teaches you physiology or anatomy as the physiology or anatomy of any particular individual, but the laws of physiology and the facts of anatomy as they generally appear.

When you study the Dramatic you are studying the laws of the human mind as they appear in different temperaments, in persons in different circumstances. Thus we get a realizing sense of the action of other minds, by experiencing similar actions in our own minds at the time that we are studying these. When you study the human mind philosophically you get the philosophy of this activity, but in the study of the dramatic you know how other people feel by the way you feel, how other people think by the way you think.

Commentators on Shakespeare have listened with profound interest to great interpreters of Shakespeare, that is, great actors of Shakespeare, because the actor, through his imagina-

tion, gets an insight into that which Shakespeare attempted to present in a certain character that no philosophy could lead him to. Hearing such interpreters will often change, and that radically, the mind of the great student of Shakespeare, that is, the great student in the sense of the philosophic student. I remember Prof. Hudson made much of this point, and so does Prof. Rolfe. Prof. Hudson, I remember, told me that he was much indebted to the Kembles for some of the finest points in his work. He was much indebted to Fannie Kemble, especially, for the interpretation of Lady Macbeth. She, with her dramatic perceptions, with her highly developed imagination, through which she read other minds and other characters, saw in the action and manifestation of Lady Macbeth what commentators had failed to see, and thus she contributed to the store of knowledge on that subject.

Theoretically, Byron might have said the person who has committed murder feels badly, his conscience smites him, and he is alarmed also for fear of the consequences to himself. This is all theoretical. Byron, with his mind that loved to study human nature, wanted to know by *his own feelings*, how the murderer felt. He did not want to know what somebody said of the murderer or what the murderer would say of himself merely, but he wanted to feel it in himself, he wanted to realize it in himself. The study of the Dramatic enables a person to realize in his own experience the emotions of others.

What relation has all this to Oratory? I shall have to omit anything like an elaboration of this for want of time. Therefore, I will refer to persons for my illustrations.

The great lawyer, Mason, — one of the greatest lawyers of his time in this country, and one of the few greatest that ever lived in this country, or any other, — said of Webster: "When the Bar obtained its ablest advocate, the Theatre lost the possible opportunity of possessing the greatest actor." There Webster stands, massive, making few gestures, so-called, few motions with his arms, standing there almost like a statue, as if he were carved of

granite. But when he opens his mouth, a mighty spirit expresses itself to all who are present, and even to future generations. Edward Everett has well said that one of the most valuable things that Webster ever did was to add to our American literature some of the most valuable things in literature, and that which no other American could have added. Therefore, he says, the world is richer to-day because Webster lived and spoke.

What was it in Webster that enabled him most fully to influence a jury or to influence an audience, to influence thousands among the great masses of people who collected to hear him give an oration, as for instance, at the rearing of Bunker Hill Monument, or at the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims? I repeat the question. What was it in him that made him most effective before juries, and before vast and promiscuous audiences? *The dramatic element.* When he spoke a thing it was not *of the thing* he spoke, but *the thing itself*, and by suggestion, he presented that thing so clearly that the audience saw it.

When Webster delivered his oration at Plymouth on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims what did that vast concourse of people see? They saw a boat out there in the distance landing on an island. Again the curtain rose and they saw — this whole concourse of people saw, even those who had never read the story before — on a Sunday morning, these Pilgrims in a strange land, treading on an island that no white foot had ever pressed before, and there devoting themselves to thanksgiving to the God of the ocean and the land for their preservation, and for the prospect of their liberty. Possibly some in the audience — most of them may be — had read the event in history, but they had not seen it. Now when Webster speaks they see it, and this vast concourse of people go back two hundred years and see things that took place at that time just as clearly as they see the things transpiring around them, and perhaps more clearly, for his dramatic genius would exclude much of the present while holding their minds distinctly on

the past, until the centuries rolled backward and enabled them to see what had been. Actor? No, not in a theatrical sense, but a Dramatic Orator.

It is the general opinion, and so recorded by a large share of the greatest thinkers of this generation, that Henry Ward Beecher was the mightiest preacher of the Gospel that had lived on this earth since St. Paul. Let us look at Beecher. He excelled all other preachers in this element called the Dramatic Element. What is the Dramatic Element? It is that element in man which enables him to see things with his mind that he has never seen with his eyes, to hear things with his mind that he has never heard with his ears; it is that mighty element in the human soul which expands the power of the mind, which enables a man to live in the past as well as in the present, to live in distant lands as well as in this, to know distant people as well as he knows those with whom he has lived for many years. We cannot, and would not, confine this dramatic element in human nature by giving it any literal definition. We must not limit it.

It is one of the most expanding powers of man, in fact all the powers of the mind enter into it. The imagination lifts up these powers, so to speak, and unifies them, so that they act together. When the man is lifted up by the power of his imagination, and into his imagination are marshalled all the facts that have been recognized by the intellect, all the experiences that have been felt by the human heart, and there in that high realm of the imagination all these things are united, he is another man: transcendent he is. You do not know the possibilities of the human mind until the imagination is fired, until the imagination is trained, until the imagination shows that the human soul knows no limit.

I need bring before you no other orators pre-eminent in this matter of the dramatic element, but I would say in addition to what I have already said, that Mr. Webster and Mr. Beecher are no exceptions in the matter of the possession of the dramatic element, only as they are exceptionally great orators. Every great orator pos-

sesses, in a large measure, the dramatic element, and this is one of his strongest powers. If you trace the great orators of the past—and we are very thankful that we have many of their compositions that we can study—if you study the old Greek orator, Demosthenese, you find that he is more dramatic than Webster, as much more dramatic as he is greater.

Excepting the sacred orators, Demosthenes is believed to be the greatest orator that has ever lived on earth. He is certainly in the highest sense of the word the most dramatic. So suggestive was he, he needed no scenery; he needed no stage with its appointments. He could bring with his own speech all the scenery; he could bring with his own speech all the characters and present them, yet nobody said: "Now he is an actor." Nobody thought of him as an actor. He was an orator, and the greatest of them all. Study the dramatic element in his speeches, and then study the speeches of all the other great orators, and I doubt if you find the dramatic element as strong in any of the others.

Study the next great classic orator, Cicero. What a dramatic orator! Upon this power he rests for moving, not only the populace, but the Senate, not only the Senate, but Julius Cæsar. No amount of so-called argument could move Cæsar against his own will, except that argument—if you will allow the expression—which might be called the dramatic argument. Cicero conquered him in a single speech, when he had previously expressed his opinion. Cæsar changed his action after listening to a speech of Cicero which speech he went to hear for the purpose of being entertained, and entertained only.

Cæsar said: "O, it will not affect my action, I shall condemn the man for whom Cicero is going to plead, the man must be executed, there is no other way, but it will do me no harm to be entertained. I have not heard Cicero for a good while, it will be a kind of amusement and entertainment to listen to him, but it will not affect my judgment or my action at all." He listened to him, and the great Cæsar trembled. The papers he held dropped from his hand.

When Cicero had finished his speech, Cæsar discharged the prisoner. Oh, no man can know, before listening to a mighty orator, what he is going to think after that orator has finished. If Cicero had said to Cæsar, "You must exonerate the prisoner," it would have had no effect, but Cicero presented things dramatically to the mind and imagination of Cæsar until Cæsar's own sight changed his mind and he could say, "The sight of mine eyes affects my heart."

It belongs to the great dramatic orator to present things for people to look at themselves. They do not need to take the orator's statement nor his opinion. He does not become to them an authority, but the things he makes them see become to them an authority, so that their own minds become to them an authority. They are compelled to follow their own minds. So much then, for the Relation of the Dramatic Element to Oratory.

Let us next consider the Relation of the Dramatic Element to Character. Jesus Christ taught the great doctrine of love; he brought the world to see it as no other being ever had. He wanted to present an application of his doctrine of love, so he said: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them." Now, the ability to fulfill this commandment rests upon the dramatic element in the human soul. Let me illustrate: The Master says that all things whatsoever we would that people should do unto us we should do unto the people, or all things whatsoever we would have done to us we should do to others. How do I know what I should do unto you? I can only know by placing myself in your position. The power with which I place myself, through my imagination, in another's position comes from the dramatic element.

There is no other means by which you can place yourself in another's position except through this dramatic element. Therefore, I ask you if it is an extravagant remark to say that even obedience to Christ depends upon the dramatic element in the human soul. Perhaps I should say that literal obedience to Jesus

Christ depends upon the dramatic element in the human soul. He asks you to do to others as you would have them do to you. You cannot fulfill that unless you can put yourself in the place of others. Christ has asked nothing impossible of you. God put the dramatic element into the human soul; that through the power of the dramatic element the soul might be developed, Christian character might be evolved. We see that this dramatic element goes down deep into life, as deep as the human soul goes, as lofty as character can be lofty, as exalted as obedience to God is exalted. Then the dramatic power is a thing to be studied religiously as well as philosophically.

I shall leave this point then for the next and last point, which is the Relation of the Dramatic Element to the Theatre. As I have told you before, the theatre has existed ever since there was anything called civilization, in fact, prior to civilization, and the probability is that the theatre will exist always. Nothing can stop it, I think, because nothing has ever been able to stop it. It has been tried, and tried most religiously. Most seriously, religion and morals have been brought to bear against it, but could not stop it. Has it been ignorance in those who have tried to kill the stage that caused them to try to kill it? No, not always. Some of the wisest, some of the best men in the world have brought all their power to bear against the stage, wishing most conscientiously to sweep it out of existence. That class has never wished to sweep the dramatic element out of existence. They were too deep for this, but they wished to stop the theatre, to annihilate it, and with very good reason too, because at some periods in the world's history the theatre has been a dreadfully wicked influence. Because of its wicked influence, and not because of any superstition on their part they have tried to destroy it. At other times the theatre has been used simply as a means of entertainment, and has draw people from more serious things, draw people from the house of God.

Mr. Beecher, in his younger days, was one of the strongest opposers of the theatre—he

never entered one till he was seventy years old — and he was once asked his reason for this opposition. His reply was, "As the theatre is to-day it steals my thunder." "What do you mean by that?" "People should assemble in the house of God to listen to the highest revelations of truth. I try to make the House of God attractive; I try to show that truth is attractive, but the theatre; I fear, is still more attractive, and therefore greater numbers go there than to the church." "Why, Mr. Beecher?" "Because the theatre is simply attractive, and with its attractions it competes with the church. Therefore, I am opposed to it."

After he was seventy years old one of his Deacons said to him one evening: "Mr. Beecher, who do you attend the theatre now, and why have you been present at a dinner given to Mr. Irving, the great actor?" His first reply came from his wit, which was always ready. "When you are seventy years old you may go to the theatre." Then he continued by saying, "I have learned a good deal since I was a young man and was so opposed to the theatre, to which opposition you refer. I have learned that the theatre cannot be destroyed, it will stay. It came into this world to stay. It is a power, and a power that no one can destroy. Now this is what I propose to do, to give encouragement to all persons who will do all they can to elevate the stage. We do not intend to destroy it, but we mean to convert it."

"Mr. Irving is a gentleman, Mr. Irving is a scholar, Mr. Irving is related, socially, to the highest and best people, his life is above reproach, Mr. Irving is doing all he can from an aesthetic point of view to improve the stage; therefore, I hail him as a brother. I am doing all I can to elevate every necessary institution that exists. Governments have been very bad in the past. I am doing all I can to improve the governments, because government as an institution will stay. The church has sometimes been bad. I wish to do all I can to elevate the church to be better, to do more good. The theatre is another power in the world that will always stay. We cannot annihilate it, and if we

do not guide it into higher realms others will drag it, with all its power, into lower realms. The theatre will be what the people demand of it. It must be reformed." This was Mr. Beecher's thought. This is my thought, and I will tell you what I believe.

I want first to tell you that years ago the great O. S. Fowler examined my head, and he said: "Hope, in you, is too small, you need to cultivate it." But I never learned how, therefore I have never been very hopeful. Although I am almost sixty years old, I can say frankly that I have never been disappointed by expecting the world to be better than I have found it, or the people as a whole, to be better than I have found them. I have known nothing about what is called the melancholy of disappointment. Why? Because I never expected much. So that weakness may have been a strength after all. People always surprise me by being so much better than I expected them to be. Therefore I have little hope, that is, organic hope, to lead me to expect very much, but I will tell you that there are philosophic reasons why I believe the time is coming, the dawn of which I already see, when the stage shall become a power for intellectual culture. In addition to that, a power for moral influence, and to be reckoned among the strongest powers.

Some may say that in view of the present, and especially of the past, this is altogether too sanguine, but as I told you before I am not over sanguine. I wonder how many people, who have lived as many years, could testify with me that they have found the world better than they expected. My faith in man, my faith in principles has been strengthened by finding people to be so much better than I thought they were, so much better than I expected. Since I testify to this fact you cannot say, speaking of me personally, that I am very hopeful. Hence, it is not instinctive hope that everything is going to be all right, but it is a fact, as I see what the dramatic element is, as I see what the spirit of the age is, and as I see how education is advancing, that these influences are going to take hold of the stage and elevate it. I say this from no personal feeling or prejudice. I do not

expect to be an actor. You cannot imagine me an actor, if you try. I think I had a mission in this world, but it was not to be an actor. My mission was to teach and I do not intend to try to change this mission. I put on the harness when I was young. I have kept it on ever since, and I pray that, in the providence of God concerning me, I shall die with it on.

There are persons coming up who are going to enter upon the stage as thinkers, as scholars, but not one such, as has sometimes been the case, with a dozen or thirty supporters who have had no previous education. There is one scholar, one thinker, one Booth, we will say for the sake of making it personal, who stands as a ripe scholar. He has studied Shakespeare and studied him to good purpose. Every line of his face reveals the scholar, and shows that every word he presents has come from his determination, as a scholar, to obey the truth. Look at his so-called support. He has had one or two fine supporters sometimes, but I have seen on the stage with him again and again a number of persons—they were playing Shakespeare, with Booth, in the leading role—who came in to represent this and that character but who had no more idea of Shakespeare as scholars, no more idea of characters as scholars than a Hottentot has.

They could yell in the proper places, and they could run and jump, and some of the people thought them wonderful. But the scholars grieved to see Shakespeare, the great thinker, the greatest writer in English literature, if not the greatest in the world, so misrepresented. Do you think that one man, though he was ever so much of a scholar, with such a support, could stand alone and reform the stage? Is it possible? But, oh, take one such scholar, or if you could imagine it, take one who has had a more profound education in all the principles and laws of Oratory than it was possible for a Booth to have received, in his time, and put with him, as a support a dozen others who have received a like education, all marshalled under the leadership of this beacon light: put them upon the stage and in ten years you have in Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia,

San Francisco, and across the ocean in London and Paris—What? What? Higher ideals. The public taste has been changed.

I want to say this: Let no man, as he loves God truly and his fellow being, go on the stage for any other central purpose than that of elevating the moral, æsthetic and intellectual taste of those who attend the theatre. When the stage has been elevated it will soon become an instrument of education, a moral influence, and instead of its being condemned by good Christian men and Christian ministers it will be respected by them, because there is not a well educated minister in Christendom who does not know that for his eloquence he is more indebted to the dramatic element in literature than to any other one element in it, except that which could be strictly called moral and religious. The minister is not going to the theatre, until it is pledged to what? To Righteousness, to Truth. When it is pledged to this and understood to be this, then every educated minister in Boston will go there to study.

Managers who are looking for the dollars might say, "This is all very well, but, my dear sir, viewed from a business stand point, your statement is not warrantable. You will have to change the people. When we get into the New Jerusalem no doubt it will do; but not on this wicked world." Try it. That is all I have to say, try it. I tell you the moral influence in the human race is the mightiest influence God ever gave it, and the reason we are so hopeless concerning it is because we have not sufficiently appealed to it. Business men have not appealed to it. Few outside of the pulpit have ever appealed to it. Let the Stage appeal to it, and lift itself up out of its present condition and put on that crown—that crown which is intellectual, æsthetic, redemptive, in its influence. I am looking for a revelation in this direction, I am looking for certain persons to lead off in this direction.

What do you suppose the effect was upon those who attended the play of Othello this winter? Oh, you may preach to me of jealousy. I understand about preaching, I have had some experience. For twenty years, never a Sunday

that did not find me engaged; but never before did I realize what an infernal crime jealousy is. I have read literature — some of the best — on this subject but never realized it before. I never realized before, what a dreadful criminal a mischief maker is, what a dreadful crime is mischief making. I saw it, I realized it, and as I sat in the theatre I trembled at the thought of this awful sin sweeping out over the world. I said to myself over and over again: Oh, Stage preach it. That is right.

A Day-Star has risen, it is heralding the light that is pencilled on the sky by the finger of promise. This mighty engine of power, called the theatre, let it forever be used in this way, and as far as it can go it will join hands with the pulpit in staying sin, in staying evil, and in staying temptations. Yes, I believe the Day-Star has risen, and who is he that has begun already to shine as that star? What is that constellation which I see? Oh, if this Institution should ever feed the stage with actors, and with actors going there simply because they have some ability, and may be some hope for financial profit, possibly a little ephemeral fame; I should wish I had never begun it. First and foremost and ever this school has sought the development of manhood and womanhood, righteousness, purity of life, and all that is noble. If, on the other hand, it should be the mission of a few scholars from this Institution who have the instinct of the dramatic exceedingly strong, who have the cultivation that ought to go with it, and which you receive here, to go upon the stage, whether they are ever popular or not, whether they ever receive any emoluments or not, whether they ever make any money or not, whether they are despised or not, at the risk of laying down all approbation, seeking only reformation, fully determined to take that mighty engine which has existed so many thousand years in the world and make it an engine for the elevation of the human race, in God's name, go! — but not without. There is a limitless possibility in this direction. The harvest is ripe. The call for good men and good women has already been sounded, and in my opinion such are to be found.

"HAMLET."

PRESENTED BY PROF. SOUTHWICK AND AN
EMERSON CAST AT THE MUSEUM.

The success of Othello and Richelieu at the Museum in March led to numerous requests for their repetition. Prof. Southwick and the Faculty responded to the spirit of the request although they improved upon its letter by giving instead of the former plays, a superb presentation of "Hamlet" at the Museum with the following cast:

HAMLET	-	-	-	Henry L. Southwick.
KING CLAUDIUS	-	-	-	Charles W. Kidder.
GHOST	-	-	-	B. C. Edwards.
POLONIUS	-	-	-	Walter B. Tripp.
LAERTES	-	-	-	E. Gardner Crane.
HORATIO	-	-	-	Ned H. Fowler.
ROSENCRANTZ	-	-	-	Charles M. Holt.
GUILDENSTERN	-	-	-	Curtis B. Rhea.
OSRIC				
BEANARDO	}	-	-	Charles I. Schofield.
MARCELLUS	-	-	-	Frank J. Stowe.
FRANCISCO	}	-	-	Charles D. Rice.
PRIEST	}	-	-	
FIRST PLAYER	-	-	-	Frederic A. Metcalf.
SECOND PLAYER	-	-	-	John Merrill.
FIRST GRAVE DIGGER	-	-	-	Charles T. Grilley.
SECOND GRAVE DIGGER	-	-	-	Charles D. Workman.
QUEEN GERTRUDE	-	-	-	Jessie Eldridge Southwick.
OPHELIA	-	-	-	Lola Furman Tripp.
PLAYER QUEEN	-	-	-	Ethel A. Hornick.

Of the many letters and press notices received our readers are favored with the following brief extracts:

38 Mt. Pleasant St.

No. Cambridge, Mass., Apr. 12, '96.

My Dear Mr. Southwick:

I thank you for the opportunity you gave me of seeing your *Hamlet*.

I have been thinking much about it to-day and find the beauties of your performance to grow upon reflection. You certainly have the gratitude of all the serious-minded theatre goers for a potent, graceful and scholarly impersonation of this most wonderful of Shakespeare's creations.

Last night was an evening of great delight to your audience, and I offer our hearty congratulations on the success you achieved.

Most truly yours, OTIS SKINNER.

Globe.

The production of *Hamlet* at the Boston mu

seum Saturday evening, by the faculty and students of the Emerson College of Oratory, was one of the most pleasing ever seen in Boston.

Henry L. Southwick sustained the title role in a most praise-worthy manner and each part was taken by an actor, whose work showed plainly the study of the play which had preceded the stage performance. It was a pleasure to listen to the distinct enunciation of the actors, and their skill in bringing out strongly the many fine points in the great play, won hearty and well deserved applause from the immense audience which filled every seat in the theater.

Mr Southwick's ability as an actor has several times been favorably commented upon in these columns. As Hamlet he shows full power to portray a character of which he has made a study for years. Several times in the play he makes decided departures from the traditional "Gloomy Dane." His Hamlet is a real man, not an impossible combination of genius, melancholy and madness. The audience that applauded his work Saturday night was a critical one in the extreme, and the many curtain calls tendered Mr Southwick were proof positive of his success in the role.

Lola Purman Tripp as Ophelia, Jessie Eldridge Southwick as the queen, and Walter Tripp as Polonius, were fully equal to the requirements of the parts, and in fact each participant deserved praise for excellent work done.

Boston Courier.

The whole spirit was honorable, faithful and true, when fidelity to the best went along with regard for approved convention in stage business, costumes were worn without awkwardness, and action was neither exuberant nor diffident. Do you realize how much and of how many mental and emotional attributes are required for the assumption at rare intervals of some great character by a person whose business may indeed be with dramatic and expressive matters, but is not acting, for all that? If you do, you will understand without more ado on my part, what was attempted and accomplished in this success. Professor Southwick's Hamlet was rather in the key set by the words "I have of late lost all my mirth," and developed more along reflective than dramatic lines, perhaps; but it was clear, consistent, firm and convincing. Were he to repeat it a few times in quick succession and take a little perspective criticism upon it, he might make it truly and widely notable. I may not dwell at length upon the distribution, which was all aptly adjusted to individual persons and manners.

Transcript.

It is seldom without some trepidation that an impartial spectator awaits the rising of the curtain on the presentation of a Shaksperian play by non-professional actors, for there is always a lurking apprehension that whatever is amateurish in means or method will manage to keep itself pretty constantly in evidence. Enough so, at

least, to provide fond memories of previous performances in place of present enjoyment. There was little opportunity, however, for any fears of this sort after the opening of the Saturday evening performance of "Hamlet." Though the non-professionalism was there, it kept itself carefully concealed, and the play went off as smoothly and easily as it could have done in the hands of an experienced company of the regulars. There was a finish about it too. It was a distinct and scholarly interpretation of the play taken up with a definite understanding of what was called for, and carried out with a knowledge of and attention to detail of stage business and setting that is rare in a presentation of this sort.

Mr. Southwick's Hamlet showed the most careful and appreciative study. It was finished and adequate, and as a presentation of one conception of the character, it left little to be desired.

Of the other roles, Mrs. Southwick's Queen Gertrude was easily and carefully done, and Mrs. Tripp as Ophelia went far toward making her audience forget her own personality in that of the character. The work of the other players was in keeping with the general excellence of the performance.

Boston Budget.

The Emerson College productions of the dramatic classics have come to be acknowledged as the standard amateur portrayals in this vicinity. The present season has been an exceptional one for the college, four offerings having been made as against two of last year. As we have already said, perhaps the most attractive feature of the performance is the completely adequate ensemble. This was especially true of "Hamlet," which was given on Saturday week. No part seemed miscast, and the individual work, although excellent, was often made secondary to the harmony of the production, a rare virtue. It is a matter for congratulation that this city has an institution so well able to present these plays in so artistic and appreciative a way. Mr. Southwick's "Hamlet" was a most earnest, refined and appreciative impersonation. Occasionally his face might have had more repose, but such a minor detail can hardly be considered in such a masterful whole as Mr. Southwick presented. His rejection of the old medallion device in the line, "Look here, upon this picture, and on this" for the broader and more delicate conception of imaginary portraits, was a welcome innovation.

Mr. Tripp as Polonius was excellent, being most appreciative of his possibilities particularly in his last two acts. Both Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Southwick gave exquisite impersonations. Mr. Edwards as the Ghost, Mr. Crane as Laertes and Mr. Kidder as the King, were strong and competent. Miss Hornick read her lines excellently, Mr. Griley was thoroughly droll, and Messrs. Fowler and Schofield deserve mention.

Boston Times.

It was a splendid audience which was gath-

ered at the Boston Museum last week, Saturday night, to witness Henry L. Southwick's "Hamlet;" of a size to test the entire seating capacity of the old playhouse, and of a quality to spur any actor on to his best efforts, for among the friends and pupils of this enterprising professor of the Emerson College of Oratory, was a liberal sprinkling of the best known educators and literateurs of to-day, all with a friendly intent, but still prepared to justly judge of the histrionic ability of their co-workers in the educational field.

It was not Mr. Southwick's first appearance as "Hamlet," for the play was given at a *matinée* performance a little more than a year ago by virtually the same cast, and the development of his then more than ordinarily well conceived character was interestingly watched. And it has developed. Mr. Southwick is, first and foremost, a rare elocutionist. He reads his lines so exquisitely that any deficiencies in his acting might be overlooked, and still his "Hamlet" would be of a merit equalled by few actors on the stage to-day; but it was not necessary to overlook anything on Saturday evening. He thoroughly lived the part and did not rant, saw the air, or do any of the things Hamlet advised the players not to do. The key note of his Hamlet is in minor tone, but he catches the true poetic spirit of the character and acts with fine spirit and intelligence. His scene with the ghost in the first act, the one with Ophelia in the second and the players' scene, were the conspicuous instances, when the true artistic worth of his work was most conspicuous, for these climaxes were reached in a subtle, gradual way, giving them a concentrated force to make the auditor fairly hold his breath.

Mrs. Tripp's Ophelia should be mentioned on a par with Mr. Southwick's Hamlet, in chronicling the success of the production. Her performance was beautiful. That single word nearly tells the whole story, for it applies to what one sees and hears. It was artistic, poetic, natural, pathetic—beautiful.

Mrs. Southwick's Queen Gertrude was a strong and finished piece of acting, and Mr. Edward's ghost; Mr. Tripp's Polonius, Mr. Crane's Læertes, Mr. Fowler's Horatio and Miss Hornick's Player queen were all praiseworthy indeed.

One wished for the first time when seeing "Hamlet" that there was more to the part of the first grave-digger, so entirely delightful was Mr. Grilly's interpretation.

Boston Herald.

The Museum was crowded last evening by a remarkably fine audience such as few professional actors could attract in "Hamlet."

Mr. Southwick repeated the performance of the melancholy Dane, which won such favor a few months ago, and his audience was very enthusiastic. The applause was hearty, the cur-

tain calls were numerous and the floral offerings many.

Mr. Charles W. Kidder, as the King; Mr. B. C. Edwards, as the Ghost; Mr. Walter B. Tripp, as Polonius; Jessie Eldridge Southwick, as the Queen, and Lola Purman Tripp, as Ophelia, were especially deserving in a very creditable cast.

Boston Post.

The principal interest centered in Mr. Henry L. Southwick, who was seen in the title role, and all through the evening received well deserved applause. His conception of the melancholy Dane demonstrated that he had given the character deep and conscientious study. The impersonation was thoroughly interesting, and Mr. Southwick is to be congratulated on his success. His reading of the lines was intelligent, his scenes with Ophelia artistic, and the expectations of his friends were fully verified.

Miss Lola Purman Tripp as Ophelia shared the honors of the evening and looked charming in her various moods, showing good judgment at all times, especially in the mad scene. Mr. Charles W. Kidder as King Claudius and Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick as Queen Gertrude portrayed their parts well.

EMERSON SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

LECTURE BY JOS. S. GAYLORD.

Delivered at the Henneman Centennial Festival, April 9.

I esteem it a high privilege to be invited to present to you this evening the Emerson System of Physical Culture, — a system which is taught at Emerson College of Oratory in this city and by several hundred students and graduates of this institution in various parts of the United States and Canada.

When first arranged this system contained a number of unique features, and several of its principles have not yet been put into practice by those who have theoretically accepted them.

One of the noticeable features of the system is its completeness as a system of physical education, or culture. It attempts and accomplishes more than a mere training of the body. Its completeness can only be suggested in the few minutes allowed me.

The following is a very brief outline of the system, its aims and principles:

AIMS.

As we estimate the character of a man large-

ly by his purposes, so the aims of any system give a hint as to what may be expected of that system.

Health. Our first aim is health—health in its larger meaning—health of every part of the body, of the vital organs, of the muscles, of the nerves, of the nerve centers, of the brain, etc. Emphasis is usually laid upon the condition of the muscles as regards health or strength. In our system special emphasis is put up upon the condition of the vital organs and of the nervous system.

Our exercises, as you will see when they are taken by the class, invigorate the nervous system without exciting or irritating it, and give tone to the vital organs.

Health implies strength, skill and endurance. We believe health is more and more important than either of these taken alone. In a large sense health is a harmony of strength, of skill and of endurance. Our exercises are arranged to develop great strength and endurance especially of the vital organs and of the muscles which surround them, while at the same time to secure freedom of movement throughout the entire body. Every muscle in the body is exercised in proportion to its relative importance, taking into account the exercise which it receives in the ordinary actions of life.

Beauty. The second aim is beauty, which implies unity, variety and harmony. A man who is physically educated uses the parts of his body as servants of the whole man, i. e. he has unity. He uses these parts in a variety of ways also, and with a harmony of form and of action which we usually call symmetry of form and grace of movement. Now these are not only theoretical aims but each exercise is chosen in part because it assists in securing these aims, and some of the exercises are especially adapted to bring these results.

Relationship between Mind and Body. The next aim is to secure a true relationship between the mind and the body. You all know to what a large extent health depends upon the condition or state of the mind. You can easily understand that the best exercises are those which keep the mind and the body in such relation as will enable each to assist the other to the greatest extent. Any system to be thorough and true must educate man's body as it is in relation to a mind capable

of impression and expression. This relation should be made a definite aim and surely secured. This means, of course, that such exercises shall be used as are found to have a desirable influence upon the mind and which a noble refined mind would use in expression. One of the mistakes of many methods of education has been a separation of mind and body.

Character. The great aim of all education is character, and physical culture being a part of education must have character as its fundamental aim. Unquestionably certain forms of movement are not helpful for the attainment of good character while other forms are helpful. It is very important that every exercise admitted to a system of true physical culture should be tested as to its influence upon character, as well as upon respiration, circulation and nutrition. It is not sufficient to hope that in some indirect way the character will be improved by physical exercise. It should be held as a definite aim and intelligently striven for.

PRINCIPLES:

Evolution. The broadest principle is the principle of evolution. Every man is what he is partly because of what he has been. Every movement a man makes is an element in his development. This principle requires that physical exercise shall be progressive,—that each new grade in the work shall contain the preceding and be something more. The Emerson System is carefully arranged in accordance with the requirements of this principle of evolution.

Adaptation. Another principle is adaptation. Physical exercises to be really good must not only be authorized by the human economy but also required. Many exercises are authorized which are not required. Artificial, unrequired exercises must ever fail of the best results.

Equilibrium. Equilibrium, including opposition, is an important principle in all exercise. A true balance must be preserved between supply and waste. Exercise should so influence the vital organs that the repair would exceed the waste. Energy should be diffused throughout the entire system giving the appearance of "ease in force." This means the cultivation of a good standing position and a fine muscular sense.

Repetition. "It is in repetition that good comes in any method of education." This is

not a mere doing over and over again, but a constant working toward an ideal, always finding "something new in the old." A good friend improves on acquaintance. A good exercise is one which may be used all the way to your ideal. Our fundamental series, which will be given by the class, is for permanent and progressive use.

Rhythm. Rhythm as a law of the universe requires that physical exercise shall proceed "from rest to climax, from climax to repose." Sudden starting or sudden stopping is injurious. Rest and repose are not synonymous terms. Rest is more a passive indefinite condition, while repose is an active harmony of all the parts and powers.

Slowness. Slowness, precision and definite aim are principles which are required by physiology and psychology both. The relations which exist between the body and the mind especially insist on the principle of slowness, together with precision and definite aim. The slower movements allow time for the mental influence to fully reach the parts of the body and for the muscular sense of the movements to fully reach and influence the mind. Slow movements allow time for repair to go on during the exercise. Sudden movements do not allow this.

Economy. Stated as a law economy is, "we must strengthen the centers while we free the surfaces." When this law is obeyed we are enabled to accomplish "a maximum of result with a minimum of effort." We all know that exercises differ very much in respect to their economy of energy. Some cause more waste than repair, others more repair than waste. In the Emerson System those exercises are used which leave a balance of energy on the side of gain.

There is a great difference between smooth, invigorating exercises and sudden, exciting, irritating movements. 'Tis the difference between economy and waste.

Transmutation. When energy has been awakened by vigorous exercise it should not be left as mere dynamic force but should be transmuted into harmony of movement. Again, the energy coming from the nerve centers to the muscles should be returned to the nerve centers in a higher form which will invigorate the nerve centers. The highest form of transmutation occurs when the vital centers in the brain stimulate the whole body and the body in turn stimulates

the mental centers in the brain. So we say we "transmute pure physical energy into psychological power, not in some accidental, or fanciful manner, but through definite forms of psychophysiological expression."

THE SANCTITY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

BY PRESIDENT EMERSON.

[From stenographic reports.]

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" I Cor. 6: 19.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" I Cor. 3: 16.

There is no thinking man of today who does not, to a greater or less degree, allow himself to be affected by words in sacred writing. People are affected by these words, not because they are found within a certain cover, but the words themselves are alive, and therefore affect them. By the Word the worlds were made, and this Word affects every thoughtful person. Hence I have most deliberately and thoughtfully pointed you to a couple of extracts from this Word, which most precisely expresses my meaning, when I say the "Sanctity of the Human Body." "*Ye are the temple of God.*" These are startling words; these are thrilling words. Yet startling and surprising as they may seem, there is a voice within the human soul which responds with a greater or less degree of emphasis to these words, although it may have hitherto been silent. Paul spoke to human nature. Paul spoke also to the divine nature, both of which are in man, according to his own words, and not only his words but the words of many other inspired writers. This truth is suggested even by the early Hebrew writers, in the Old Testament. But as time goes on and the nature of man evolves, we find the writers in this sacred book speaking more and more directly, more and more explicitly upon this point. At last we find in the last book, Revelations, the record of a man who was much alone and yet never alone, a man who lived to a great physical age, a man, who persecuted by his fellow men, went finally

to a very lone island. While this man was standing on this lone island the whole heavens spoke. What were they saying? "*Behold the tabernacle of God is with men.*"

God said to the Hebrews, "Build Me a house, let it go up silently without the sound of hammer. Let the wisest builders in the world be employed." The house was built and what a holy place that temple was. In the centre of it—the Holy of Holies—upon the day of its dedication, the spirit of the Infinite was manifested, and into that sacred place, because of its sacredness, only the High Priest was afterwards permitted to enter. The mind of man was being thus objectively trained to the sacredness of the presence of God.

It is important that man should develop a sense of reverence, for without this sentiment there is no human progress. A human being, as an individual, does not progress until he has a sense of reverence to inspire his other faculties. This is an important thing. It is where God first manifests himself to the human soul. It is the first sentiment through which He speaks. Through this, other faculties awake and become inspired; through this, the Infinite speaks to every power of the human soul.

See with what a steady purpose the sentiment of reverence was kept in view by religious instruction for a thousand years, and even before this. We can notice especially that it was kept before man for more than fourteen hundred years, by that peculiar people, the Hebrews. The temple was the tabernacle of God, his habitation.

When John was banished to the island of Patmos, away from the holy city, away from the temple, where he could not see even the shadow of it, nor the gleam of it in the rising sun, he cried: "Where is the dwelling place of the Most High? Where art Thou, Oh, God? Where art Thou, Oh, Christ? We know that we are of God, and the whole world lyeth in wickedness, but where art Thou?" A great voice was heard, as if from a chorus of stars: "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men." Wherever man is, God is, for there is the habitation of the Most High. "Wherever man is, God

is," seems to be repeated in its wide reverberations among the mountains and seas, for they all seem to take up the theme: "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men."

"Ye are the temple of God; your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." It was not altogether a weak and wicked superstition that led the Egyptians to build their temples. That which led those who had never heard of Jehovah, to build temples, was an early finger point. See that mysterious and deep Egyptian temple, colossal in its proportions, standing out in the broad sunlight on the one side and entering the deep and dark shadows of mystery on the other. Into that shadow and into that mystery only kings and priests are allowed to enter. From the holy and mysterious depths proceed the holy words of the priests, which are words of prophecy, words of authority.

Thus man was being trained by object lessons step by step, through thousands and thousands of years. This thought of the sacredness of the Temple of God was growing until at last it was taught purely and spiritually in the New Testament. You and I have descended from generations of Christians who have been hearing this thought for many hundreds of years. Do you and I fully comprehend it? By this time it seems we should be able to comprehend it through hereditary tendency, if in no other way. But no. Man needs line upon line and precept upon precept—prophets in every age—in order to keep the splendid themes of high living before the minds of men.

"*Man is the temple of God.*" A so-called scientist of the present time takes his telescope and sweeps the heavens; he measures and even weighs the stars in the balance, and says: There is no God. I have searched the laws that move the planets; I have searched the laws that give form to matter; I have, through the finger of science, been able to point out molecules and atoms—but I find no God." *Turn your telescope the other way.* It is now pointing out upon a desert shore. Turn it inward and you look through the inlets of the deep.

If a man stood on the shore of this Atlantic coast and turned his telescope westward what

would he see? Mountains in the distance. But you tell him that he stands upon the shore of an ocean which knows no boundary; it extends around the world, and so covers the earth that it holds even the continents in its arms. He replies: "Behold with my telescope I can look westward into yonder heavens, I can count the number of thousands of miles between me and yonder moon, even calculate the distance to the sun, but I see no ocean." *Turn your telescope the other way* and you will see the waves as they come in bearing the message and thundering in every vibration: "This is an ocean." You look the wrong way. Look down through this inlet, Boston Bay, and you can watch the waves rushing in from the ever heaving bosom of the mighty deep.

You look, perhaps, to history, and you believe that you can trace the finger of the Infinite there. But somebody else looks over the same facts of history and says: "I do not see it. I see only environment that makes one nation different from another. This alone has carried forward the progress of the human race." Turn your eyes the other way; look into the human soul.

Does God dwell in the human soul and nowhere else? No one said that. I did not. Certainly the Bible does not; but it informs you that the human soul is an inlet. Some of the ancients believed that above yonder blue floor was a broad plain where the gods dwelt, and they thought of each star as an inlet, or aperture, in that floor through which they looked into the world of light beyond. Man is an inlet through which breaks the effulgence of the Divine spirit.

How do I know there is a God? I have found him. But that does not say he dwells in me and nowhere else. If I say God dwells nowhere else it indicates my limit of vision. If here is a truth and I can confirm it, that truth does not stop with me. I do not find it merely in myself, it is universal—one with the universe. It is surrounded by no belt, no zone, has no beginning of years nor end of days. Every bay along the line of the long ocean shore is a part of the waters of the ocean. Is

the ocean in that bay and nowhere else? Is there any place where that bay leaves off, any place where it is disconnected from the great ocean that is found in all zones and around the globe? No. Then there is no place where the Infinite leaves off and man begins; no place where this which you find in yourself leaves off and the Infinite begins. Do not confine God, I say, to yourself, for your soul is only a portal through which you look out into the Infinite. By it you apprehend God and your apprehension is confirmed by the testimony of all men who have lived in the spirit. Look elsewhere for confirmation. Look for illustrations of that divinity throughout all space that you can grasp with sight or thought. Look through all time, and you will find that even time itself beats the eternal rhythm to that confirmation.

We have been speaking to you about God. No one doubts his own spiritual existence. He does not need to be reasoned with about it. He needs no proof, in any intellectual form, of God's existence. It is in his consciousness. He is conscious of himself and he is also conscious of the existence of God. It is true that man needs to have God interpreted to him again and again; but the first perception of Him, comes from the teaching of the spirit within himself. It is that God's spirit impinges on his spirit, so that his spirit and the spirit of God bear witness to each other.

At night when you look at yonder heavens, through a false humility you descend into yourself and say: "What am I? Why, I am nothing; I am a mere speck." "A speck?" Yes, in one sense, but, no, in another. "A moat floating in space?" Yes, in one sense, but no, in another. No man can look steadily with earnest contemplation upon the stars at night unless there comes up within him the sense of the Infinite. Even Napoleon, selfish, ambitious, not to say bloodthirsty, was spiritually influenced by the sight of the heavenly bodies. One evening in the clear night, the stars shining brightly, the moon ornamenting the heavens with her silvery face, he stepped upon deck where his officers had been playing cards, and finally tired of playing they came under the influence of the

stars and began talking about God. This was in the latter part of the eighteenth century when there was a tremendous effort made to reinstate the god of the Greek philosophers — Reason. The officers finally concluded it was not *reasonable* to think there was a God. Napoleon stepped forward and said: "How can you look at the splendid array of the heavens to-night and not feel there is a God." Napoleon, the spirit spoke through the temple of your being once at least.

Let us give our attention to some considerations which must necessarily grow out of this thought: The presence of God in the human body or the sanctity of the human body. In some nations a man could murder and not suffer punishment for it unless he committed that murder in the church. If he murdered in the church he must die. People have stood in such awe of the church that they would not steal from the church though the doors were left wide open. "Why," they said, "this is the house of God." We instinctively feel a sense of reverence if we realize that a certain place is the house of God. Wicked people feel this, though they do not analyze it. Men who would steal, rob, murder, elsewhere, would not commit these crimes in the place where they thought God dwelt. This is not because of some superstition, it is instinctive. Every superstition that ever existed is but a vine intertwining around something that is native to the human soul. You call it superstition that makes a man, who is very wicked elsewhere, feel that he would not do the same wrong in the church. There is something divine in it; it shows that the human soul will fall before what it considers the habitation of God.

Let us, then, never lose sight of the thought that God has a dwelling place. Keep this before the minds of people, because you have nothing else upon which to build true morality and religion. Let us, in the light of the New Word, show the people *what* the dwelling place is, and then every man will feel it to be sacred. Why do you not respect your own body? Because you do not realize and fully believe that God dwells there. Why do you not respect the

body of your neighbor? Because you do not fully realize that God dwells there. Why do you not respect the half clothed, shivering bodies of the poor? Because you do not fully believe that God dwells there. This is the scepticism of the age.

You do not fully believe that God dwells anywhere. You have, in your mind, a great world filled with forces, as you call them, with no God anywhere. To a great extent, this is an atheistic, materialistic age and yet I see blossoming out of this a higher promise than has ever shown over the horizon of the human family before. A Day Star has risen. The dawn is approaching. The pencillings of promise are brilliant in the sky. Something grander is being unfolded to human belief, to man's theology, than was ever unfolded before. Second Adventists, so-called, say: "The Lord is coming." I believe it. "As the light shineth out of the east even into the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be." Spiritually speaking I believe this. I do not believe in the materialization of it; not at all; I am no materialist. But I believe in the great spiritual fact of the Lord's coming and I begin to see His manifestations. I begin to hear the rolling of His chariot wheels; I begin to hear the trump that sounds before. The heralds are coming in; time is bringing it on. Man is reviving; the soul is uplifting. What are the particular signs of it? Never before, since Adam was driven out of the garden of Eden, has man considered he was his brother's keeper so much as he does now. Never has he felt the sacredness in himself to the extent that he does now. These are things of promise.

Let us notice then, specifically, what a belief in this sacredness will inspire? First, respect for our own and others' persons. When I look at you I see the temple of God. Men go a great way to see the ruins of the ancient temple at Jerusalem. We respect the sentiment that makes them go. They do not go there to find the temple, but to find an expression of man's belief that God was there, and that they must build a house for Him. I never criticise anything of this kind any more.

than I criticise the blocks that teach children to read, or the first lessons in any great science. These were the first lessons in the science which God was teaching men. His providence was in it, and all Heaven was interested to bring men finally to know where the temple of God was. In the fulfillment of the prophecy "there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be cast down" He allowed this temple to be crushed. Even the temples which have been built since were built of crumbling, wasting material, and the time will come when they will not be found upon the face of the earth. But man will be here, and as these temples of stone melt away there shall appear more and more visible manifestations of a temple not made with hands, but an eternal, everlasting temple.

This inspiration within leads us first to consider, with more sacred reverence, our own persons and then the persons of others, or, we had better say, the persons of others and then our own persons, because I believe that a right consideration for ourselves always grows out of a right consideration for others. I believe we finally learn our own value, our own worth, not by considering ourselves, but by considering the value and worth of others. The mother never knew the value of herself until she knew the value of her child. No person ever knew the value of himself until he learned it through the life of somebody else. No man ever learned to respect himself until he had first learned to do so by respecting others. Life begins by doing for others. The great lesson of nature—the great lesson of human life—teaches us the sacredness, the holiness of this temple, which is the dwelling place of the Most High. This body is only a path along which the human spirit is travelling, to leave it by and by. But while we are in the body we must care for it, we must respect it and look upon it with reverence, with sacred and holy reverence.

All true temples which were built for the worship of Him who was supposed to dwell therein were taken care of by willing hands. The sacredness and the beauty of the temple inspired it. The old Greeks said little about

the sacredness and the holiness of their temples, or the sacredness and the holiness of anything; but they said much about that which is twin sister to it, i. e., beauty. They took care of their temples for the sake of their beauty. They built them for their beauty. They worshipped a god of beauty.

The Greeks looked upon the human body as divinely beautiful, they cultivated their bodies. They had their processions, religious so called, in which they marched without any clothing. They virtually said in their songs to the gods: "Behold, how we care for our bodies!" I would like to know if we have elevated this thought of the Greeks to the Christian plane, so that we can say to God who manifests himself in us: "Behold, oh Lord, how I have cared for the sacred and the holy body Thou hast given me, into which Thou hast condescended to enter and make Thy dwelling place." I fear we lack much in this.

Through a period of a thousand years, called the Dark Ages, life was springing up, to be sure, but it was a deep, dark night morally and spiritually. Men were led to despise the human body. They looked upon it as so many bonds to confine them to that which was lowest and only longed for the time when they would be rid of it.

When visiting a certain old monastery in Scotland I saw where a cannon had injured it—the cannon of a great Protestant general which had been aimed against it from the opposite hillside. When I thought of the reverence which inspired those who built it, although I had little sympathy and little fellowship with some of the things enacted in that monastery, yet I was pained to see that building which had been reared with so much care and skill and having so much beauty of architecture, marred in that way.

There is something shocking to reverence, to the sense of holiness, to see people mutilating their bodies, or the bodies of others. Think of that cloth of hair which some of the saints, so-called, wore uncomplainingly, meekly, sweetly, inside their clothing and next their skin. These souls meant well but they did not under-

stand that their bodies were temples of the Holy Ghost. I admire St. Theresa, who had been a woman of the world and then became such a saint, but I wish she had kept her body clean and pure. I wish she had not worn that inner vest of hair cloth which mutilated that sacred temple.

When I look about in my own day and generation and see the temple of God being girt round about where the true vitality rests, I forget that St. Theresa made a great mistake in wearing something to mutilate her body. If a superstition does not dictate this mutilation to-day something vastly beneath a superstition dictates it. I have respect for people who are superstitious—I must have respect for human beings in whatever condition they are,—but I have no respect for that fashion, for that ugly delusion, which assumes that God has not made the human body in the shape in which He should have made it. It is His own temple, and God has made it beautiful as well as holy. Mar it not; mar it not. I ask you to take no other view than a sense of holiness as an inspiration in guiding you.

Let us look at another consideration, the Purity of the temple. This was one of the first things thought of in ancient times. How clean their temples was kept. How beautiful was the altar! To-day this temple of yours and mine should be kept pure without and within. How dare you, how dare you, pass a day without bathing in pure water the temple of the Most High. Do it as a religious service. The ancients had their baptisms as a religious service, and when a man grows up to his full estate he will bathe often as a religious service. Baptism will have a significance for him. I would not have you bathe simply to obey a law of health. A man does not live for the sake of being healthy alone. I would have you bathe for the sake of being pure, because your bodies are the temple of God, holy, pure, and should be given as a daily offering. In the language of Paul: "I beseech you, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Suppose you should enter yonder cathedral, being attracted thither by the music, and there see the priests swinging incense before the altar. Suppose you should visit that cathedral again, and instead of priests swinging the incense before the altar you should see men burning tobacco there. Oh, how shocking; how unutterably shocking! Yet that is what men do in a temple more sacred than a cathedral. Some of the churches have passed an ordinance that no one shall be licensed to preach in their denominations who degrades the temple of God by burning the incense, fit to offer the evil one, only, called tobacco. Glory! I say, to such denominations. May the fire spread until it touches the altar of all denominations, and there shall not be such a thing as a preacher licensed to burn the filthy stuff in his holy temple.

Is that minister who uses tobacco any more filthy than you are if you use it? You say: "I make no professions." Does it make any difference what you profess or do not profess? Is not your body just as vile when you use that stuff as it would be if you were a minister? If you should look into the lungs of a minister who uses tobacco and into the lungs of a profane man who uses tobacco, there would be no difference between them for you would find in both cases that the nicotine had turned the lungs equally dark. Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and if your minister uses tobacco, set him a better example. Do not follow the example of some critics, who find fault and do no better themselves, but rather follow the example of Michael Angelo, who when called upon to criticise Raphael's drawings, said: "I criticise by example." Criticism by example is acceptable to God and to common sense.

There is one other point I would like to have you observe. Keep the body repaired through its renewal by exercise, just as the keeper of a temple renews the temple by taking out that which is old and putting new material in its place. The cheeks of youth look blooming, the cheeks of age look dry and withered. What makes the difference? The cheek of

youth is renewed rapidly, the cheek of age only slowly. Thus the human body is ever in the process of continual demolition and renewal, breaking down the tissue, flinging it away and putting new and fresh material in its place. But if you do not take sufficient exercise this process does not go on rapidly enough. Man must have exercise—not for health only. Health is an incident. The glory of God is the end. I would then have you renew this temple by exercise. I would have you remember that you are taking exercise for the sake of the temple, which is the dwelling place of the Most High.

I try to make every person stand erect. I try to do this myself; but the physical law of gravitation pulls me down, pulls my shoulders and my chin forward. I believe there is another law besides this one which leads to the centre of the earth, and that is the law which leads man to the centre of the universe. The one is a material force, or a force which deals with simple materials; the other is a force of the spirit, which points upward to the destiny of every true soul. The former points downward to the destiny of the particles of this body, which shall return dust to dust. While this dust is in the form of a holy temple we should obey the laws thereof.

I once attempted to make one of my students, who was a young minister, stand erect. He took the exercises pretty well, and seemed to do what I told him as well as he could. One day he came to me alone, and very confidentially said: "Look here, I think that exercise, bringing the head up, standing straight, lifting the chest high, is a very good thing for most people; but I am a young minister, and I am afraid that if I stand up, my congregation will think I am getting proud." Read the New Testament, my dear man. "The body is the temple of God." Would you let God know that you had tried to deface and crush His temple?

Every exercise that is given you in this College in my system of Physical Culture has direct reference to the body as the temple of God. I believe—and many years of experience

and observation have confirmed it—that that system of exercises is most beautiful in its effects, most healthful in its influence, which educates the human body to express the indwelling Spirit. In other words, train the body to express the sentiments received from the indwelling Spirit of the Most High.

What does the contemplation of this thought of the indwelling God suggest, so far as the spiritual manifestation of the indwelling is concerned? It suggests this thought, this belief: "For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." I am not one who holds it does not make much difference about what you believe. It makes a great deal of difference what you believe in regard to certain vital things. In regard to certain abstract things, it may not make so much difference. If you believe that you are communing in your own soul with God, that His spirit is within, directing your spirit; that you are a dual being, human and divine; that the human may listen to the divine and be directed by it, where will your communing be? It will be within the temple, and thou wilt be saying: "What wilt Thou, O Indweller, have me to do?" When you hear that voice within telling you what to do, it will fill you with spiritual, divine courage in the doing.

Courage has ever been praised, even though it was of low origin. There is a transcendent courage, a spiritual courage which is born of hope toward God, of obedience and of the inspiration of love and the direction of truth. "Hope toward God"—we need it. We need courage. Cowardice does not belong to the spirit. We are timid only when we depend upon our spirits and not upon that other Spirit which is speaking within us.

What else does this Spirit within suggest? If a person has smitten me upon the cheek there is a spirit within me that says: "Smite him on the cheek." If a person has taken away my cloak there is a spirit within me that says: "Take away his coat." If a man strikes me in the eye and strikes it out, there is a spirit that at first recoils, then rebounds and says: "Take out his eye—both of them—if you can." If a man has lied to me and cheated

me out of hundreds of dollars there is a spirit within me that says: "Get it back with ten per cent., if you can." There is another Spirit within me which says: "If he has taken away my cloak I must give him my coat also. If he has smitten me on the cheek I must not smite him, but must turn the other cheek."

If I hear him cursing my name behind my back there is something within me which says: "Go to your closet and pray for blessings upon him," and bestow them when you have an opportunity. We see that there are two spirits within this temple and we should allow the one to heed the other. The first one is private, the other is that which dwells in the soul, coming hither from the Infinite. Two voices are there. One of the voices made the universe, and it is but the expression of Him. What is this spirit within me? It is God, and there is no God beside. Here is the Unconfined, the Infinite, the Universal, the Illimitable, within myself.

If I was trying to make health the end of the argument for the care of the body, I would say that *serenity* is necessary to the highest condition of health. I look upon serenity as indispensable to the consciousness of the indwelling Being. While I was living in the city of Fitchburg I read of the death of a man in that city who was one hundred and eleven years old. He was a scholar, an able public speaker, and a man of great influence, but the great thing emphasized in the newspapers about him was that he was a deeply religious man and reposed in absolute serenity upon his faith. No wonder he lived to be so old.

I remember two very old men, one of them lived into his ninety-fourth year, and the other into his ninety-ninth year. I can remember one of them from the time he was fifty-four; I can remember the other from the time he was seventy-three, and to the remembrance of my childhood days there comes an impression of spirits that bespoke more tranquil serenity than ever lake reflected, than ever mountain suggested, than ever clear blue sky inspired. I speak of these facts because serenity comes from the indwelling Spirit. It has in it a sug-

gestion of infinite power. When a man feels the Infinite within him he is serene.

If you allow yourself to think of what difficulties may arise in your path or in your enterprise, you are paralyzed. So long as you are true, sincere, and full of faith, so long as you live in the consciousness of the Great I Am, remember that Omnipotence is with you. You have nothing to fear. In one sense you rest on yonder fleecy cloud and are floating through the great dwelling places of the Most High in the outer court. Nothing can stand in your way. The Infinite says in the language of another, but not boastfully; "I came, I saw, I conquered." Am I wise enough to manage and direct your minds? No. Is any teacher here wise enough to manage and direct your minds? No, not for an hour, not for a minute. Is there one here wise enough to direct the management of this college? Not for an hour, not for a minute. But if we trust in the Infinite we have a pilot. If we will only trust in the inflowing spirit of the infinite God of wisdom, of love, of beneficence, of sweetness, we have the whole force, the whole enginry of heaven, to guide us to that which is best, highest and noblest for you.

EUROPEAN TOURS.

To the graduates and friends of Emerson College of Oratory, we bring greeting in these last precious days of our working year. Our enthusiasm for pleasant profitable study will not abate when we can meet here no more.

Every form of cultivation for the human race brings new needs. We rejoice that this is true and gladly seek ways and means for attaining those higher advantages that our training has made peculiarly desirable. Would not many who have finished the course of study, eagerly welcome a tour in Europe, if they could be quite sure of scholarly, congenial companions, wisely planned itinerary, and experienced advisers?

To such we have a message that will gladden the coming days of vacation. From this time there are to be special tours for visiting important historical, literary and art centers

which are to be known as Emerson College European Excursions.

Special inducements are offered for the summer of '96. A route is designed in conjunction with the American Agency of Ex-Consul F. C. Clark and brother, the latter of whom is now Vice Consul in Palestine. These gentlemen have enjoyed in time the confidence which our government reposes in those who guard our international relationships with foreign powers, which facts is ample guaranty for our protection en route. We know of no more pleasant and efficient person with whom to transact business than Mr. Leon L. Collver, the New England Agent for this firm.

Our purpose is to visit England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Elective Annex trips to Spain, Greece, Egypt and Holy Land are provided for. We have discovered that no itinerary presented by others, meets the needs of our students and we have, after mature consideration, adopted what we believe, will afford them the most sightseeing for the time and money expended. This is not a money making project. It has for its object the best interests of those who come under the beneficent teachings of our incomparable corps of instructors, to accentuate their efforts in inculcating a love for "the good, the true and the beautiful" found in the great centers of civilization across the water.

Those who do not go this year, will join us in '97 or perhaps later on, and in preparation for that happy event, will have the deepest interest in what "the elect" are doing from year to year. In the spirit of helpfulness, than which no precept is more strongly urged in our beloved Alma Mater, they will follow with active sympathy the voyagers for each successive season. To each alumnus and alumna will the benefits thus be, both direct and reflex.

We are imbued with the belief that some of you are ready, and longing to go this year. Come and we will have such a summer outing as shall be memorable in your lives. If you cannot go, send a friend. A substitute, earnest and studious, for whom you may vouch, will be

gladly welcomed.

We earnestly recommend all those now pursuing the course of study at the College to complete the same before joining us; and in extending this opportunity to the graduates alone, we make only such distinction as will insure your best growth in your chosen vocation.

For further particulars address

Mrs. N. L. CRONKHITE,

Conductor and Chaperon;

or MISS CATHARINE ROGERS,

Secretary and Treasurer.

Emerson College, Boston, Mass.

I most heartily approve the above and I believe Mrs. Cronkhite is just the one to conduct the arrangement she has herein proposed.

C. W. EMERSON.

SHYLOCK.

GEO. E. HASIE.

Most critics conceive Shylock to be an incarnation of meanness, malignity, avarice, revenge, hatred, and intolerance, and when they want to think of a Jew, they think of Shylock. Is Shylock the type of the Jew? Does Shakespeare intend to waken our antipathy or our pity for the money lender of Venice? Does he intend to teach toleration, or is he caressing the narrowest and bitterest prejudices of the age?

In the story narrated in Plutarch, it was not a Jew, but a Christian, that exacted the pound of flesh. Probably Shakespeare never saw a Jew, as Edward I in 1290 expelled all the Jews from England, and they were not permitted to return until 1650. All he says about the Jews, he learned from current traditions and from the literature that recorded a prejudice worse than the reality. All that he knew about them, he learned from hearsay; and, if we take into consideration that Marlow's "Jew of Malta," which was not written until 1588, was received with thunderous applause by the people, it is patent that he heard almost anything but good about the Jews; for Barabai, the "Jew of Malta," was a monster, a demon incarnate.

Shakespeare did not intend Shylock to be

the repellant monster that some actors picture him to be. It was his intention to awaken sympathy for the wronged and oppressed man, and to show that there was ample cause for all his passion for revenge,—"The villainy you *teach* me, I well execute." It was not the Jew nor the Christian, it was the man that could not have done otherwise. When all the wrongs imaginable were heaped upon him,—curses upon his nation, insults against his religion, scorn and invective against his daily mode of life and business, when his servant was enticed away, his property stolen, his home destroyed—why, he must have "a lodged hate and a certain loathing," not because he was a Jew, but because he was a human being.

The feelings of the poet are, I think, with Shylock. He argues the case of an oppressed race. He strives to give reasons for their supposed actions and feelings, and then endeavors to soften the popular feeling toward the Jew as it was expressed some ten years before by Marlowe. He has made himself the attorney of a down-trodden people; for, every time, excepting at the end, it is Shylock that gets the better of his enemies. His arguments are unanswerable, his reasoning is powerful, his indignation is just, his misfortunes excite pity.

The Jew has a spiritual life of his own that Shakespeare did not know and could not have known, that he did not intend to portray. In presenting to us that grand creation, praised alike by all critics, Shakespeare simply wanted to show the terrible fruits of intolerance. It was a passion play of prejudice and intolerance.

HEARTH SIDE MUSINGS.

H. S. ROSS IN HARTFORD POST.

Old Muse! when you and I were young
Our Mother Nature never frowned:
She praised awhile our mirthful ways,
And taught us all the happy round
Of fleeting joys; those summer days.

Care free, the larks' song oped the day.
The fire flashed up in brighter cheer,
As jovial sparks light-winged flew.
Incurling smoke, on vision clear,
Cloud lands and airy castles grew.

But now the dark storm drives without.
To-night the embers dull and gray:
Pale cheeks so wan from color fled;
Like brave laid plans of yesterday,
Burned out lie on the hearthstone dead.

Parnassus steep: a weary climb,
Slopes sheer aloft its skycut bound,
Where deep'ning glows of sunset blend,
Still lures us on to holier ground,
And brings our pilgrimage its end.

One more bold crag. On sight delayed
Spring fields Elysian, shade and stream,
Which Mounts Delectable enclose:
Where we may lay us down and dream
A life long June of ease—who knows?

PERSONALS.

It is always a pleasure to know that our genial friend, Mr. Schofield, has been enthusiastically received by his audiences. He has recently made a pleasant trip "down East" as the reader for the Tuft's College Glee Club.

* * *

Friday, April 10th, Miss Whitehead read before the Y. M. C. A. and Y. M. of C. A. of Boston University. A number of her auditors expressed to her personally their appreciation of her reading.

* * *

During the last vacation, Miss Grace Clifford gave a very successful recital at her home in Orange, New Jersey. In the latter part of April she will read before the New York Athletic Association, and at Saratoga in July, before one of the boating clubs. Miss Clifford is most pleasing in her dialect pieces.

* * *

While doing the regular work of the senior class, Mr. Fred M. Blanchard, during the past year, has had charge of the work in Oratory at Howard Seminary, West Bridgewater, Mass. He has also done much work among the Young Men's Clubs of the North End in Boston.

* * *

The lecture on Australia, delivered before the Southwick Literary Society was most interesting, instructive and entertaining. For this rare opportunity of enjoying a trip to this flourishing little continent, we are indebted to one of

our own number, Mr. W. Hinton White. In picturing and describing so much territory we were struck with the fine discrimination employed by Mr. White in his selection of views. Not only did he picture to us the beautiful scenery of the country, but the active, progressive life. Mr. White has recently delivered his lecture before large and appreciative audiences in Worcester, Salem, North Easton and points in Vermont and New Hampshire. In our own city of Boston, he lectured Feb. 1 for the Young Men's Christian Union. His is the most popular lecture of its class, in the Boston bureaus.

EXCHANGE.

A delightful paper in *The Arena* for March is from the pen of Dr. Hamilton Osgood, one of the foremost physicians of New England. In it he discusses in a scholarly manner, Mæterlinck and Emerson. Mæterlinck it will be remembered has been frequently termed the Shakespeare of Belgium. A stirring little poem, "Brotherhood," by Birch Arnold, in the February number, is well worth careful study. Its eight stanzas not only stir the soul but they contain volumes of thought for the reflection and inspiration of him who would be a teacher in the true sense of the term. Something of the spirit of the poem may be seen in the last few lines:

* * * * *

"Courage, then, O men my brothers,
Be as soldiers in truth's cause;
Foes may strike, but strike the harder,
Till earth yields to Heaven's laws!

"For lo! a mighty passion pulses
And swells adown the aisles of time;
Loud its clarion voice is ringing,
Ever ringing words sublime:

Men of thought, and men of action,
Slaves no longer bow ye down!
God is God, and God in manhood
Shall your holy efforts crown!"

—————

The editor sat in his sanctum
Penning a beautiful thought;
Next day came his compensation,
The professor recorded a naught.
—Ex.

The oldest college in the world, Mohammedan, at Cairo, was 1800 years old when Oxford was founded.—Ex.

—————

Musical Professor, on a slippery morning—"C sharp or you will B flat."—Ex.

MY SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, never hurry:—In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony. WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

—————

Said A to B. "I C U R
Inclined to B a J."
Said B, "Your wit, my worth friend,
Shows signs of sad D K."—Ex.

—————

One hundred and forty thousand students are in the colleges and universities of the United States.—Ex.

—————

Over fifty thousand dollars has been pledged toward founding a college in Salt Lake City.—Ex.

—————

"Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone.
A chaperone she needs till she
Can call some chap 'er own.
—Ex.

—————

A copy of the *Geneva Cabinet* reaches us through the kindness of one of Geneva's faithful graduates, who is now with us. The *Cabinet* contains a short article in answer to the question, "Why Should I Study Oratory?" by Elizabeth Randall, '95. The subject is handled in a purely orthodox manner, and bears the stamp of the E. C. O. both in spirit and form.



Yours faithfully
Charles Wesley Emerson.

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EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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O THOU dreamer, thou dreamer, thou dreamer of
dreams,
What seems to be is not, what is not seems.
Thou art the seer of that which Is;
Thine eye looketh through pretenses,
Forms that seem fair are foul to thee,
Forms that are plain are fair to thee.
Thou the Spirit of all dost see,
The Spirit that hath reality.
Forms that are fleeting befool thee not,
Thou art wiser than any wot.
Not for thee are the masks of time,
Not for thee are the shows sublime;
Thou knowest That which is greater than all
That ever in Time or Space can fall.
SOLON LAUER.
(In "Life and Light from Above.")

It was our promise to issue seven numbers this year, provided we could secure six hundred subscribers. Our list shows nearly a hundred less than that number. But, in order that we may appeal more strongly for the enthusiastic support of all Emersonians, we will issue a seventh number. Send for extra copies of this number and circulate them among your friends.

At the annual meeting of the Magazine Association the following persons were elected Honorary Members of the Association:— President Emerson, Henry L. Southwick, Rev. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., Rev. Solon Lauer, Rev. B. F. Kidder, Ph. D., William J. Rolph, Ph. D., Miss Julia T. King, Miss Alice F. Tourtellot, Mrs.

John Vance Cheney, Prof. Geo. W. Saunderson, Prof. J. S. Gaylord, A. M., Prof. A. M. Harris, Miss Phoenix.

The association wished thus to express their hearty appreciation of the above persons as contributors who have proved their interest in the Magazine by generously responding to requests for articles for publication.

With this issue the present management of the Magazine terminates. At the first meeting of the new Managing Board, Miss Luella Phillips was elected Editor in Chief, and Mr. Harry Ross, Business Manager. There is an accumulation of valuable experience about an enterprise of this kind, which these persons have availed themselves of, that will greatly facilitate their work of next year.

Speaking from a careful knowledge of the situation, we can assure our readers, that the Magazine of next year will be a decided improvement over the present volume. We are sure of this, not only because of the excellence and wisdom of our successors, but also from the increased interest in the Magazine, which has manifested itself in several ways. One source of our hope is the hearty support given by the Freshmen and Juniors. On account of their enterprising spirit, the Association has its full quota of membership, for the first time.

Our confidence is not based on these conditions alone. Gradually the friends of the College are coming to express themselves through these columns. And they are right welcome to do so. But that which has given us the greatest pleasure, has been the increased response from students and alumni. Their contributions have been of a very high order—such as to invite the belief that the time is coming when there shall be a host of Emersonians and friendly educators, who shall make the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE widely known as a

source of inspiration to students, teachers, and public speakers.

So we ask all subscribers not only to renew their subscriptions but also to practice a little persuasiveness on their friends who need their minds quickened to a better appreciation of this kind of culture. To all who so loyally helped to secure extra subscribers this year, we express our sincere thanks. As to the contributors of this year, we pray that they may be regularly inspired to "cry aloud" to the readers of the Magazine.

SHAKESPEAREANS HONOR MR. DALY.

The Famous Manager Tendered a
Banquet at Delmonico's by the
New York Society.

PROF. HENRY L. SOUTHWICK SPEAKS ON THE
ANNIVERSARY OF THE BARD OF AVON.

A NOTABLE OCCASION AND A DESERVED TRIBUTE
TO A PUBLIC EDUCATOR.

The man who has done more, perhaps, than any other of this generation to popularize Shakespeare in this country, says the *New York Tribune*, received a full and unstinted meed of recognition, when the Shakespeare Society of New York entertained Augustin Daly as its guest on the 22nd of April. Representatives of the arts and sciences, of literature, of the pulpit, and of commerce gathered at Delmonico's on the eve of the three hundred and thirty-second anniversary of the birth of the Bard of Avon, to do honor to Mr. Daly, and to applaud his brilliant achievements in the presentation of the great poet's plays. And truly no more worthy recipient of its greetings and hospitality could have been selected by the society than Mr. Daly. His efforts to enhance the beauty and splendor of Shakespeare's plays and his marvellous stage productions have earned for him a lasting and unique reputation, not only in this country, but also on the other side of the Atlantic. Through his artistic aims and liberal expenditure the playgoing public has had presented to it Shakespearean comedy in a style

that has been assisted by all that is sumptuous in the present while preserving the perspective of the date in which those plays were staged under the eye of Shakespeare himself.

One speaker said that nobody but Shakespeare could have written those plays, and nobody but Daly could have mounted them.

The affair was one of the most brilliant in all its appointments ever given in New York.

The scene in Delmonico's handsome banquet hall was one of unusual brightness and beauty. The guests were seated about a huge square, which occupied nearly the fullest dimensions of the hall. The middle of the square was filled up with tables upon which were placed groups of vari-colored roses, resting among banks of ferns and foliage, and in the midst of all, rising conspicuously as though out of a lake of flowers, stood a tall group of handsome growing white lillies. Added effect was obtained from numerous lights with fanciful coverings, which glimmered like will-o'-the-wisps from among the wealth of blooms.

Walter S. Logan, the chairman of the special committee, presided, and on his right was seated Mr. Daly, with Appleton Morgan, the president of the society, on his left. Those also present were Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, Wallace Bruce, Martin W. Cooke, Professor Henry L. Southwick, Judge Henry W. Bookstaver, Judge Roger A. Pryor, General Horace Porter, the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, Parke Godwin, Dr. John S. White, Judge Joseph F. Daly, Joseph Howard, J. W. Kellar, St. Clair McKelway, Recorder Goff, Laurence Hutton, Henry E. Abbey, John A. Taylor, A. Gildersleeve, Robert B. Roosevelt, General Ferdinand P. Earle, General Thomas Wilson, Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, Rev. N. N. McKinnon, J. Henry Harper, Harrison Grey Fiske, Nelson Wheatcroft, and many others.

The menu card printed in the old Elizabethan type was compiled with due regard to the appropriateness of the occasion. It teemed with apt Shakespearean quotations and was surmounted by a bust of the bard himself.

One of the greatest contributions to the enjoyment and brightness of the dinner was the musical selections, also mostly Shakespearean.

MR. LOGAN'S WELCOME.

With the coming of the coffee, Mr. Logan rapped for order and he proceeded to open the evening's oratory by giving a welcome to all present. Continuing he said: "We are celebrating to-night the birthday of a man who was more than a play writer, more than an actor, more than a poet, more than a literary genius, more than the creator of the theatre—of the man who did more than any other man that ever lived to perfect for the Saxon race the noblest language that mortal tongues have ever spoken. We are also here to honor a living man, who is more than a writer of plays, more than an actor, more than the prince of managers that he is—of the man who has done more than any other man that lives to give to the men and women and children of this generation a practical realization of what Shakespeare said and was."

Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society made a formal address of welcome to Mr. Daly, in the course of which he said: "It is only my part, speaking for our Shakespeare Society, to say in our eleven years of work how deeply we have felt the handicap of the books and treatises of the scholiast, when compared with the stage on which Augustin Daly has taught Shakespeare to the seeing eye and to the sentient ear and to the living heart!

To revive and present to our era a Shakespearean comedy, a Shakespeare scholar, who learned in art, history, literature, affairs, appreciates that Shakespeare is the epitome of all of these. Indeed, I do not know what item of human knowledge can be left out of the ken of a Shakespeare scholar."

In response to the hearty applause that greeted him, Mr. Daly said among other things: "If to write the songs of a nation is to exert more influence than to make its laws, then the men who control the amusements of a people have a responsibility in one way as great if not greater than the men who fill the pulpit. It is with a sense of such responsibility that I have done what I have done for the modern stage. It is easy to decide what is the right course to follow to keep the theatre up to high standards.

There is no difficulty in deciding what is elevating and healthful, or what is morbid and degrading.

The difficulty lies in adhering to your standard when at times it looks as if, instead of the people flocking to it, you had to flock there all by yourself. The difficulty lies in adhering to your standard in the face of discouragement. I have known every phase of the struggle to make the playhouse what it should be—a place where the most thorough entertainment can be had while distinct encouragement is given to the highest literary and artistic efforts.

What I would particularly observe, with regard to a high purpose in theatrical management, is that such purposes are formed by study, directed by interest and kept alive by inclination, and in one sense, therefore, the true manager is born, not made.

If your courtesy to-night warrants me in the hope that I have kept alive in this country the flame of a pure love for the highest forms of theatrical representation; that I have worthily followed in the succession of managers of whom Burton and Wallack were types, then it warrants me in hoping that my efforts will bear fruit in the future for the good of the drama in this country, and that some ardent votary of the theatre may find and is now finding in my theatre the inspiration which will enable him to carry on the good work into the next generation. For I believe that the work of maintaining a high and great theatre in this country depends upon individual exertion and upon personal fitness."

Mr. Daly said that he did not believe in a subsidized theatre, and drew an amusing picture of what such an institution would be in this country. He then paid a glowing tribute to the genius and conscientiousness of Miss Ada Rehan, for which he was earnestly applauded, and concluded with this expression:

"I am aware that the future will not rest upon the achievements of the past. The success of the future must be earned again and again, not by recounting the past, but by excelling it. And if this may be within my humble powers, sustained by the blessing of God, that I have

never ceased to invoke, it will be."

The rest of the toast list was as follows : "The Staging of Shakespeare's Plays," Gen. Horace Porter; "The Stage and the Pulpit," the Rev. Michael J. Lavelle; "The Stage and the Press," St. Clair McKelway; "Shakespearean Scholarship in the Theatre," Dr. John S. White; "What Mr. Daly Has Done for the Community," John A. Taylor; "What Mr. Daly Has Done for the Stage," Prof. Henry L. Southwick; "One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin," Wallace Bruce.

PROF. SOUTHWICK'S SPEECH.

Believing that the speech of Prof. Henry L. Southwick at the Daly dinner would prove particularly interesting to Emersonians we print it nearly in full as it was given.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :

In accepting the privilege of being at your board and joining with you in doing honor to one who deserves well of this community and at the hands of the world of education and scholarship, it is my pleasure to testify to how heartily I am in sympathy with the high ends to which your society is devoted and especially with the spirit of this occasion. To most of us who love Shakespeare it is enough that we devote time to a faithful and reverent study of the master poet in the hope and in the pursuit of what Shakespeare may do for us. To but few men is given the power, insight and opportunity to do something for Shakespeare. Such a man do we honor to-night—a man whose ideas, ideals, literary contributions and successful achievements entitle him to high place, not merely among the ranks of those who have dealt successfully with great enterprises but among the artists, the educators, the benefactors of their fellows. Although some of us have heretofore been personally unacquainted with Mr. Daly, yet we have felt that we knew the man through his work; and it is a pleasure to recognize the worth of that work, not in that tardy appreciation which writes the epitaph and lays the chaplet upon the breast that is cold, but in the noon of life, when the "Well done thou good and faithful servant" may cheer a

living heart and inspire to higher effort. The man whom we honor to-night is a man of large faith—faith in the eagerness of the public to welcome the best, and that in a time when the managerial careers of most of his contemporaries evidence precisely the want of this faith. They have, most of them—subscribed to the creed that whatever has been and is, shall be; that the public wants trash and trivialities, and that every experiment in other directions has been met with apathy, been rewarded with neglect and won for the innovator loss upon loss and the epithets of "faddest" or "fool." And it does need faith in the face of the timidity of managers and the conservatism of critics, to believe that the public has after all been misrepresented, that the dictum of these managers is all wrong, that the people can be relied upon to perceive real excellence and to reward it. This, I say, needs faith and it needs independence, and it needs courage; for Emerson's wise formulation is as true in the field of enterprise as it is true in the realm of ethics that "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own. The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

While we know that,

"What custom wills, in all things should we do't,

The dust on antique time would be unswept,"

yet it requires strong moral lungs in him who stirs this dust, would he escape suffocation. And in the face of the pessimism and the distrust of higher ideals, it is an abiding satisfaction to find in Mr. Irving in England and in Mr. Daly in America, two men of faith and of courage who have been loyal to the higher standards of art, and whose loyalty is meeting with grateful appreciation and with substantial reward.

I have said Mr. Daly has done much for Shakespeare, whose genius has given its true standing to dramatic art however it may be degraded by ignorance, greed and by that which is meretricious. As Shakespeare wrote for the stage, so when justly presented upon the

stage does his work serve its complete function in education. Nor should we content ourselves with the colder and more partial revelation of mere closet study. One of the foremost Shakesperean scholars of to-day, Dr. William J. Rolfe of Cambridge, says, that the best commentary upon Shakespeare is the interpretation of a great actor. In fact it is doubtful if the scholar can ever know the full spiritual essence of a poem, song or drama until he has himself interpreted it completely or heard it interpreted by the human voice. He may know the purpose of a poem and understand its structure, he may compare it with certain abstract standards of criticism, be acquainted with the peculiar word usage of its author, he may have a good intellectual grasp upon it; but the *soul*, that intangible something which he who knows his poet feels, can be fully revealed only by the many subtle shadings of that divine reporter of soul experience, the human voice. Vocal expression reveals the soul of poetry. Intellect may grasp the idea in David's greatest psalm, but only when the voice of a man, God-intoxicated, speaks it do we feel all its spiritual wealth. Silent reading may give to us the intellectual frame-work of a mother's lullaby; its soul we know only when the mother's love sings it. If the inner spirit of poetry is revealed in its completeness only through vocal interpretation, as I believe it is, then the true place for the study of dramatic literature is the theatre itself. And the dramatic presentation of the highest creations of literature, with their vast gamut of soul experience, brings their power and their tenderness right home to brain, heart and conscience, and becomes by far the most enriching and vitalizing influence in the study of the master dramatist. It develops in him who follows it a power of imagination, a depth of perception, a warmth of sympathy, which will surely enrich his study of literature as a whole. The real home of Shakespeare then is in the theatre, where his conception may be externalized. And this points to what the theatre should be as a school of morals; for, say what we may of the evils of the theatre,

and they are many and salient, yet we know dramatic study in its broader sense to be educational to body, mind and spirit. And what is true generally of the study of the great dramatists in their theatric presentations, is preeminently true of Shakespeare, that mountain which standing amid a group of lofty summits overtops them all and casts his mighty shadow across the centuries. Dramatic study of Shakespeare cultivates that power of imagination which is mother to every art and without which no genius may exist. Dramatic study trains that sense of beauty which rules this world. With no metaphysical severity of attire, but arrayed ever in the garb of beauty, Shakespeare teaches without preaching, flashes out his truth to our senses as well as to our understanding, in short, vivid pictures never to be forgotten. It is hard indeed to close the mind against a beautiful image of truth, and while abstract teaching has its place, "concrete pictures of truth are in themselves object lessons of principles." Again, the dramatic phase of literary study, cultivating that power which enables us to put ourselves into the places of others, gives to men that sympathetic perception of how others feel which distinguishes the few teachers from the great body of mere instructors, and leads men towards that deeper interior perception which Christ, the Great Teacher, realized when he put himself into the place of struggling *humanity* and took on our infirmities that he might lead us to the light. Thus Shakespeare reveals humanity in his thousand souls with their infinite complexities, inspiring us with their heroisms, melting us with their griefs, teaching us by their struggles, unmasking their frailties, everywhere winning our sympathy but never failing to make clear the moral bearings; like the sunlight revealing all things, and like the sun giving light and life. In the Shakesperean drama man is taught to know himself as he is, to see the path before, to look backward upon the past and see himself as once he was. There is a famous painting somewhere of an aged couple who, wandering through a forest and almost fainting with fatigue, are suddenly confronted with the vision

of a youth and maiden. Amazed and awe-struck, as they gaze they recognize in the shadowy forms before them their younger selves as once they were, all radiant with the glory of the dawn. And so may we in the contemplation and inspiration of dramatic pictures learn this lesson of renewing our youth, awakening early aspirations, refreshing the spirit and keeping warm and sweet the heart.

We who dwell upon the plains look with loving and reverent eyes upon the distant mountains. Those lofty summits claiming kindred with the firmament and companioned by the clouds of heaven are our perennial benefactors. From their ample treasury is renewed the impoverished soil of the plains. The fever-laden air of valleys returns from their purifying heights in health-giving breezes. From their sides the cool streams steal and sparkle on their way until becoming mighty rivers they bear on their bosoms the navies of the world. Dawn imprints upon their summits her first rosy kiss, and when the sun has bid the world of men good-night, he still pours out his rays upon their noble heights. Now withdrawing in clouds, now printing their purple outlines against an evening sky, the mountains bear their message to the sense and to the soul of man, inspiring, uplifting and testifying to those things which abide forever. Such mountains are the great poets of the world. Such a mountain was William Shakespeare, an influence so ennobling, direct, personal, objective, that every play tells its story, teaches its life-lesson, influences to action. From his mountain outlook he saw far backward into the past, caught the first rays of new truth, looked quite through the deeds of men, and knew the playful ripples and the mighty deeps of human life.

The gentleman whom we honor to-night has deserved the gratitude of all students of Shakespeare. Undismayed by the failure of those who idly rail at the public for refusing to be interested in dramatic literature which, however clean and pretentious falls far short of touching the common chords of humanity, he has shown that a play to be deserving need be

neither cold nor stupid, and that real literary excellence when it retains the vital and effective elements of plays having, perhaps no other merit, appeals most strongly to the common heart. We are told every now and then that Shakespeare does not pay from the managerial standpoint. Mr. Irving and Mr. Daly are demonstrating that Shakespeare will pay when adequately presented. Mr. Daly's theatre is a school for that rounded and proper training which the young actor in the prevailing conditions of theatrical art seldom receives. He knows that a perfect whole must consist of perfect parts. And with the intelligence of the scholar, the taste of the artist, the spirit of the poet, the earnestness of the educator he has given to us revivals of Shakespeare which entitle him to the gratitude of all who honor a loyal devotion to what is noblest in art. Moreover, he has manifested the spirit of one who has done the work for its own sake, and found his chief reward in the fulfillment of his own ideals. An old Norse legend tells of a blacksmith who sold himself to the devil that he might for a time be the best blacksmith upon earth, and he wrote above his door the words "Master of Masters." Jesus appeared to him one day, so runs the legend, and showed him a better way of shoeing a horse than he had ever known. Forgetting all his pride the smith threw himself at the feet of Jesus and begged that he might become his pupil. Then Jesus said, "Now have you escaped the power of the devil. He made you a master from pride. You have learned from me to be a master for the sake of the work itself." We believe that Mr. Daly, has wrought in this spirit and has found his chief reward in fulfilling his own ideals, and in setting into motion a tendency for the elevation of the standards of dramatic excellence that shall continue to be felt far into the future.

I thank you Mr. President and gentlemen for inviting me to come here on this anniversary of Shakespeare and to join with you in doing honor to the guest of the hour whose name you have so fittingly associated with the master of the noble art he so ably serves.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES OF '96.
PROFOUND IMPRESSION MADE UPON ALL
MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTION.

Three Years of Faithful Study of Oratory
can Make Orators.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

I hold it an honor to stand here as president of the class of '96, and representing that class it gives me great pleasure to greet you all and to say with Lady Macbeth, "Our hearts speak, you are all welcome." I should be glad if we could go to you individually, and with a good Emerson handshake give you one of our sweetest, class-of-'96 smiles. Even then it would not half express "our love and friending to you."

We are glad to see our "most potent, grave and reverend seniors," the faculty, with us this afternoon. We give you cordial welcome. We welcome you because of our love for you, because of what you have done for us during the last three years. We cannot tell it all. Our gratitude outruns our speech. You have led us into very fruitful fields of thought where we have found that wisdom whose price is above rubies. You have taught us not only how to think, but what to think. You have taught us not only how to live, but what to live. You have taught us not only what we must do, but what we must *be* and *become*, if we would make our lives a success. You have broadened our horizons, and made of us larger, and better men and women, so that we shall go out from here, better equipped for the practical duties of life, better equipped to live for humanity, better equipped to live the Christ life. And this is the best thing, I think, about this institution. It teaches us the way to be Christians. Dr. Emerson is preaching the Gospel under the guise of teaching oratory. We welcome you, members of the faculty, because of your interest in us. You have indeed been trying our mettle during the last few days, but we welcome you all the more for that, though there is not much left of us.

We welcome our friends whom we have invited in to witness these exercises. An experience of this particular kind comes to each one

of us only about once in a lifetime, and we are glad that you can come in to share it with us. We do not count ourselves a brilliant class, but we are all evolutionists. We believe in the unfolding of the powers that lie within us. So whatever of wit or reason, or flow of soul you may notice here this afternoon, you may understand that it all comes on the way "Through Evolution to Perfection." But we beg of you not to expect too much of us. We know our good friends the faculty will regard us with parental and loving allowance in view of the tests to which they have subjected us during the past week, as will also the students whose experience has been one with ours. And to all the students—freshmen, juniors and post-graduates—let me say we bid you hearty welcome to these exercises. We do so because we have learned to love you. Associated so intimately with you in this noble work, we feel that you are all our college brothers and sisters. We welcome you because your aims are our aims; and because you are interested in us. We in turn are interested in you, and your happy, intelligent faces are an inspiration to us at this time.

This is to us all, I think, a kind of family gathering in which I trust you all will feel that you have a part. It is a family gathering in which the young people have affairs in charge, so that the atmosphere of this place may not be as staid and dignified during the next hour or twain as it usually is. You know when young people are given free rein they usually like to make Rome howl, and it may be that we shall make this room howl before the program is ended this afternoon.

The feelings and emotions of the class of '96 are of a varied character at this time. They are something like April weather. They come, and they go. Or, to change the figures, if an artist could paint them in landscape on canvas there would be dark clouds to represent our doubts and fears, and uncertainties in regard to the future; there would be a white ray of light to show our hope; a beautiful golden ray shining through the clouds to represent our faith; and through all the pictures causing all

the parts to blend harmoniously there would be a mellow morning light to tell of our joy — joy in this present occasion, joy as we think over all of the good things we have enjoyed here during the last three years.

Some ten or a dozen years ago I committed to memory a few lines of a poem called, I think, "The Medley of Life," but never was particularly impressed with the thought contained in it until just this last day or two. I don't remember who the author was, but think he must have been a senior just about graduating from college when he wrote it. In the first line or two his mind was evidently racing back and forth over the three or four years of his college course, wherein some of his examinations had not been as satisfactory perhaps as he should have liked them to be, or perhaps he had had some pleasant and unpleasant social experiences. He seems to stand on the fence, as we would say, between optimism and pessimism as he writes: —

"There is in this life a strange mingling of
measure,
A strange combination of sorrow and pleasure."

To say the least these lines give expression to the emotions of a soul pretty well pent up with feeling. I think he must have just finished his examinations when he wrote the next lines,

"For a moment we lie in the lap of repose,
And there we are called on to battle with foes."

Would it not seem that we as a class have caught the very spirit and experience of this poet here and now?

At this point in the poem he "gathers himself up," as we have so often been urged to do, and with a resolution that will carry him through anything, he is ready to plunge into the stern realities of life.

"He who by his genius and courage would
rise,
Must travel in gloom beneath storm-clouded
skies."

He saw the dark and uncertain future, as many of us do. But "there's comfort yet," he seems to say to himself. His study of Botany and Geology comes to his aid and he says, —

"Kind Nature her lessons of wisdom discloses.
Like aroma united by fresh-blooming roses."

His college career is ended, but his education is not. He may learn from Nature the lessons of wisdom. And here is the impressive lesson for the class of '96. Our education is not ended. We must continue our study. We have made only a beginning. What we have learned here is only *the way to study*. We must study Nature and learn her lessons of wisdom, her laws in wood and field and flower, but most of all in men with whom we are to come in contact. And not only this, we must go through nature up to nature's God; and there living, laboring and loving in harmony with Him and His laws, go on step by step toward the highest round of perfection.

ALBERT ARMSTRONG.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '96.

"I heard a voice cry — sleep no more!"

When called upon to pen the annals of the "Senior Class," for the first time I felt I could fully sympathize with the feelings of Macbeth when he gave vent to that despairing sentence. And now as I glance back over our first year, note the mighty progress made then by that infant phenomenon, the Class of '96, trace its glowing course through the two following years, I feel how weak and inadequate is the English tongue in its feeble attempt to pay a just tribute to the great.

In the white light of truth I cannot represent my class as the most brilliant, the most interesting, the most altogether wonderful company that ever trod the Emersonian path to Oratoric glory, but I think I shall not be judged guilty of partiality if I do venture the opinion that thus far it has nobly held its own, and will do so to the end.

Will you go back with me in imagination to the balmy, verdant days of our Freshman Year? Tremblingly, we approached this massive structure on that first eventful morning, silently and with bated breath we trod its classic corridor, meekly we drew near the office and then paused! Four hundred voices rising in unison, eight hundred hands wildly gesticulating, everybody seemed to know everybody

else, and for a moment the poor Freshmen were crushed, literally paralyzed, by an overwhelming sense, like that of the Ancient Mariner, of being "alone, all, all alone"——but for a moment only, for warm hands grasped ours, warm voices greeted us, and a warm welcome was heartily extended to the new member of the great family, the Freshman Class.

Then came our introduction to that mighty bulwark of strength, the "Evolution in Expression." Though inwardly quaking, we did not falter, but with the cry "Ours not to question why. Ours but to do or die," and with one eye fixed on the Doctor who, we knew, would never desert us, we "rushed boldly into the breach." We made that "Cheerful Locksmith" glow so radiantly and fervidly that he was in imminent danger of spontaneous combustion, we dared the gladiators to "meet us on the bloody sands," we played the role of "Mrs. Caudle" to Prof. Tripp's "Caudle" with an ardor and abandonment that fairly froze his blood in his veins, we chattered with the "brook," we were submerged fathoms deep within the "ocean," and having narrowly escaped drowning nothing daunted we went to war with the "Patriots of 1776."

There was one selection in the Freshman Year that made a deep impression upon my mind, at least. It was entitled, "The Love of Nature." The Freshmen, who are present to-day, will recall that one of the paragraphs begins something like this, "It is strange to observe the callousness of some men upon whom all the beauties of nature make no impression whatever." A young person was called upon to recite, she began—"It is strange to observe the callousness of some men," and then was unable to recall the remainder of the sentence; she repeated the statement concerning the peculiar characteristic of man, still the words eluded her memory; a third time with unutterable pathos she gave vent to the melancholy fact, when Prof. Tripp, turning to her, said sweetly in his most mellifluous accents, "One would think, Miss T., that you had had some personal experience with the callousness of some particular man." It is needless to say

that never again did I forget my lines in Prof. Tripp's class.

But one day, when with banners flying, the Freshman Class was marching on to glory, it reached a step which more or less paralyzes every student who is made of flesh and blood: this step is known under the horrible heading—"Taste!" For the time being we became monomaniacs; each looked at his neighbor and vowed inwardly that he would be a living example of "good taste" or—nothing. The result was that as one by one we mounted the platform to read upon that particular chapter, had a man searched the world over, it would have been difficult for him to have found any more beautiful example of mild but long confirmed idiocy than we presented. In vain Doctor requested, implored, commanded. Lost in awe-rapt contemplation of "good taste," our only response like that of Malvolio was a mild but persistent smile, until the President of the College, "rising on his theme's broad wing," hurled this thunderbolt into our midst—"If one of you dare to come to this College to-morrow morning without a determination like that of Demosthenes of old, to arouse this audience and throw good taste to the wind"—then he dismissed us! Mournfully, shamefacedly we crept away to our various boarding-places, then came the heroic resolve to be a Demosthenes, even if for the remainder of the week our menu, like that of the orator of old, did consist chiefly of pebbles. The next morning came, a silence like that of death brooded over the Freshman Class, the first name was called, a slight rustle and the recitation began. Line after line, sentence after sentence, climax after climax, each "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before," the audience was fairly swept off its feet, and when the young orator had regained her seat, Dr. Emerson, with that smile which makes every Freshman tingle to his very fingertips with a wild desire to do something, anything, rose and said, "It is the *Demosthenes Departure!*"

I would not bid farewell to the Freshman year without mentioning one of its most notable features, Visible Speech, sometimes called

by the "lost sheep"—Miserable Speech. The Class of '96 will ever gratefully remember how faithfully Prof. Kidder undertook the arduous task of teaching us a proper regard for the King's English and on but one occasion was he known to falter in the performance of his duty. A member of his class, a modern Minerva, who was forever searching out the "unknowableness of the unknown," made one day the following request—"Prof. Kidder, would you please to illustrate the position of the vocal organs in the use of the agents *teeth* and *back of the throat*?" "My dear young lady," was the reply, "I regret to say that certain physical limitations render this simple little feat impossible."

But time flies and all too soon the "Junior Year," was at hand. Then came the delightful study of the "Perfective Laws," and "*original*" interpretation of the immortal Shakespeare. Shrouded in the gloomy atmosphere of the melancholy Dane, we debated the mighty problem, "To be or not to be," we loved, suffered, died with Ophelia; Prof. Southwick assured us that our Polonius to say the least were fearfully and wonderfully made, and I think I may safely say that during that period if there were not "wheels in our heads," there *were* "daggers" in our eyes. But it was in reading around the Class that we shone forth in all our pristine glory. Shall we ever forget how Mr. Workman made the startling announcement "Hamlet, your conduct has driven your uncle into cholera," and a young lady issued the fearful command that "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern be put to instant death, not 'shivering' time allowed," while at a later period in our school career, our beloved captain, Miss Osborne, who wouldn't intentionally hurt anyone's feelings, nearly frightened a timid young man to death in Julius Cæsar by hurling at him the appalling question—"Sir, are you a married man or a bachelor?" But thanks to the united efforts of Profs. Southwick, Tripp and Mrs. Southwick we passed safely through our dramatic crises, gave a victorious production of the "Merchant of Venice," and each member in the class will ever feel a profound

admiration and love for that greatest master in English Literature—William Shakespeare.

After one of those long dramatic periods would come the ever welcome lunch hour. How eagerly would we rush to the lunch-room and in our valiant efforts to reach the lunch counter in time how aptly did we illustrate that little couplet of Doctor's lemonade man, "Walk up, roll up, tumble up, anyway to get up," and what forensic ability did we display in our eloquent appeals to Mr. Perry who doled out the festive sandwich and Mr. Smith who poured the Nervine Coffee.

Another year has passed and as we stand upon the threshold of a new life let us pause together and give a last glance back over the events of our Senior Year. If you were to ask me what especially the last year had brought to the Senior Class, I should answer, A Nobler Purpose, A Higher Ideal, A Greater Sense of Responsibility and Love for our Neighbor. The large majority of us on our entrance to College were absorbed in our own little personal ends, in our own little individual glory. But as we rose step by step in the "Evolution in Expression," we were also unconsciously passing through an Evolution in Character. Slowly but surely the great truth was borne in upon our minds that "he who would be greatest among you shall be your minister, and he who would be chief among you, let him be servant to all." And now as we stand face to face with the new life that is before us let us strive to inculcate into that, the ideals which have been the inspiration of our entire Class History; let us remember the lesson we have been so earnestly taught in this College, that what we aspire to be, we can become, that therefore we cannot place our ideals too high, never mind if people discourage us, never mind if they say we can never attain them, how do *they* know, how do *we* know the power that lies within us, only God knows and He said—"Be ye perfect," and believing this the Class of '96 has chosen as its motto "Through Evolution to Perfection." We are about to complete our Class History and to begin that greatest of all, our Life History—a History which will be measured by

one standard only "The Responsibility for and Love shown to our Neighbor." Some one has said, "As you look back over your lives, you will find that the moments that stand out, the moments in which you have really lived are the moments in which you have done things in the spirit of love, everything else in this world is transitory, all other good visionary, but the deeds of love, that woman knows about or can ever know about, they never fail." Let each of us strive to incorporate into his life history some of that spirit of helpfulness and love that has guided us from the first day of our College life to its close, and above all to impart to others some of the inspiration of that man, who has ever appealed to the best and highest in us, who has by what he is and what he stands for, indeed aroused us, to a higher standard of duty, a nobler aspiration, a diviner womanhood, a truer manhood — Dr. Emerson.

And now the Class History is done. Done, did I say? It is rather but just begun, to be continued on, on, on, till its final pages shall be written in that book of gold and placed in the house, not builded by hands, eternal in the heavens.

"Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.

For everyone that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." M. EDEN TATEM.

CLASS POEM '96.

BY GERTRUDE CHAMBERLIN.

I.

Our College, built for truth and lasting fame,
Has for its lofty, all-embracing aim,
Th' awaking larger life within the clod;
The lifting up of each freed soul to God.

II.

Its founder, wise like him called Concord's sage,
Who stirred the world through the inspiring
page,—
Taught mind and body rhythmic'ly to move,
Harmonious with the ideal and with love.

III.

And life 's life, within our garden fair!
We lift our heads and breath the fragrant air
By love perfumed; and soft winds gently blow;
And all-unconscious we but grow and grow.

IV.

Glad voices call from mountain, sea and star,
"Forget thyself, God's messengers ye are!"
And spirit high to spirit points the way:
Thus joyously rounds out our little day.

V.

Too soon for us it draws unto the close.
We backward look where happy memory glows
With treasured thought, put by for other hours,
When we may find life's thorns among the flow-
ers.

VI.

And in the ending of such happy days,
When cherished friends must go their many
ways,
Forgive us, if some hardly hidden tear
Of sweet regret should fall, for what is dear.

VII.

Then thanks to Emerson be our refrain;
And thanks to all who made our pathway plain!
Where'er we go, we know the years will bring
New laurels for her brow—new praises sing.

PROPHECY.

BY FRED M. BLANCHARD.

Who am I that I should prophesy? I have none of the graces of a prophet, and the material of prophecy has been swept into the gutter by the ambitious broom of science.

There was a time when the prophet could derive a living revenue from the interpretation of dreams, but the twentieth century youth, already here, does not dream; he has nightmare, and the cause of that can be quickly laid at the door of a bad cook, or the caterer for a midnight revel.

The prophet of the olden times was one whom the divine afflatus, from the lips of a god, cast upon the earth, powerless to himself, able only to cry out in terrible ecstasy the words of a higher power. Such a prophet forsooth should speak to the class of '96.

For many days I had been inviting the winds of heaven to blow me into the prophetic trance, when one evening, a short time ago, as I pensively wandered toward my tent in the suburbs, I chanced to cross an unfamiliar back-yard. The rain was falling heavily, and the subject of prophecy lay like a pall upon my brain. My unwary foot encountered a piece of ice. There was a moment of tremendous revolution, and I fell with a splash and a thud

into a ditch as deep as the sunken road at Waterloo. One moment I gazed up into the deep, dark sky, in receptive silence, waiting for the voice of prophecy. The water gurgled into every vacuum about my person. Mud oozed into twenty-one of my pockets. The muse of prophecy slept soundly. My prayers fell upon deaf ears, but out of the very stillness the prophets of a later era seemed to say, "Go home, thou fool, and dry thyself, and henceforth look for thy message in the souls of men!" Since then I have read in your needs my message for to-day.

You may expect me to amuse you. I do not intend it. You may laugh at me, but not at what I shall say. One of your number asked me, a little while ago, if I intended to marry you all off to-day. I think not. As I look around me, the signs of the times do not warrant it. I am free to confess that I do not know whether John will marry Mary, or Mary will marry John, or whether they will decide to marry each other. Unless you can focus the X-rays upon this great problem it must remain unsolved for the present.

The prophet of to-day is one who hears the cry of humanity, who knows its import and who can rouse men to the rescue.

The voice of such a prophet has been ringing in your ears, from this very platform, every day for three years. What more do you want? What that I can possibly say could add to your enthusiasm or your purpose to do? I cannot hope to inspire you further, nor can I add to your knowledge. I can only lift the veil of the future, and from the signs of the times, read to you the needs of humanity, how you can gratify them, and what the reward for such service will be.

I wish to be one of the number to whom this message is given. A chair is reserved for me there. The receptive part of me is sitting with you, while this that speaks is my "prophetic soul."

Come with me then to yon palace and listen to rich master and lady. Cross this city in an electric car and read the story written in a hundred faces. Now listen at the door of a garret

in yonder slums. Cross a continent,—an ocean if you will, and what is the cry of humanity? Everywhere—"Help me to fight disease,—give me *health!* Bring me *pure thoughts!* Lead me to *happiness!* Give me *faith in God and man!* Teach me that the *true purpose to serve* is the golden key that unlocks *success!*"

It is our mission and our great privilege to answer this cry. There is no other class of people in the world so well fitted to do this work as are the graduates of Emerson College of Oratory.

To him that is athirst for health, (and there are none beside) give a cooling draught of common-sense in what to eat and drink, together with a glimpse of what the Emerson System of Physical Culture will do for him, and you have won a friend for life and opened his pocket-book to your disposal. The greatest need of the world to-day is to be rescued from the clutches of death and taught how to live.

You can do this. We do not dream of the power there is in our Physical Culture, because, in our busy life we have not fully tested it. "We know the exercises theoretically, we can teach them, we can tell others what they will do." No you can't! You can not teach Physical Culture until it has become a part of your very bone and muscle. It must be so thoroughly practiced into your bodies that every cell in them shall become a living being and have a tongue put into its mouth to advocate your cause.

Talk to a man of the world about Physical Culture. While you are expatiating upon what this will do for the liver and what that will do for the lungs, he has weighed and measured every organ in your body, and the sum total of his calculation will be his opinion of the value of your system. How do I know this? I have experienced it in the past year. Not what I have said, but what little my body has expressed of health and strength, has advocated for me the Emerson System of Physical Culture. Let me prophesy to you that if you are to successfully teach this branch of our

work you must represent its benefits in your own bodies. It behooves us one and all, now that the work of our course of study is finished, to enter with might and main upon the task of more perfectly incorporating our theories into living flesh and blood.

The next great need of mankind is to be taught to think pure and helpful thoughts. You can teach them. Whether you speak for yourselves or interpret the words of others, it will make little difference. For three years at least, you have been in the society of great thoughts. You have come to know them. They are yours. Henceforth they will be your constant companions. As I look out into the mists of the future, all becomes clear, and I see that wherever you go, in the home, the school, the church or before the public, the light of those thoughts illumines your path, while all along the way stand countless thousands in uncovered thankfulness that you have passed.

The world hungers for happiness. It sometimes pities, but it cannot love the melancholy face. Who would go into the country to rest if every rose were weeping and every bird sang in a minor key? It is the smile on the lips of the rose, and the joy in the bird's note, which bring us peace. You are the happiest people in the world and you are to spread this contagion wherever you go. Happiness grows from health of mind and body; unhappiness is a symptom of disease. Give people sound bodies and something to think about beside their ills, and they will leap for joy. Show them that happiness is as much the product of obedience to universal law as is the falling of ripened fruit in their hands, and they will study to make that happiness complete.

The world wants faith. It wants to believe in something—something good. It wants to believe that in the last analysis there is nothing but good. If you have given them health of mind and body and taught them the wisdom of obedience, they will believe, and they will see that when obedience is fulfilled almighty Good shall stand revealed, eternal, and there shall be naught beside.

Who seeing this shall fail to be exalted? Where shall there then be found a soul that shall not blossom into the service of all? The knives of selfish strife shall be beaten into tools for the general weal. The struggle for life shall be lost in the struggle for the life of others. The spirit of selfishness shall forsake the powerful arm of competition and it shall fall, but to rise again re-animated by the soul of service to others. O, for the day when men, if they must compete, shall compete in doing good!

The dawn of that day is here. Not that all men are conscious of it, but the time has come when the bristling redoubts of selfishness have been breached and the coward captured. Henceforth he must march in the ranks of those who serve. The law of success demands it. The day is not far distant when there shall be no trusts, no combines, no corners on the rights of others, but each shall serve all and all shall serve each. It is the law of success.

Where do you room? Where you are best accommodated within your means. Where do you board? Where you are best served for your money. What doctor do you employ? Him who can best physic your pain. What school or college do you attend? The one that can best insure your success in life. In the common affairs of the day, you see, your money and your regard seek the hand of him who serves you best. If you would eat the fruit of this mighty law you must stand at the other end of the line and serve.

As you go out from this college, the subject that rests most heavily on your souls is, What are you to do? I am not old enough or wise enough to advise you, but I would give you of my faith; a faith not reared in a hot-house, but built by hand to hand experience with the world as it is, ever since I was twelve years of age. I don't care what I do! I know that whatever is best will be offered me, and I pray for wisdom to see it. I believe that there is a need for every one of us in this world, and, that, if we are willing to serve, we are drawn toward that need as surely as steel to the magnet. Things for which we are not fitted never

will come to stay, — nor would we have them, — but as soon as we are ready for a work it shall be placed in our hands.

Wide spreading is the field before you, and your reward shall be all that you would have it.

I have been perfectly astonished at the power of Physical Culture to coin money and put it into your pockets. In my busy life during the past year, I have not had a chance to voluntarily introduce Physical Culture to anyone, but my association with people has been large and I have frequently been asked about my work here. "What do you do at Emerson College?" Among other things, I have mentioned, in answer to this question, our physical work. I have told what it has done for me, for you, for thousands of others. I have told what I believe it will do for every soul that dwells in a human body. Without exception, each one of those persons has said, "I must have you come over to my house and teach that work to my wife and me." They have told others, and the result has been that I see clearly, that, when Physical Culture as we know it, is introduced to thinking beings, much good and great success must surely follow.

There is no end to the demand for this work, because it is *the best* and *everyone needs it*. I would have it taught in every home in the world, in every kindergarten, every primary school, every seminary and college, — in every church in Christendom! "What! would you have a minister preach Physical Culture from his pulpit?" I would! "Would you have it taught in the Sunday school?" I would, in God's name! If need be give our children less of Moses, Solomon, Noah, Jonah and Joshua, less of the stories of rapine, pillage, blood and slaughter, and teach them more of the spirit of living sacrifice, — more of reverence for their bodies as the temple of God.

This is the work which invites you, and as you go forth to it, verily I see the clouds roll back from the smile of heaven, and the sun by day and the stars by night, rain blessing and fortune upon you.

ORATION — "THE WORLD'S NEED."

BY W. HINTON WHITE.

In looking back over the history of the race, we find that it began in ignorance, superstition, and fear, that its development has been marked by struggle, warfare, slavery, despotism, and death. That it has progressed only in proportion to the light it has had, and this light has come from individuals who, dissatisfied with existing conditions, conformed to the dictates of their own conscience, sensed a higher truth, and in revealing it supplied the World's Need.

This class of persons we call *Teachers* and *Reformers*.

The terms "Teacher" and "Reformer" I shall use synonymously, and in their broadest application.

The world's need today is relatively as great as it ever was.

We have Religion, but we are not religious, we have Art, but we are not beautiful, we have Science, but we are not wise. Why? Because we are not unselfish. Religion, Beauty, and Wisdom find their fullest expression only in unselfishness.

An unselfish act, is a religious act. An unselfish act, is a beautiful act. An unselfish act, is a wise act. Therefore the world today calls for men and women of enlightened intellect, fine sensibility, and an awakened conscience, who will acknowledge their debt to the past, their duty to the future, who will stand between the real, and the ideal, and point to better things.

Let us consider briefly three of the essential elements that mark a true Teacher, or Reformer.

First, *A comprehensive grasp of the situation*. Second, *A universal sympathy*. Third, *Integrity of purpose*.

The first and most important thing for a reformer to consider, and decide is, whether he himself is reformed? Is he a sane man? For sanity is a relative term, and the reformer above all men should hold all things in their true relation! The recognition of this relation constitutes sanity. Some one has said that there arrives a time in the history of every young

man, when he believes that there is no god but the God, and he is His prophet. Be that as it may, history has taught us that the most dangerous people are those whose motives are conscientious, but whose views are distorted;—hence, the necessity of a correct understanding of the whole subject. He must meet all objections, answer all charges, and whatever be the evil with which he intends to cope he must account for its existence, trace back to its cause, and in demolishing it see that the end justifies the means.

Not only must he be a man of intellectual apprehension; he must be a man of *universal sympathy*. For sympathy is that mystic bond that unites all men—the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin; it is that electric current by which is communicated states of mind and feeling; it is the mark of every good teacher; it is characteristic of every true reformer. The man of sympathy like the man of imagination has lived the life of all men; he has felt all the joys, and sorrows of human experience “from the morn of laughter to the night of tears.” He has wandered at midnight through the streets of a great city and wept with the outcast there, he has knelt in the solitude of Gethsemanie’s tragic gloom, and become the forsaken of men, so great is this power of sympathy that “he does not ask the wounded man how he feels for he is the wounded man.” If we would teach men, we must understand men; if we would criticize men we must apprehend their motives; if we would lift men, we must put ourselves in their place.

We know that in a great measure a man’s life is the result of heridity, and environment, and that the tendency of all is to act alike under similar conditions, recognizing this fact, who is he that judges? No man is competent to judge his fellow man; the Great Teacher taught this and judged not himself but spoke life to a soul in one of the most touching, beautiful, and dramatic incidents on record, when he uttered those sublime words; “Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.”

The teacher or reformer who will lift the world will be marked not so much by opinions,

as by sympathies; he will be a large hearted high motivated man. To what nation will he belong?—To no nation, he will belong to humanity, out of humanity he will choose the people, from the people he will choose the oppressed; to them his sympathy will go out, their cause will be his cause; “he will prefer an idea, to a fact, a poet to a warrior,” and he will admire an act of goodness more than the intellectual achievements of a century. This is not the poetic effusion of a sentimentalist, it is confirmed by modern science. Benjamin Kidd in his “Social Evolution.” says “It would appear that the conclusion which Darwinian science must eventually establish, is that the evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual, but religious, in character,” and further “that while on the one hand, individual character has tended to be greatly strengthened by the isolation of the individual responsibility; on the other hand to be deepened, and softened, by being brought into close, and intimate contract, with those wonderfully moving and impressive altruistic ideals which we have in the simple story of the life and acts of the Founder of Christianity.”

While Plato, stood for reason, and Shylock, stood for justice, we stand here for universal sympathy.

The teacher has now viewed his subject intellectually, and sympathetically, his feelings and emotions are stirred, then comes the desire to act, and *Purpose* is born.

The degree of excellency of a Man’s work is determined by the quality of his purpose, to do a great work it must be disinterested, it must be honest; the consciousness that it is honest puts a man in possession of faculties that he never dreamt were his, and dominated by this great energy, he feels as though he were commissioned to speak and act from on High. He fears nothing but disobedience to the promptings of his own soul being devoid of self seeking, he asks no man’s compliment, and he fears no man’s censure, but possessed of a sublime audacity, he advances “on Chaos and on the Dark.”

A confirmation of this truth is found in the

life of William Lloyd Garrison, who, realizing the awful significance of human slavery, and prompted by a magnificent purpose had the splendid audacity to stand up before an antagonistic nation and exclaim in those grandly defiant words, "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." He belonged to the class of men whom Emerson recognized as appointed by Almighty God to stand for a Fact — and he stood.

Purpose is the propelling power that has marked all successful undertakings. Purpose sailed an unknown sea, and discovered — a Continent. It laid a tiny wire across the bed of the Atlantic, connected two worlds, and flashed its message three thousand miles on the wings of thought.

In our own time there has arisen a man of purpose who founded an institution, on a philosophy which stands today as a protest against all former elocutionary methods.

Purpose is the parent of every enthusiasm, the price of admission to every situation, and the passport to every success. The man who is inspired by integrity of purpose is above the world and superior to all events.

Our next thought is, what shall he teach? As we look over the world today we find much that is wrong, so wrong that Tennyson at one time, after taking a retrospect of the progress of the race, called Nature "a monster red in tooth, and claw." And Huxley recently said that if this wrong could not be righted, he "would hail the advent of some kindly comet, that would sweep the whole affair away as a desirable consummation."

But the great reformer will be an optimist — he will recognize that humanity is a growth, a development, an evolution; and he will believe with Bellamy that "That which is just cannot be impossible, and that which is unjust cannot be eternal." The chief trouble with our social system of today, is the fact that the individual has failed to recognize his relation to society — this applies equally to the millionaire and to the pauper. The great work of the future is to establish a true relationship between men.

That is the end of all teaching and reform.

For centuries the religious world in its efforts to attain a right relation with God has slighted man; we must leave our gift upon the altar, seek our brother, become reconciled to him, then when we return, the gift will have been accepted, for he who stands truly related to the parts, is perfectly related to the whole. This is the law and the prophets. To this end he will teach that it is the privilege and duty of every man to grant to every other man that which he asks for himself, on the same conditions; that is good. The man who will not grant this shows that he is deficient in intellect, or heart — or — both. There will come a time however, when men will give up their own; that will be better, and still further though in the dim future there will assuredly come a time, when men will not seek their own, that will be best. The world may not yet be ready for this, but that is his objective point. 'Tis for that he works. Today men need to be educated to realize and appreciate the sentiment so finely expressed by a Norwegian writer, who said that "up to twenty-five years of age he thought that he was a Norwegian," and "ever after — a man."

How much there is expressed in those words of Hamlet, "To give the world assurance of a man." The grandest sight this world will ever see will be a being the incarnation of Life, Affection, Intellect, and Will; and humanity with one voice will exclaim "*Ecce Homo!*" "*Behold the man!!*"

'Tis for this we labor, 'tis for this we strive, 'tis for this we press forward if by any means we may attain to the fullness and stature of the *Perfect Man*.

The true reformer will be the great believer in humanity. Why? Because just as there are poets who never wrote a line, and heroes of whom the world has never heard, so there is in the human heart, a magnanimity, under whose influence and on great occasions, the differences that divide mankind, such as nationality, religious belief (or unbelief), creed, cast and color-line are swept away, and they stand united in a common bond.

Let me illustrate —

In the month of March, 1889, in the bay of Apia, Samoa (an island in the south Pacific) were anchored seven men of war, three German, three American, and one English. They had met there to defend their respective interests and to settle a quarrel that had arisen between the Germans and the natives of the island.

A terrible storm arose, it blew with a violence which baffles description. The sailors in their stout ships at first laughed at the thought of danger; but within a few hours it had increased to a perfect hurricane. The seas became terrific, and as they swept on in their mad career, they threatened the destruction of the whole fleet. The only means of escape was to steam in the teeth of that hurricane out into the open sea.

The United States ship, "Trenton," was dragging her anchor, although her engines were exerting a force that in smooth water would have driven her at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, yet every minute she was being forced nearer the coral reefs.

One by one these men of war either foundered or were driven ashore until five ships were wrecked, and one hundred and fifty men lay dead upon the beach.

The only other surviving vessel, the British ship, "Calliope," being a more modern vessel and equipped with slightly more powerful engines, was now steaming for the open sea. For a few minutes she seemed to remain stationary, then she forced her way ahead, inch by inch, for dear life. As she steamed out into safety, four hundred and fifty men who formed the officers and crew of the "Trenton," although momentarily expecting a fatal disaster to themselves, sent a volley of ringing cheers across the stormy water to the Britisher, who, more fortunate than they, became the sole survivor of that ill-fated fleet. The Admiral of the "Trenton" now mustered his men on deck, and while they gazed on that scene of desolation, expecting every moment to collide with a vessel already wrecked, the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner."

These heroic men — enemies in life —

brothers in death, prompted by a high impulse born of common humanity, sent forth a cheer that night, that as Gladstone said "was heard round the world." Nor was this all, the natives of the island met on the beach, clasped one another's hands, formed a human chain, went into the surf, and brought to shore the drowning men, their enemies, English, German, and American. This too was unutterably grand.

Seven years have come and gone, meanwhile the sea, the surf, and the coral reef, have annihilated what remained of that once magnificent fleet. Their cannon are forever silent; while one hundred and fifty of those heroic men on Samoan soil sleep their last long sleep. The ships are wrecked, the cannon silent, the men dead; but — the cheer lives!! And today it goes reverberating round the world and whenever the name of the "Trenton" is mentioned, we hear that cheer, again we see American, English, German, and Samoan united in a bond of Brotherhood.

Does not this tragedy in the South seas teach us that the spirit that animated those men is common to all men and that it needs but the inspiration of a great event — then we see human nature at its best. And now before the bar of our judgment we summon the crew of the "Trenton," and our verdict is — Men, your deed was *Heroic*, it was *SUBLIME*, it was *GODLIKE*.

VALEDICTORY.

But the time has come for us to say — "Fare-well, a word that must be, and hath been; a sound that makes us linger — yet Fare-well."

We have come here from almost every state in this great Union, from Darkest Armenia, from Brightest Japan, from the snows of Canada, and from the tropics of Australia, we have come to be put in possession of our own faculties, to be freed from some of these limitations, and a few of us to be clothed and put in our right minds. And to you Sir (Dr. Emerson), we owe the homage of our mind and heart. It would not be in good taste for me to speak of that work, which has been so faithfully taught during the past three years; we should stand

well equipped. We are to deal with the minds and bodies of men, to help them to accomplish their best, and to teach one great principle — that happiness or the want of it, is the result of the nature of the objects upon which we think. We are creators of public sentiment; let us be faithful to our calling. We have worked side by side for three years, but, after all how little we know of one another, the secret struggle, the high resolve, the fear of failure, and the unattainable ideal, I suppose are common to us all. We think of the handshake that might have been given, of the word of encouragement that might have been spoken, we all meant well, but, — the opportunity passed; let us forgive if there be anything to be forgiven, and when we part let us ever think of each other at our best. And to you who remain behind, may you make the most of your opportunity. And our last expressed wish is that we may be judged not by what we have done, nor by what we have failed to do, but by that which we have admired, and by that which we have aspired to *Be*.

I often think that we, on this great voyage of life, are like ships that pass in the night, we meet — we exchange signals — and then steer for ports unknown. Some years ago, a British ship left San Francisco for London; after being about three days out from port the officers sighted one stormy night, a vessel showing signals of distress, they bore down upon her, and when within speaking distance they heard these words: "We've lost our bearing. What course shall we steer for the Golden Gate?" In a few moments, from the Captain, went back this word of hope and assurance: "You're all right. The Golden Gate lies due north." A cheer of gratitude was returned, and in a little while the ships had vanished from each other's sight. And now as we go out into life let us take that message, and let me beseech of you one thing: never introduce doubt to a soul — 'tis doubt that withers, that paralyzes; 'tis hope, and trust, and love, that makes alive. But rather when we meet a "forlorn and shipwrecked brother," one who has lost his bearings, who doubts his own ability, or the goodness of God, let us in the words of that gallant Captain assure

him that he is all right (and he is, as long as he is in God's Universe), and that the Golden Gate always lies due North.

CLASS OF '96.

"Sail on; through wind and wave, right onward
steer,
The moistened eye, the trembling lip, are not
the signs of doubt and fear.
Sail on; nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith: triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee."

CLASS SONG '96.

Air: "The Soldier's Farewell."

How can we bear to sever
The links which bind together
Our hearts and this loved college,
Where we have gained self-knowledge?
Auf Wiedersehen, dear E. C. O.
Auf Wiedersehen, dear E. C. O.

We'll think of thee with longing
Till fragrant memories, thronging,
A purpose will be giving
For purer, nobler living,
Auf Wiedersehen, dear E. C. O.
Auf Wiedersehen, dear E. C. O.

Thy love has failed us never,
Thy hope has cheered us ever;
And though our tears be starting,
We'll sing to thee in parting.
Auf Wiedersehen, dear E. C. O.
Auf Wiedersehen, dear E. C. O.
EMMA ELISE WEST.

Mrs. Lucy E. L. Taylor, the wife of B. F. Taylor the poet, has been recently elected a member of the school council of the Public Schools of Cleveland, Ohio, the second woman who has ever held such a position in that city. As she is an Emersonian we feel that her deserved success reflects honor upon our Alma Mater.

* * *

Mr. Whitmore, father of Edith M. Whitmore, '93., while in North Carolina for his health, passed away on the 23d of last February.

* * *

Married, on Wednesday, May the sixth, Miss Ida Martha De Lue, '95, to Mr. Harry Thornton Quigley; both of Dorchester, Mass.



THE LIBRARY.

We teach and teach
 Until, like drumming pedagogues, we lose
 The thought that *what* we teach has higher
 ends
 Than being taught and learned.

—Augusta Webster.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. EMERSON.

FROM MISS NELLIE KARNAN,

A FORMER TEACHER IN THE COLLEGE, AND FOR
 FIVE YEARS A MEMBER OF DR. AND
 MRS. EMERSON'S HOUSEHOLD.

It is a bright October morning in 1884.

In a small, plain hall in Pemberton square, where today stands the new Court House, are assembled between forty and fifty young men and women whose eager, upturned faces reflect the holy light which illumines that of the speaker. And who is this speaker and for what purpose has he attracted this little band within his magic circle? Look and listen and your curiosity shall be satisfied. A noble majestic figure whose presence is eloquence, whose every motion is authority; a face radiant with Divine life and light; a voice vibrant with human sympathy and universal benevolence. "Oratory," says the speaker, "is the art of living—of revealing soul to soul. You have all come here full of enthusiasm for the work, full of great possibilities."

"Our aim is to help you to realize those possibilities—to free you from all that imprisons and hinders those possibilities from becoming facts. Truth is the foundation of our work, as it is the foundation of all that is good and noble and right. Your success in Oratory will be in exact ratio to your love for humanity. The spirit of helpfulness must dominate the students—every thought and act."

But need we listen longer? Do we not all recognize this Lover of Humanity, this spirit of Helpfulness Incarnate, as the spirit which for fifteen years has furnished the motive power, the life force for the Emerson College of Oratory and made it what it is today—a mighty uplifting influence in the world.

But we would have a nearer view of our be-

loved Teacher—we would peer more closely into that life which has so thoroughly demonstrated its principles in the public arena.

"Oratory is the art of living," he has said.

Let us follow him to his own hearth-stone, assured of a hearty welcome, for a loving generous hospitality is one of the characteristics of this great soul. We find him surrounded by the life-inspiring influences of a quiet country home. His passionate love of nature in all her wildness and simplicity, together with his desire and need of solitude after the heavy strain of college work, make this sheltered nook a most fitting refuge—"A spot that is sacred to thought and God."

That much of the sublime strength and glorious inspiration which our President brings to the college each morning is the result of these seasons of dwelling with nature and resting in Divine Love, we may well believe.

The beautiful mansion which rises in majestic proportions from out its shelter of century-old elms, is but another expression of that love of improvement which so dominates the man. He must remodel, develop, beautify not people alone, but houses, neighborhoods, villages;—everything, in short, which comes under his influence must grow to its utmost possibilities.

In his daily domestic life shines most divinely his loving, helpful spirit. An early riser, he devotes the first moments of the new day to communing with nature in all her morning freshness and glory. In harmony with this custom is the bright joyous face and life-giving voice with which he never fails to greet the family at the breakfast table.

After breakfast it is his delight to make a morning visit to the family domestics and farm help, always accompanied by cheering, helpful words. A faithful, loving devotion from his employees is the result of his kind consideration of their interests. They can never be persuaded to leave him even by offers of higher remuneration for their services.

In the evening our beloved Doctor may usually be found in the apartments of his aged and invalid mother, reading to her or talking with her as she loves to talk of their early home life. Or perhaps he sits by and listens with a quiet, indulgent smile as the dear old lady recounts for

the benefit of a fireside visitor, how her "Wesley," a little sunny-haired boy, used to build a pulpit by piling up the kitchen chairs, and then, mounting his rostrum, how he would preach to the occupants of the room, or lacking an audience to an imaginary one. How, when she had clothed him in his first littletrousers, he at once kneeled by his little chair and thanked God for them.

But we would venture upon still holier ground and observe the divine harmony which exists between this great soul and the sweet and noble woman who occupies the first and most sacred place in his heart. Ah, there is an ideal union! They belong to each other. Their ambitions, their interests, their purposes are one. "Oratory is the art of living," and truly, they have mastered the art. F. NELLIE KARNAN.

DR. EMERSON IN PRIVATE LIFE.

BY SOLON LAUER.

When a man has achieved greatness in any direction there is a pardonable desire on the part of the public to know details of his private life. Some one has said that a great man is never great to his valet; insinuating that the character which poses before the footlights of public activity is not consistent with that which is witnessed behind the scenes. But a truly great man is great in all circumstances of life. His greatness appears most in little things. He knows with Michael Angelo that "trifles make perfection, but that perfection itself is no trifle."

The home life of C. W. Emerson is a continuous manifestation of those qualities of mind and heart which have made him the beloved teacher and friend to hundreds of young men and women.

HIS BENEVOLENCE.

The foundation of all true greatness is benevolence; a desire to help and uplift humanity. The great warm heart of our Teacher beats with love for all living beings. If his good deeds done in secret were to be published openly, there would be a book of testimony which would shame the lives of many professed philanthropists. In countless little ways he has

been forever aiding and encouraging the poor and needy. He recognizes the innate possibilities of manhood and womanhood beneath whatever exterior, and his reverence for human beings amounts to a religious feeling. Where love and sympathy and charity for human failings are most needed, there he bestows them in fullest measure; emulating that Divine Love which was incarnate in the Teacher of Nazareth who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

REVERENCE FOR THE AGED.

His tender reverence for old age is beautifully manifested on every possible occasion. No lover could be more gallant to his sweetheart than is our Teacher to the aged person who happens in whatever way to be thrown into his society. In this he sets a beautiful example to young persons, among whom, especially in America, there is too little respect and reverence for old age.

HIS LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.

His gray haired mother is the especial object of his solicitous care and attention. In countless little ways he constantly strives to make her declining years happy. However weary he may be at the close of his busy day in the College, he never fails to go at once to his mother on his arrival home, when she is with him, to gladden her fond heart with affectionate greetings. Her pride in "Wesley," as she always calls him, is equalled only by his tender love and care for her. How often the adult man fails to return to his aged mother even a small measure of that tender love and anxious care which she bestowed on him in the years of his infancy and youth! Let our young men find inspiration in the example of their Teacher in this respect.

HIS DIGNITY.

While Dr. Emerson is one of the most genial of men, he never loses a certain dignity and reserve which are the badge of true greatness. In whatever circumstances, in vacation, on outing trips, wherever he may be, he is never frivolous, never guilty of any levity which could detract from a nobility of character.

HIS CONVERSATION.

He is a famous story-teller in his own home, and a most entertaining conversationalist; but always chooses subjects that bear in some way upon right living. He loves to discuss philosophical and religious themes, with congenial minds, and enjoys dwelling upon reminiscences of his early associations as a preacher and reformer. He is well informed upon all topics of advanced thought, and all his life he has given his sympathies to beneficent reforms.

HIS DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

The harmony that exists in the Emerson house is a continual demonstration of the application of ideal laws to domestic affairs. The guest at the Emerson home, however protracted his visit, and however intimate his relation to the family, will discover no trace of that discord which mars the happiness of so many homes. Husband and wife are still lover and sweetheart, and their affectionate relation is disturbed by none of those ripples of mutual criticism which so often mar the surface of home life. Kindness, sympathetic consideration of each other's feelings, quick and spontaneous offers of service, are marked characteristics of the domestic life in the Emerson home. Greatness of mind must manifest itself in the conduct of home life before it will be recognized in public affairs.

As R. W. Emerson has said, it is of no use to raise the siege of a hen coop and march away to the conquest of some Babylon. Unless we can be great in little things, we shall prove but little in great things. Dr. Emerson's greatness shines as brightly in the home as on the public rostrum.

His great soul manifests its qualities in the home as an ideal husband and friend, as well as on the rostrum as an orator and teacher. When a certain zealous reformer came to Lycurgus with a new scheme for public business, the great lawgiver told him to try it first in the conduct of his home; and if successful, then, to report upon it later. The reformer never returned. Dr. Emerson's philosophy of Education has been fully tried and tested by

years of application to private life; and it has stood the test. That is why it is so immensely popular and successful in public work.

A CLOSING TRIBUTE.

In closing let me express my unbounded admiration for the work to which Dr. Emerson has devoted himself for the last fifteen years. It is the embodiment of the loftiest principles of religion and philosophy. It is a new school of Education based on the deepest laws of the human mind. Those who live it become new creatures. Coming centuries will add to the honors which now are bestowed on Dr. Emerson by those who know him and his work. His work is too large to be rightly seen by his contemporaries. It needs the perspective of many years. We are too near to its details. Its grandeur will appear hereafter. We who have had the privilege of personal contact with this great soul will in after years cherish it as our most sacred recollection. I have known Dr. Emerson for twelve years; and yet I know him not. His great soul cannot be rightly seen at close quarters. In his home life and in his public work we catch glimpses of his greatness; but posterity will know him better than his most intimate contemporaries.

THE END OF CULTURE.

OR

INDIVIDUAL SUCCESS IN LIFE.

BY PRESIDENT EMERSON.

[From stenographic reports.]

I am sure of one thing to start with, i. e., that the subject on which I speak this morning is one you will all feel a common interest in, and a deep one, too, because it is the subject of success—individual success in life—and I shall treat it in no sentimental way, but in a practical way. "Success in this world,"—I use the word "world" in no sordid sense, of course, but in a noble sense, because a person is not successful in this world in any sordid or mean way. If a person seems to have success through low means, it is a success that is soon lost. It dissolves and is forever gone, and a success on that plane cannot be repeated, even though

the life is short. Perhaps I should not call my subject Success, but rather The End of Culture.

Now what is the end of culture? The end of culture, to put it in the shortest way, is *highest use*. Success rests in what? In the fullest development of one's powers, applied in ministering to the natural and therefore the necessary needs of others. What is the secret of the success in this college? How many times I have been asked this question! To-day I will give an answer, perhaps in different words than any answer I have given before, yet it is practically the same answer. *The secret of the success of this college has been that all its work aimed at the success of its students.* We have in spirit, if not in letter, made success our motto—made success the banner under which we sail. We have not studied for success for ourselves as an institution, but we have studied for the means of success that are sure, that are universal to those who study and practice those means. We have taught those methods and we have taught nothing else from the beginning.

I started sixteen years ago this last autumn, — on pure faith; I did not advertise at all. What was my aim in starting? This, as well as could be stated — I was moved to the idea by watching graduates from colleges. I watched for their success, and found that graduates of colleges did not succeed in life much better, if any, and it may be questioned whether they did any better, than those who had not been through college—that is, did not succeed in life better. I did not for a moment undervalue the college or the university education. It had its merits. It gave success to a man in an indirect way. But so far as the graduates being able to go out into the world and get a comfortable living for themselves and those dependent upon them—and that is largely what success means in England and America—they did not succeed.

I was born and brought up in a farming district, where only one young man out of ten went to college, and that one through great personal effort, and through friendly sacrifices, yet when they had finished college they were unable to get a living. Why? As farmers they could get a living; as mechanics, in a small way, they could get a living; but now they had been to college and they did not want to get a living in

the old way. Very often they came back a helpless lump on the hands of the father. Not always so. Some went out and had a most brilliant success in life. But that seemed only occasional. It seemed to me that a college course should make success *sure* to the faithful student. There should be no question about it—no per-adventure. It should mean success, and if it did not mean success there was something wanting somewhere. It struck me that these persons did not want in knowledge—that they did not want in a certain kind of mental discipline; but they wanted in practical ability to use what they knew.

The procession of men is going right on and every young man who starts out in life must, by some means, get into that procession. Every place is occupied. When a young man gets old enough to seek for some means of employment, he finds that every place is filled—no demand anywhere. He hears that a certain business is lucrative. He looks into that business a little further and finds it is already overdone. He hears that a certain profession is a fine one. He looks into that profession and finds that already that profession is overdone. Almost in despair he asks: "Where is the place for me? I will turn to the land." Every bit of land is possessed, legally at least, by some predecessor. There seems to be no place in the world for him. There is no way for him to be sure of getting into a position and winning success, unless he can do something a little different from what somebody else before him has done. "What do you mean by different?" He must do a kind of business in a new way, that is, in a higher way.

When Daniel Webster was asked by a young man whether there was any opportunity for him in the pursuit of law, Mr. Webster replied: "Yes, young man, there is an opportunity, but the opportunity is at the top." Well, now, that is the truth of the whole matter—the opportunity is at the top. So far as the base is concerned, there are no opportunities. Business is like an inverted cone, the opportunities are greatest at the top. There is room enough, but no room at the base—everything there is occupied. Well, now, what will carry a person to the top? *Mind, practical mind. Mind that can apply its powers—mind that can take hold on*

deepest truths, on deepest philosophy, and apply them to the affairs of life.

You may study the deepest philosophy from Plato the spiritualistic school of philosophers of his time down to Bacon, and even later; you may go to Germany and study the leading thought of to-day which seems to involve the profoundest thought of the ages of the past, but after you have learned all this abstract philosophy, after you have learned all the sciences, what are you going to do with it all? The philosopher must eat. He must drink and be clothed. Then again, through the divine instincts of human nature, perhaps he has taken upon himself responsibility for others, and he that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel. This is not only a religious truth but it is a universal, practical truth of common sense.

By coming in contact with an old gentleman—one of the most refined old gentlemen I have ever met—who was supported by the town, my attention was early called to the fact that a man might be a refined scholar and yet not be able to provide for himself. It was in the days when the poor were bid off at auction and in this case they wanted people to bid the lowest, not the highest. At each town meeting once a year some one came forward and said, "Mr. So-and-So has to be supported by the town. Who will support him the cheapest?" Sometimes they found a good place for the man, but you can imagine how it would be. I remember that there was a certain man in that town who lived by supporting the town's poor, and surely he was never known to do anything else, for he was one of the laziest men I ever saw. This good, cultivated, refined gentleman of whom I spoke was kept at his house. This dear, sweet, learned old Scotchman would often come to see me. I found him a man of great knowledge. I would keep him at my house, sometimes, for weeks together and when he went away he always said: "Well, I am sorry to leave you, but I suppose I must go back and live with that old bear," referring to the man who had bid him off, and at whose house he had enough to eat of the kind, but oh, the kind!

I found that this old Scotchman knew more books than any man I have ever been acquainted with. If I wanted to know anything, he was an

encyclopedia to me. But he was helpless, helpless, helpless—oh! the worst kind of helplessness. A man of cultivated taste—but he could not supply his taste. He could not find any books in the house in which he was kept; he could not purchase any, because he had nothing to purchase them with. He could not dress decently in order to go into cultivated society. He was a helpless, yet a learned man. I said: "There is some trouble somewhere when learning does not enable a man to get a living. This man should have a place; he should know how to find a place. He is old to be sure—prematurely old. He has crippled his powers of mind and of self-reliance. What can he do? Nobody wants him—he can serve nobody."

This led me to reflect deeply, and I remember saying to my father: "There is trouble somewhere with our systems of education, because every man who is educated would certainly succeed in life, unless he was overtaken by disease of body or mind." My father said nothing, but went out into the shed and soon returned with a couple of little screws in his hand. Then he said: "These two screws are two conjurers. If you will question them they will, by magic, tell you what the trouble is." Knowing my father's curious way of getting at things, I knew he had something to teach me. He had always been my teacher in earlier days. Now one of the screws had a blunt end and the other a pointed end. "There," said my father, pointing to the blunt screw, "that is the kind of screw that was always used until about the time you were born, and when that screw was used they had to take a gimlet and make a hole for it as far as the screw was going. Then they took the screw driver and turned it in. Now," he said, "here is a screw," taking the other that had the sharp point, "that was invented about the time you were born—you were invented about the same time. Notice this point is sharp. It is like an auger. You don't have to take a gimlet and make a hole for that screw. Just one touch of the hammer and it clings to the wood; then take the screw driver and turn it right in. See what a tremendous work is saved on the part of the mechanic."

"Well," he said, "the persons who invented that pointed screw are vastly rich." "How is

that?" I asked. "Inventors are not generally rich, and it is proverbial that men who invent things leave others to get the money out of them." He replied: "The secret of their wealth is this, that they invented something that met a *universal need*." Ah, that is the secret of it—universal need. He again said: "There are thousands of men who invent something which requires tremendous effort of the mind, but they have invented something that very few people need. But here is an invention that meets the needs of every one—not only of mechanics but of all persons who need to use a screw." He turned to me and in the twinkling of an eye said, "My son, I do not suppose you will ever be an inventor, but, if you do, be sure and invent something that is needed by everybody—meet a universal need."

Now it struck me that this principle applies to education. The reason all educated men, so-called, and why all graduates of colleges do not succeed in life is because they have not that "*screw point*" which everybody needs. They do not meet a universal want. If they happen to find a want after they are graduated from the college, they are fortunate. Then they look round and see if somebody does not want just such a screw as they are—to see if somebody has not a place for them—a hole already made to put them in. But the person who is properly educated will make his own hole and make it just as fast as he wants it. He does not hunt round for something that some auger has made. As he moves, he creates a demand, or in other words where other people do not see any demand, he finds one. Wherever he goes he finds a demand. Why? Because wherever he goes there are human beings, and the man, if he is properly educated, finds a demand for himself as soon as he finds human beings, because there are certain wants which are universal.

It seemed to me that the problem of the age was: How to obtain that mental culture which should enable every one who obtained it to succeed—that is to succeed reasonably in life. We do not mean in this case the startling success of the great geniuses—of such as are born, perhaps, only once in a century. We mean a reasonable, a comfortable success. No person of common sense is half as ambitious to be the one shining

genius of his age as he is to be absolutely sure of getting a reasonable living in life. It is the *certainty* of a reasonable success that we want.

Take the case of the father of half a dozen children, because fathers are anxious, fathers are solicitous, fathers care very much less for their own individual success than they do for the success of their children. In many cases the father wishes his children to succeed much better than himself. He knows his own hardships and the difficulties of the way which he has had to pass. He knows, perhaps, that his life has been a succession of failures. Suppose I should come to that father and say to him: "One of your six children can be a genius. His name will be known through all time as the most brilliant man of his period." He would reply: "Well, that is pleasant, that is delightful, especially if his genius points in the direction of goodness, but how about the other five? I would rather, sir, you would make it certain to me beyond all question that the whole six would do well in life than that one of them should be a star of genius."

There should be legitimate methods to success—methods that do not fail. If I take a certain road to go to a certain place, my first desire is to know certainly that that road, if I walk in it, will lead me there. If it is accidental, I do not know what point I shall reach. I am like a blind man creeping in the dark. Education, it is said, should be eyes to the blind, feet to the lame and hands to the maimed. Yes, it should be so. A universal, rounded education will make it so. Now the question is, what is it that everybody wants? We must find some kind of education that everybody wants. There are a great many of you here. Why do you come here? "Why, so and so told me about it." How came so and so to tell you about it? Let me tell you in one word how you came to be here. It was because your predecessor *succeeded*, and nothing else.

It was my first and sole ambition in the arrangement of the studies here, and of everything connected with the ministration of this Institution that the graduates should succeed. I am not asking that you shall succeed in a brilliant way while you are here, though there is no objection to your brilliancy, if you do not dazzle any-

body. It is the success afterwards, of which I am thinking. A farmer enjoys looking at a field of grain: he thinks that it is beautiful waving in the wind, as the shadows go over it. But he cares a good deal more how that will ripen in the end—how it will appear when it goes into the market by and by.

An old sculptor of Greece one day entered the studio of a young sculptor: he had just completed a statue and was arranging matters so that the sunlight, coming in through the window, cast lights and shades on his work. The old sculptor looked at the statue, then at the young man and said: "Don't be so careful in regard to getting the right light on it in your studio. It will be the light in the public square that will test it." So I care very little about showing you in the proper light while you are here. I want to know what the final test will determine of your value when you are put into the public square, when you go out as men and women and stand among other men and women.

The question is, can you be of service to them? The world is not going to hire you out of pity. If they pity you too much, they will send you to the almshouse. People will not hire you to work for them out of any charity—depend on that—nor because of any flattery on your part—depend on that. If they employ you it is because they believe that you can be of service to them. Now the question is, can you be of service to them. Some one asks: "Can't I be employed by some college or university at a salary of one thousand dollars, or one thousand five hundred—I have known some from your College to get three thousand dollars—I think that would be a success. Do you know of any such place as that?" Give me a graduate who can go where there are no colleges and make one.

Some one may say: "I am afraid I shall not find people appreciative where I go. They have not had elocution there. They are not up in art." Very well, then, lift them up in art and they will pay you for it. "Well, they do not care to be lifted up in art." Make them care. "Very well, but how am I going to get along while I am making them care?" It will take you only half a day, and you can go without meals for half a day. If you do not have break-

first you will be sure to have dinner, if you work well through the morning. "Well, can I make people feel, while they are earning money—and the dollar is the almighty thing to them—that it is wiser for them to pay out their hard earned dollars to me for painting to them the glories of the æsthetic life and shall I do it so effectively that they will immediately invest in me?" No, perhaps not, but you will find a person there who has a body, and if you find a person there who has a body, depend upon it, he wants a better one. You can go to work for him. You can help him to a better body. I am assuming that you are educated in the work you are studying here.

As I was going down the avenue today I saw a man riding a bicycle. I thought that was a very old man to be riding a bicycle. I felt quite proud that any one of my age had learned to ride a bicycle. I drew nearer to this doubled up, humped up grasshopper, where I could take a view of the parts. I saw it was the face of a young man. Now the young men do not want to die, although they like to be old, judging by the way they double themselves up and pretend to be old. They really want to be young. The old alchemists desired to discover two things. One was how to make gold and silver out of other materials, and the other was how to find a remedy that would make youth immortal. Their search answered a hunger of the soul. What we want today is youth.

Why, people are ashamed to be more than a certain age! It seems to me that if persons used their years to good advantage they would like to have it understood that they had grown out of greenness into something ripe. But I find that people are ashamed to be thought any older than they are. Why is this? It is not altogether fashion. It is not altogether because old age is despised. We want to be strong; we want to have power and elasticity.

There was such a time, if we believe in the ante-diluvian period, when men had the idea that they would be pretty near manhood by the time they had reached the age of 200 years. Quite a mature youth that. Think of a man living almost a thousand years—969 years is given us as the age of Methuselah. When he was about five hundred years old he

celebrated his birthday, and friends came, — some older than himself, and some younger than himself. The story goes that some angels came to help this good man to celebrate his five hundredth birthday. He must have been a good man or he would not have lived to that age, because "deceitful and bloody men shall not live out half their days."

Methuselah was about to build a house, but he had postponed the building, and that evening, as he was walking out under the stars, accompanied with a few friends and some angels, said he to one of the angels: "How long do you think I shall live?" Said the angel: "It is not given to us to know the length of a man's days. God only knows how long anyone will live." "Well, cannot you, with your superior intelligence, give me some suggestion of what the probabilities are?"

"Well," said the angel, "judging by the probabilities, I might assume that you would live five hundred years longer." Methuselah dropped his head and said: "I will tell you why I ask. I have always lived in a tent but I have been contemplating building a house. I wanted to know if it was worth while for me to undertake this task. What you have said has decided me. I shall not build a house if I am not going to live more than five hundred years longer, it will not pay." Of course the story is as true to you as to me. It has a truth in it. It contains a suggestion that there was a time when men lived to be very old, and if so, why may not the race, in process of ages, develop equal longevity, by obedience to the same laws. The laws have not changed and if the age to which men live has changed it is through the folly of men and through their transgression of the laws of their being.

Let us turn to some specific points concerning what you must do to find your place in the procession of the successful class. What is the first thing you should study to enable you to succeed in life? This age is full of the *spirit of service*. This is a power that is felt, and therefore this is the entering wedge of success. This matter of service, in its influence upon others, is a greater power within and of itself considered, than we can possibly realize upon first thought. If a man enters a store for the purpose of getting a

position, the first thing that an experienced employer is susceptible to in regard to that young man, is whether he possesses a spirit of readiness. How is the employer going to know? How is he going to know whether a thing is red or white? You say, by intuition. Partly so, but, largely by observation. An experienced man will observe this spirit of readiness in your very attitude. Hundreds are turned away because the employer does not perceive it at first glance.

There was a successful merchant in this city who had developed a wonderful faculty in this direction, and one of the first tests of this matter of readiness was the speech of the applicant, and he was not employing them for elocutionary purposes, either. A young man comes and wants a position. He finally gets a chance to speak to this king of merchants, who asks him what position he wants. He asks the young man a few questions, and he answers in a half audible way. The merchant is a little hard of hearing. He does not hear the words come out round, full and uniform — and the shrewd old merchant makes his own physical defect a means by which he tests the power of his would-be employee. The merchant says, "Can't you speak up so that we can understand you? Why are you numbling like this? I have no place for you."

Sometimes when I have told students in this Institution that the desire to help others is the dominant thing in Oratory, and that it belongs to the highest life, some of them have replied: "That it is all talk: that helps to govern us and make us behave, but we have not come here to a Sunday school, we have come to learn oratory." Such persons are out of the procession, and, with their present condition of mind, will forever stay out. No one will hire you unless he can perceive, through a certain intuition or instinct that has been developed by experience, that you possess a spirit of helpfulness. This is one of the tests of the commercial world. No matter what you are going to engage in — whether you want to be engaged in the highest kind of work or the most menial — the first test is that there shall shine out all through you a spirit of helpfulness and of readiness to serve.

Suppose a young man wishes to enter the ministry. People in these days question more as to



LOOKING FROM THE HALL INTO THE MUSIC ROOM.

your spirit of helpfulness than they do as to your theology. I suspect people are getting, not loose in theology, but a little different, somehow, from what they used to be. "What can you do for us"—that is the question. "Well, I have a testimonial." You are your own best testimonial.

Some ignore this idea of helpfulness. Ignore it and you are lost. The kingdom of heaven has a root in this world. That kingdom rests on the spirit of helpfulness. I do not believe that any man has character who has not a spirit of helpfulness. I do not believe that any person is a good student of this college who has not a spirit of helpfulness.

Some person says: "I like that spirit. It is just what I have been looking for the last fifteen years. I went to church but I could not find it there. They introduced me and gave me a seat. They did not speak to me unless I was introduced to them. Some of the church members would sweep right by me and not even speak to me." Did you speak to them? "Oh, no, it was for them to speak to me; it was for them to show the spirit of helpfulness." There are thousands of persons who like this doctrine of helpfulness in the abstract and like it in the concrete also when it means somebody else helping them, but such persons never once dream that they should help some body else. It is for you to help them, and not for them to help you. Think of the young man who has the spirit of help in himself, who carries it with him and finds it because he carries it. When you are converted to dignity, to truth, to righteousness, which leads you straight on to success, you will ask nobody to help you, and if you receive help from others, it will be to make them happy and not for your own sake. You will go out seeking whom you may serve, but you will not be ostentatious in your service. You will serve them whether they know it or not. The study of the student is to supply universal needs. Health is a necessity, health is a means, therefore health is necessary. Can you help anybody to be healthier? That is the question. If so, you must apply yourselves most thoroughly to the study of physical culture, taught you in this Institution.

Some one might say: "I find the demand for physical culture is very great; there has been a

demand created for it by my predecessors. I find there is a call for it everywhere, so I think I will invest in it. I will go to the Emerson College for a few weeks and then appear before the public ready to teach physical culture. I have learned at the Emerson College of Oratory how they make their pupils stand and hold up their heads, first resting on one foot and then on the other, how they swing to and fro, how they raise one arm and then the other. I have set down on a piece of paper, what is the first movement, what the second, the third and the fourth: I have heard that some music goes well with the movements, so I can hire a person to drum it out on the piano as a sort of accompaniment. I am ready for business,"—you are ready to be a humbug.

You know a few performances and therefore think you are going to restore people's strength and develop their powers of body when you have not grasped the subject as a whole in any shape or manner. There have been strangers, whose names I never heard pronounced, and whom I never saw, who got these various acts, and then went off and set up trade. They had been in the College two or three mornings, and having seen the exercises, they went off to teach this business. Well, they have swelled the previous society I have just named. Can such persons teach the human body to think? The poet says: "Pure and eloquent blood Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought That one might almost say his body thought." "Almost say," you might quite say so—for with the proper culture the body does think.

Some distinguished man in speaking of Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "I find that every line and wrinkle on his face emits thought." Mary Livermore in her address to you yesterday said that it had been discovered that the nerve centres clear to the ends of the fingers act according to the same physiological law as the brain acts.

Then if the body thinks and expresses the noblest thought, it ensures two things; first, health, and second, easy, natural and therefore graceful movements. Can anyone who does not understand the laws of the highest physical condition properly train your body?

We should teach physical culture to the young. Some years ago I sent to some of the masters of the different schools in and about Boston, where our work had been taught, to learn of its effect

upon the smaller children. I knew, myself, what the effect upon adults was, because I had watched it, here in the College. The persons to whom I wrote sent back letters that, had I not known to the contrary, I might have thought had been written by the same person, because each one mentioned two things. The first was: "We find all the children of the primary schools enthusiastic over it." The second was: "We find that however it may affect their health — we cannot say as yet because the time is not long enough for us to know certain — that the children behave very much better. It seems to effect their morals."

Now what is the secret of this? You are taught here that the natural position of the body is precisely the same as that which is taught you in your exercises. The first thing you try to learn or practice is exactly what the healthy body expresses. You are striking the very roots of character. Well, you say, does body turn back and effect mind? No, the mind has to lift the body into position.

The next point we will consider is *the power to direct the mind*. Can you put your mind upon anything that you choose and then hold it there? Do you not find that your mind is like an unruly animal, jumping this way and that, without any seeming control or direction? The first thing in education is to learn to direct your mind to what so ever object or subject you choose. The next thing is to hold it there. How many persons can hold their minds upon one subject for ten minutes, for five minutes, for sixty seconds? Very few. If you do not believe it, test it. Turn your mind to this subject and you will find it being led away by some other subject or object. We will say that here is something of which you do not wish to think. Can you take your mind away and turn it to some other thing? This is the test of your mental power.

When the intellect is held on a subject long enough, what does the intellect do with that subject? It actually dissolves it. There are certain minerals which cannot be dissolved by any ordinary heat, not even in that of blast furnaces. There is no substance and no subject which the human intellect cannot melt, if the mind is sufficiently concentrated upon that subject. Hold the mind still longer upon the subject and it will dis-

cover the forces that united those elements, and it will, out of similar elements, create something that has not yet been created. Mind cannot be said to be in full possession of the individual until, through its concentration, it has reached the point of creation. Thus the human mind, which is a child of the mind of God, like its Father, the Supreme Creator, becomes creative. Every subject which you take up you must be able to dissolve, find its relations and create anew from them.

If a man possesses this power, drop him where you will, among whatever people, those people will need him. Put him where there seems to be nothing in the soil, through him that soil will learn its own powers. There is waiting today in the soil everywhere gold that no one has dreamed of. Gold, as it was found in California some years ago, in the great crusade of 1849? No, not that kind. But the time will come, as the race progresses when one acre of common land, with proper care, will be able to support five times, and that is to put it very modestly, what it can support now. When the mind is turned to the soil a country that can now support only one hundred thousand people will be able to support two millions of people. Then our graduates of colleges will not be looking for new opportunities. They will find the new in the old. They will not seek to get away from the farm, as so many are seeking to do now, but they will seek to find a hundred farms in the old farm: they will make the face of nature smile upon them. Oh, there is no telling what the mind is going to do with natural, material things. Success is certain to the one who can think and dissolve the subject of its thought by the power of its thinking.

In this College you are learning not to influence the soil directly but to develop such a mind which when turned to the soil will make it applaud and answer back. You are developing that power of mind, which when turned upon the great natural forces, will make them answer back and bear your burden. But above all — and I am going to tell you what perhaps you never heard before, I mean with your minds — *you must speak, not with your lips merely, but you must speak to other minds*. I think some people's lips are a sepulchre in which are

buried, I know not how many thousand dead words. A word that has not a thought in it is a corpse—it dies on the speaker's lips and never reaches another's mind. You must *speak to other minds*, for socially and publicly considered, your success depends on your ability to speak to other minds so as to influence those minds. This is what you are studying in this College and wherever there are human beings you may so speak to their minds that they will give you a place. You will meet a great need in the world—a need that is felt—a need for which people will pay you by putting you into the procession of the successful.

The last point which I shall mention as being necessary to your success is a *practical belief in universal laws*. When the world *practically* believes in universal laws there will be no more prisons, there will be no more jails, there will be no more police. There will be no need of such things, for when a person practically believes in universal laws, he knows there is but one thing for him to do, by means of which to secure his own success, and that is, to obey them. The time was when the learned world thought nothing about such things. The old civilizations thought nothing of them. Egypt did not dream of them. It is a question whether even the most learned priests did. The Assyrians did not dream of them. The Greeks began to see them. Plato or perhaps Socrates most profoundly of all, recognized this truth. Their artists grasped some general idea of it. But thought has progressed, until today "natural laws" is a household phrase. In the abstract, all of us believe in them.

We know that it is by the means of that universal law, gravitation, that our mills on the beautiful Merrimac are driven. We know it is by means of that law that our steamers carry us in palaces across the ocean; that by obedience to that law our clothing is made. In the abstract, we all believe that we are surrounded by the power of natural law; that natural law impinges upon us physically, intellectually, morally and spiritually. Now what is it to learn it *practically*. In this College you who study and observe are seeing object lessons every day. You see a student who, when he enters says: "I will come out and read well." He is an ambitious boy, and he does, in a certain sense, speak up

like a little man. But after a little while this student begins to think that it is not he who does it. Something does it for him; he rests on that, and through his practice here for three or four years he finds that his daily success depends upon his submitting himself to the law of his own being, to the same law that connects him with other beings. He begins to learn that he has no power in himself, separate from these universal laws. He begins to learn that there is but one lesson in human life to be learned which involves all others—namely, obedience to universal law.

One has said, "Hitch your wagon to a star," speaking to the ambitious who would succeed in life. What he means is, obey the universal laws that govern the stars which sparkle in yonder sky. Obedience to these laws bring results.

Suppose I should ask Professor Cheney, who is teaching the singing voice, why some persons learn to sing so much sooner than others? He would reply, in substance: "It is because those persons look for the truth that lies under the whole work, and then try to submit themselves to it. If they do not succeed in the development of the voice, in the first place, it is because they have not learned that the very fundamental principle in music, given to us by the old Greeks more than two thousand years ago, is obedience." The Greeks taught their sons obedience through teaching them music, showing them that unless they obeyed certain laws of harmony there was no success for them. In modern times no man in mechanics expects to succeed unless he obeys natural law. There is such a law as the law of commerce and the merchant now covering the sea with his sails, though he was once poor and could not purchase a row boat, is succeeding simply because he has learned the laws of commerce and is obeying them. There are laws of harmony and laws of melody, and these are the laws of success in music.

Have you not read of the German whom they put in prison but could not keep there? He was not a St. Paul, either. They put him in the lowest dungeon—and what dreadful things those dungeons are! This prisoner was confined in the lowest cell where it was necessary, in order to escape, to pass through partition after partition of rock. They put a chain round his feet, his

wrists, his body and his neck, and then put the other end of the great chain into solid masonry. In a few months he was out. How did he do it? He said there was a way to break that chain. He hunted for it, and found it. He came through the rocks and found liberty. I would not take a great deal for the knowledge of that one fact. There is nothing that can imprison the soul.

You have all heard the story of an earlier man who could not be confined, and that was the great Julius Cæsar. They took him on board a pirate vessel and in a few days the pirates were under his command. He told them funny stories and if they would not laugh he punished them. They liked him and obeyed him. It was his mind that did it. There are certain laws by which these things can be done.

Once some slaves, stolen from Africa, were put in a vessel and great doors were fastened heavily upon them. No one dreamed that any of them could get out. At last a young prince of Africa—a Cæsar in a black skin—was one day seen on deck, with all those who were confined with him and within an hour there were only two more on deck besides themselves—the man at the helm and the cook. The mind of the young prince could tunnel through a plank. Thus, practically, we see the mind dissolves everything. Nothing conquers the human mind when it is properly directed. This direction means obedience to the laws of the mind. Then develop your powers. You do not need to say, by your leave, sir. Wherever you are there will be a demand for you. Wherever you go you will wear a crown, and on that crown there will be letters that shine like the stars of heaven—*Success, Success, Success.*

PRODUCTION OF MERCHANT OF VENICE BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

The morning of April 16th opened fair and bright and Odd Fellow's Hall was soon filled to overflowing with expectant faces. Every one seemed to anticipate a morning filled with enjoyment and their anticipations were fully realized.

From the prompt rising of the curtain to its close after the last act, we were delightfully

entertained and instructed by the artistic rendering, scholarly perception, and clear enunciation of Shakespeare's mighty verse.

There was little or no attempt at costuming or appropriate stage-setting, but this did not detract from our enjoyment in the least; instead it seemed to add to it, for we could see the power and force of the "suggestive period" in our Evolution.

It would be difficult to speak of the individual merits of the participants for they were so numerous. Each minor character as well as the major ones showed thorough, careful and thoughtful preparation.

Below is the cast of the play:

ACT I. SCENE I.				
Antonio	-	-	-	Miss West
Bassanio	-	-	-	Miss Tatem
Gratiano	-	-	-	Miss Burgess
Salarino	-	-	-	Miss Harris
Salanio	-	-	-	Miss Hutchinson
Lorenzo	-	-	-	Miss Abbott
ACT I, SCENE II.				
Portia	-	-	-	Miss Purman
Nerissa	-	-	-	Miss McBrein
Servant	-	-	-	Miss Minchen
ACT I, SCENE III.				
Shylock	-	-	-	Miss Purves
Antonio	-	-	-	Miss Killin
Bassanio	-	-	-	Miss Chamberlin
ACT II, SCENE II.				
Launcelot	-	-	-	Miss Noyes
Old Gobbo	-	-	-	Mr. Perry
Bassanio	-	-	-	Mrs. Metcalf
ACT II, SCENES III and V.				
Shylock	-	-	-	Mr. Blanchard
Jessica	-	-	-	Miss Gazaille
Launcelot	-	-	-	Mr. Farr
ACT III, SCENE I.				
Salarino	-	-	-	Miss Wood
Salanio	-	-	-	Miss Wheeler
Shylock	-	-	-	Mr. Workman
Tubal	-	-	-	Miss Earle
ACT III, SCENE II.				
Bassanio	-	-	-	Miss Sutherland
Portia	-	-	-	Miss Burbank
Gratiano	-	-	-	Miss Arnold
Nerissa	-	-	-	Miss Walton
Lorenzo	-	-	-	Miss Nunn
Jessica	-	-	-	Miss Minchen
Salerio	-	-	-	Miss Woosley
ACT III, SCENE IV.				
Portia	-	-	-	Miss Holt
Nerissa	-	-	-	Miss Sheldon
Lorenzo	-	-	-	Miss Gill
Jessica	-	-	-	Miss Sullivan
Balthasar	-	-	-	Mr. Holt

ACT IV, SCENE I.

Duke	-	-	-	-	Mr. Armstrong
Antonio	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Metcalf
Bassanio	-	-	-	-	Miss Morse
Portia	-	-	-	-	Miss Pike
Shylock	-	-	-	-	Mr. Holt
Gratiano	-	-	-	-	Miss Keating
Salerio	-	-	-	-	Miss Arnold
Nerissa	-	-	-	-	Miss Macey
Clerk	-	-	-	-	Miss Gibbs

ACT V.

Lorenzo	-	-	-	-	Miss Firey
Jessica	-	-	-	-	Miss Scott
Portia	-	-	-	-	Miss Twombly
Nerissa	-	-	-	-	Miss Gill
Bassanio	-	-	-	-	Miss Morse
Gratiano	-	-	-	-	Miss Clifford
Antonio	-	-	-	-	Mr. Holt
Launcelot	-	-	-	-	Mr Fair

POST GRADUATES' PRODUCTION OF
AS YOU LIKE IT.

"*Finis coronat opus*," so thought even the least enthusiastic and coldly critical ones, after witnessing the exceptionally fine work done on the morning of April 24th, by the post graduate class.

The day was fine, the immense hall was crowded with happy Emersonians and their friends who apparently expected to enjoy themselves. The work done by the students who assisted the faculty in the performance of Othello, Richelieu and Hamlet, and also the work of the senior class the previous week had raised our anticipations to a great height. Even then we were not prepared for the artistic finish given the work. Earnest and thoughtful preparation, enthusiasm, and progressiveness were marked characteristics throughout the play.

The fact that the class is so few in numbers that each member of the cast could keep his or her character throughout the entire play aided each participant to *live* the part, while this could not have been so genuinely achieved by taking it up for one act or scene.

Such words of commendation as, — "It was very much better than some of the professional work we've had in Boston this winter." "I thank you so much for inviting me here, the work was simply perfect." "Some way I felt every character to be a living person,"

were commonly heard from our guests.

Although it is impossible to make special mention of all who did exceptionally well, for that would mean everyone in the class, Miss Gatchell's Rosalind, Mr. Schofield's Touchstone and Miss Bank's Audrey are deserving of unusual praise. Miss Joy in her portrayal of Orlando's character never once disappointed us.

Our beloved President and his worthy corps of teachers were highly gratified by this work which brought out the application of the principles they have been so earnest in imparting.

Post Graduates: We of the lower classes thank you for the inspiration you have given us and shall endeavor to emulate your work throughout our entire course.

The cast was as follows:

Banished Duke	}	-	-	Annie Cilley
Corin	}			
Frederick, his brother	}	-	-	Ellen M. Andrews
Lord	}			
Oliver	-	-	-	Frank J. Stowe
Orlando	-	-	-	Grace W. Joy
Adam	-	-	-	Lucy D. Pinney
Touchstone	-	-	-	Chas. I. Schofield
Le Beau	}	-	-	Chas. M. Holt
Jacques	}			
William	}			
Silvius	-	-	-	Mae E. Stephens
Rosalind	-	-	-	Maud L. Gatchell
Celia	-	-	-	Bessie E. Parker
Phebe	-	-	-	Ida M. Remick
Audrey	-	-	-	Maud E. Banks
				S. L. P.

POST GRADUATE CLASS DAY.

The Post Graduate class day exercises were of a somewhat different order from those of the senior class, and from their nature do not admit of a report in full.

These aimed to give a comprehensive, illustrative presentation of the lines of study in the college course.

Mr. Edwards as chairman made a very fitting speech in opening the program, and left us in the attitude of expectant interrogation points for what was to follow.

Very appropriately the first in order were the physical culture exercises. It is the physical work that first attracts many strangers to the college, and unlocks the doors that open into

its many storehouses of wealth. If the exercises are always presented in as thorough a manner as they were by the ten ladies arrayed in their simple white Greek costumes, we need have no fear that they will fail to attract and hold any audience. To the rest of the students who always participate in these, it was a pleasure to occupy the spectators' seats and "see ourselves as others see us." The grace and harmony of movement, the unity of action, and the ease of each effort spoke louder than words for the efficiency of the system, and for the admirable drill given by Mrs. Martin; and for her excellent leadership on this occasion.

Perhaps the most trying situation on the program was that assigned to Mr. Gaylord, who was handed a sealed envelope and told to speak for ten minutes on the enclosed subject. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death," furnished the central thought for his bright, extemporaneous speech. The amount of intense mental activity employed in solving a hard mathematical problem is small beside that used by a man who thinks quickly, consecutively, and intelligently, while upon his feet before an audience. Mr. Gaylord's remarks were clear cut and to the point, in delightful contrast to the long drawn out efforts of many speakers who affect to belittle the results of oratorical training.

Mr. Schofield is always happy in his readings. His dialectic work and spirited interpretation of "Jimmy Hoy" met with such a favorable reception that he was called back for a second reading. As a bit of character work his representation of the old farmer "calling the children" even excelled his first reading.

Mrs. Pinney's paper on Polonius was very entertaining from a literary standpoint; and a most satisfactory sketch of the appearance of that old precept-giving courtier of the court of Denmark. It embodied a deserving protest against the conventional Polonius of the modern stage.

In his oration Mr. Stowe proved most emphatically his statement that "the character of the artist determines the rank and position of his art." It was an effective summing up of the

preceding numbers on the program, and may be said in general to have exhibited the new and complete Whole of which the others were Parts. It showed the sure basis of the College work for historical as well as scientific study. And taught us to look through the Event to the Cause, to find the Truth behind the Fact. He showed the teacher in his handling of the subject, and demonstrated clearly by his presentation that "you must grow, be, become, what you would teach to others." The audience helped close the exercises by singing with the class, the hymn written by Miss Joy.

CLASS HYMN.

Tune:—Coronation.

We gather here to consecrate
Ourselves, our lives anew;
We've learned to trust, to venerate,
To strive to reach the true.

The gift of friendship's strengthening hand
Through days of hopeful aim
Will ease the ache that must be ours
When life our work shall claim.

'Tis tender sweet to know a love
Like that which guards us here,
To feel that one great heart throbs full
To shield his children dear.

Our sacred teaching in the past
Shall cling to us for aye,
May all our future be a star,
With Truth in every ray.

That the day had been one of delight and instruction was heard from all present. While many visitors gained a new insight into the scholarly and efficient work of the College.

PROGRAM.

1. Physical Culture Exercises.
2. Extemporaneous Address, J. S. Gaylord, '93
3. Declamation, - Chas. I. Schofield, '95
4. Character Sketch, "Polonius, as a man and orator," - Lucy D. Pinney, '95
5. Oration, "Relation of Education to Art and Character," - F. J. Stowe, '95
6. Class Hymn, written by Grace Winifred Joy, - '95
Chairman, B. C. Edwards.

H. S. R.

The announcement reaches us of the marriage of Miss Dora M. Davies, of Union City, Pa., to Mr. Leo L. Clough, on Wednesday, the sixth of May.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

THE ANNUAL REUNION DINNER AT YOUNG'S HOTEL.

About fifty members of the Emerson College Alumni Association enjoyed the annual gathering and banquet at Young's Hotel on Thursday afternoon, May 7. At the preliminary business meeting Prof. Henry L. Southwick, president of the Association occupied the chair, Prof. Metcalf, secretary and treasurer, submitted his annual reports. Several new members were admitted. The old board of officers was re-elected, except that Prof. Kidder was chosen Vice-president and Mr. Fred M. Blanchard was elected a member of the Executive Committee. The Committee on Constitutional Amendment was granted further time.

The banquet arrangements were in charge of Prof. W. B. Tripp, who provided a very attractive menu card which will be cherished as a souvenir by those who were present. The following is a copy:

*"Let me not stay a jot for dinner:
Go, get it ready."*

MENU.

Oysters on Deep Shell.
Puree Spinach, Consomme, Dauphine,
Sirloin of Beef, with Mushrooms
Philadelphia Capon, Potato Dressing.
Lobster Cutlets, a la Cardinal
Chicken Patties, a la Reine,
Banana Fritters Glace, Kirsch.
Frozen Pudding, Strawberry Shortcake
Charlotte Russe, Demi Glace.
Fruit, Ice Cream, Sherbet,
Coffee.

*"Who rises from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down."*

PROGRAMME.

"To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time."

Introductory: *Henry Lawrence Southwick.*

"There is no true orator who is not a hero."

Address: *Charles Wesley Emerson.*

"We only part to meet again."

The occasion proved one of the pleasantest in the history of the Association and each and all resolved to attend all future reunions whenever possible to do so.

The speaking was informal with the exception of an address by Pres. Emerson—and brief speeches by Prof. Southwick, and Dr.

Sherman—who was the honored guest of the association. Pres. Emerson exhorted the members of the Alumni to unity of spirit and inspired them with the thought of sympathy and mutual helpfulness to be realized through the perpetuation of the Alumni Association and urged them to thus keep in touch with their Alma Mater. Pres. Emerson then emphasized most strongly the need of all to fully comprehend the principles upon which rested all their work—in order that their knowledge might be authority to others.

A TALK ELICITED BY AN APPEAL

FROM THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE
PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I understand that one of the most eminent scientists in the world made an estimate a few years since in regard to the destructive power of insects, and by a careful mathematical calculation he came to the conclusion that if the encroachment of insects was not prevented by destroying them to some extent, that is, if it were not for the prevention that is going on in nature, and provided for by the laws of nature, the globe upon which we live would be depopulated in forty years. Just think of that—of insects destroying the population of the globe in forty years. That is, the vegetable kingdom would be so utterly devoured that no animals and no people could live on the earth. The globe would be stripped of life in forty years by insects; and this is no theory, but a truth which has been reached by actual mathematical calculation.

Now, the question arises, what is the provision in nature for keeping back the crusades of the insects so that they have never, and may never, depopulate the globe? Without this prevention, what then? All would have been swallowed up by the insects, and the insects would have died for want of new globes to conquer. This becomes a matter of serious thought. It is one of the great problems to be solved by the economists of the age. What is the great provision by nature for keeping back the encroachments of the insects? The *birds*.

Since I learned that mathematical fact I think I have not heard a bird sing without thinking of it. We have all been given great pleasure by the birds. Where would much of the finest literature have been without them? It would never have been born had it not been for the songs of birds and their effect upon the poet's ear and heart. I have never listened to the song of a bird since that time, without thinking that the birds are our saviours, the saviours of the race, the defenders of the race. I certainly have never heard the cry of a wounded bird, without thinking of it. I haven't seen a man carrying a gun, without thinking of it. I haven't heard people talk about taking a vacation in summer to shoot birds somewhere, without thinking of it. I did not hear without thinking of it, what a woman said last year in the presence of her little boys eight or ten years old, one of whom had been having a delightful time following his Uncle and seeing him shoot birds, — he had shot ninety during the past week, — and this mother praised the hunter's skill. And that woman never fails to go to church on Sunday. I knew of a time one Sunday morning when there was a storm coming up, and her husband told her he thought it very venturesome to attempt to go to Church. She replied to him in a way that a woman replies who knows that her decision is final, "We are neither sugar nor salt, we can stand the rain. We must go to church." She needed to go to church. She needed to hear more about that God who notes the fall of the sparrow, who has not only numbered the hairs upon human heads, but the feathers on the bodies of the birds. Think of God in his provision for the inhabitants of the earth, having so linked together these beautiful songsters and the welfare, even the existence, of man on the globe!

But during the past few years the birds have been slaughtered at a terrible rate. I once heard a Methodist minister, speaking of how he felt before he was converted, say something like this: "I was cruel because I did not think how these birds were God's birds; one day I managed to catch a blue jay, pulled out some

of its feathers, and then let it fly. My name is Caleb, and that bird, it seemed to me, went straight up to the Throne of God, and as it went, lifted up its voice saying in accusation of me, 'Caleb, Caleb, Caleb!' I felt I couldn't have that bird accuse me before God, and for the first time in my life I hastened to my knees and prayed for salvation." Well, well, what a thought! If those persons who are killing birds and upholding the killing of them, are to meet the accusation of those birds in the judgement, surely we may say, "Without mercy shall none see salvation." Oh, that horrible crime! The defenseless bird! What does it appeal to? Defenceless, innocent, beautiful, and our defenders, and yet we are slaughtering them! The air that fifty years ago never ceased to quiver and throb in the spring and early summer with the songs of birds, is at present only now and then stirred by the notes of a solitary pair.

When a railroad was built through the Western country across the prairies, I am told by reliable authority that as the cars passed along, the birds had never thought of fearing man; they didn't know what kind of demon had come among them. They had met animals of various kinds, but those animals didn't reveal the wickedness that there is in the universe. But there, as those trains went along, men with their guns out of the windows all along, would shoot the birds on the wing, right and left, and leave them there, a windrow of dying, suffering birds each side of the train. And what were these birds doing? Defending the race. By and by when the country is settled there comes a cry to us at the East, "Oh, send on provisions, the crops have been cut off by the insects. There is a great grasshopper time in Kansas." Who would have taken care of these things? Those very innocent songsters that you have slaughtered for your own pleasure. What pleasure? The pleasure of producing pain, the pleasure of killing. Now you are taking the consequences. I tell you there sits on the throne of the universe a just God, and you cannot sin with impunity, you cannot exert cruelty but the wave will return upon you, and you will have to drink the cup



ELM CROFT.

that you have mixed for others, whether it be for man or for birds.

Now we have an appeal which has come to us. I heard a man some years ago lecture, and I thought he was a good Christian man by the way he lectured concerning the birds. I liked his good hearted Christianity, for he went on to show from a scientific point of view, their value to us, their necessity to us, as well as their charm for our hearts and lives. He told us what was the trouble. He said, "It is the boys hunting birds nests, destroying the birds; it is the hunters killing the birds; and it is the cats occasionally doing the same thing." "Now," he says, "what shall we do to prevent it? Kill the hunters and the cats, and whip the boys." Well said. That is good gospel, it comes from a good minister. Of course, he would have you interpret him as you are required to interpret Scripture, spiritually, not literally.

We have a better thing than killing the hunters, however much they may deserve it, or even killing the cats or whipping the boys. This appeal has been sent us and I wish the students to take immediate action upon it:

MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY.

The purpose of the Society is to discourage buying and wearing for ornamental purposes the feathers of any wild bird, and to otherwise further the protection of our native birds.

We would awaken the community to the fact that this fashion of wearing feathers means the cruel slaughter of myriads of birds, and that some of our finest birds are already decimated, and may ultimately be exterminated by the demand for their feathers.

We would make an appeal to all lovers of nature, since by this reckless demand of fashion the woods and fields are being stripped of one of their chief attractions, and the country deprived of indispensable friends to agriculture.

The use of the aigrette so commonly worn, which is obtained from the Egret or Snowy Heron, is a marked instance of the evil we would restrain before it is too late. These plumes are almost invariably taken from the parent bird while it is hatching or rearing its young, and the whole family is therefore usually destroyed.

Chapman in his *Birds of Eastern North America* says of the Snowy Heron: "The curse of beauty has numbered the days of this, the most dainty and graceful of herons. Twenty years ago it was abundant in the South. Now it is the rarest of its family. The delicate aigrettes which it donned as its nuptial dress were its death warrant. Woman demanded from the bird its wedding plumes, and man supplied the demand.

"The Florida herons have gone, and now he is pursuing the helpless birds to the uttermost parts of the earth. Mercilessly they are shot down at their roosts or nesting grounds, the coveted feathers are stripped from their backs, the carcasses are left to rot, while the young in the nest above are starving."

To lessen the demand is the most effective method of staying the evil, and it is earnestly hoped that all intelligent and humane people will join the Society.

The feathers of the ostrich and other domesticated birds may be worn. The ostriches are farmed for their feathers, which are taken from them without injury to the birds.

You are invited to join the Society.

Membership, \$1.00. A specially designed certificate of membership will be sent upon receipt of the enclosed card, and the membership fee. No annual assessment.

Address, Miss HARRIET E. RICHARDS,

Secretary and Treasurer.

Care of Boston Society of Natural History, Berkeley Street, Boston.

Upon the presentation of this appeal about one hundred and fifty of the students immediately joined the society.

AT MILLIS.

For one, two, three, and four years, having yielded ourselves body, mind, and spirit to the laws of harmony and beauty, it was an impossibility that our day with Dr. and Mrs. Emerson at home, should be other than perfectly beautiful and entirely harmonious with our heart's desire.

Post-Graduates, Seniors, and Juniors were happy in being made happy again. Freshmen experienced the elevation of feeling that comes with the realization of that which has been anticipated as novel, delightful, and satisfactory; the more so at this time because these anticipations were associated inseparably with the home of their beloved leaders and teachers, Dr. and Mrs. Emerson.

The reception by our host and hostess, and by other hosts and hostesses in the persons of the other members of the faculty, was tendered in greetings so cordial and magnanimous that we began to feel that the function must be "the Emerson College at home."

"Magnanimity of atmosphere" was everywhere. We saw through it the great lawn, the fountain, the pine groves, the classical "ox-

eyed" beauties in the stalls, the clear sky above us; we breathed it, we shouted into it, we ran through it; the mansion home was surrounded by it, the tower bathed in it, the warm crimson interior was permeated by it. It seemed to flavor deliciously the turkey at dinner, the lobster salad, the ice cream, the fruit, and all that we ate and drank. We trust that through it as a medium, the camera recorded only lines of beauty.

In addition to all these things, the song for the day, written by Miss McIntosh, enabled us to give rhythmic expression to our love and loyalty for "Emerson, our Emerson."

Dr. Emerson had said more than once at college, that a person's room or home was an expression of that person, to a degree limited only by means. In Dr. Emerson's home we looked to see his twin expression. There it was—dignified, classical, hospitable, benevolent, protecting, warm as with the heart's blood;—an expression, too, of his philosophy, the great whole, the parts useful and beautiful, and their true relation in every respect.

When the hour came for the Boston train, we were aroused to the idea that measured duration was still in vogue on this mundane sphere. For eight hours there had been no hours; no ten o'clock, no eleven o'clock, no two o'clock, nor three o'clock. The return to every day consciousness was a bit of a shock. With mingled feelings of pleasure and regret at the close of the joyful day, we said to Dr. and Mrs. Emerson, "Good by" with our lips, and "God be with you" with our hearts.

MINA S. F. POWERS.

SONG.

BY EMILY LOUISE MCINTOSH.
EMERSON DAY, May 2nd, 1896.
(Tune—"Maryland, my Maryland.")

I.

From far Pacific's "Golden Gate,"
Emerson, our Emerson!
From North to South, each glorious State,
Emerson, our Emerson!
We come to share thy glorious gifts,
The love that cheers, the thought that lifts,
And now we pledge our love anew,
Emerson, our Emerson!

II.

From foreign shores—Armenia's lands—
Emerson, our Emerson!
Australia too, sends heart and hands,
Emerson, our Emerson!
"To live the truth"—our watchword stands
May we be loyal to thy demands
And champion Truth where'er she stands,
Emerson, our Emerson!

III.

O Founder of this noble cause,
Emerson, our Emerson!
Your gracious presence ever draws,
Emerson, our Emerson!
The best within each human heart,
From your blest teaching caused to start,
And unto life, new life impart,
Emerson, our Emerson!

IV.

O Teachers bound in service true,—
Emerson, our Emerson!
Our loyal bond to what you do,—
Emerson, our Emerson!
To help these teachings spread the light!
To speed the Truth, defend the right,
We pledge this day our hearts anew!
Emerson, our Emerson!

SUGGESTIONS WANTED.

HOW QUICKEN EXPRESSION THROUGH GESTURE?

When I ask for an article on gesture I fully realize how broad is the subject and how many are the stumbling blocks in teaching that form of expression.

Now in order that you may understand why I ask for such an article and on what points I ask assistance, let me explain in as few words as possible my present difficulties.

1st. I am teaching in an academy composed chiefly of country boys and girls who have had few advantages and have been trained in the most common place duties of life, with almost nothing of the artistic as yet developed within them (of course there are exceptions.)

2nd. They receive instruction in Physical Culture on but one day a week and in Oratory but once a week.

3rd. All of the students are obliged to take the work.

4th. But very few are naturally inclined toward our art.

5th. The few who really are interested are exceedingly conscious and, as a natural result of that, timid.

6th. Scholars cannot be made to take exercises but once a day.

The Emerson System has been taught in this school nearly two years and has been received with much favor by the educators and students, and considering the material and circumstances the results have on the whole been very satisfactory—and yet I have been greatly troubled in consequence of the lack of responsiveness through the body to the thought, and more than all because of the lack of vigor of thought.

My requirements, briefly considered, have been these: From the mental standpoint,

1st. Interest in the subject.

2nd. Determination to interest the audience in the subject.

3rd. Mind concentrated upon this purpose resulting in vigor of thought.

From the physical standpoint,

Daily training of the body by the Emerson System of Physical Culture—that the body may be free to act in response to the dictates of the mind.

During the second year's work I have even introduced a bit of the responsive work—quite successfully.

Here lies my trouble—*The pupils will not make gestures.*

For you who are still in the College work and are daily filled with the enthusiasm and vigorous thinking that is constantly about you, and who are daily witnessing the carvings in the air of your fellow-students in their eagerness to impress their listeners—for you, I say, it is hard to understand how lifeless a class in Oratory may be. Drink in all you can at the fountain of life and enthusiasm. Get hold of the principles. Make them your own. Live them continually, for you will need them. With the Emerson principles—God's universal principles—ruling your life you must succeed; but some day when you find yourself a lone Emersonian in a school of a hundred or more students, a lone Emersonian who must furnish interest, enthusiasm and sometimes, it seems, *brains*,—for your hundred pupils—when you find yourself thus placed you will long for the

truth as you never longed before. You will long for broader development and for the deeper wisdom. But I am wandering. I said the scholars would not make gestures. Now, how have you who are now teachers proceeded to bring forth this form of expression? How would you who are still pupils proceed under such circumstances?

Of course I have succeeded to a certain extent but seldom have the pupils gotten to the place where they are unconscious of their movements. As long as there is lack of vigor in the thinking, the body will be lifeless. I have endeavored to quicken the activity of the mind and when after succeeding in that, the arms have still hung lifeless. I have been obliged to make the pupils conscious of gesture with the following criticisms: "I cannot understand what you say—your class and teacher are deaf—you can convey your thoughts to them only through their sense of sight. Where are these things of which you are speaking? Locate them. How large? Are they above or below you? Where shall I look? Use every agent to help us to understand." And such suggestions as would fit the nature of the piece.

This seldom fails to bring the desired result for the time. The interest is aroused and held as long as the lesson lasts but during the week that intervenes between the lessons the interest is lost, is crowded out by other studies, and the following week the same ground must be covered.

I often see a desire on the part of the pupils to gesticulate, but it breaks forth only after the most urgent request of the teacher to make the thought definitely clear to the class. If the pupils can once be fully aroused to this form of expression in class work (I have no trouble in private work), the duty of the teacher will become simplified into directing and shaping the gesture, and no time need then be spent in creating gesture.

I can hear many of you say—"Increase the vigor of thought; give the pupils time and gestures will follow." Yes, my good friends, I know all that; I believe it; I teach it; mean-

while I must graduate pupils who on the closing day must appear before the public and deliver their addresses, speak distinctly—stand well—bow well—and make “*good gestures*.”

Will you help me? I feel sure that in helping one through the pages of the E. C. O. Magazine you will help many Emersonians who are introducing our work all over the land.

M. C. S.

SUMMER SCHOOL AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

To those desiring a pleasant and profitable summer outing at the sea shore a season at Martha's Vineyard summer school is recommended. No place more perfectly combines opportunities for all seaside pleasures, bathing, boating, fishing, collecting sea mosses, &c.—with the higher joys of an intellectual freshening and quickening.

Mrs. Southwick and Professors Tripp and Kidder have charge of the Emerson College department which is sufficient guarantee of its strength and excellence—and the eighteen other departments of the school are equally well represented. Every instructor at the Vineyard manifests a personal pride in the success of the school and an individual interest in each student—in fact a thoroughly Emersonian spirit prevails.

For bicycling the miles of concrete roads make the island all that heart could desire. A liberal discount is accorded the members of clubs. Discounts increasing in proportion to size of club. For further particulars address Mrs. M. P. Rice, care of Emerson College who is forming a club of students for this summer's school. Mrs. Rice spent last summer at the Vineyard and personally knows what an Ultima Thule it is for those who seek to combine rest and a social good time with profitable study.

RICHELIEU AT LYNN.

A reproduction of Richelieu was given at Lynn, Wednesday evening, May 6, by Prof. Southwick and cast. The following notice will speak for itself:

Lynn Transcript.

It may be said that the enterprise of Mr. Hood

in giving us this educated company of ladies and gentlemen, representing members of the faculty and advanced students of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, was recognized and appreciated by an excellent class of patrons upon the presentation by the same company of The Merchant of Venice, some weeks ago, to a large audience,—as noticed in these columns at that time.

The work on Wednesday evening was performed in the same conscientious and refined manner as in the first instance. Mr. Henry L. Southwick was the Cardinal, and his wife sustained the leading character of Julie de Mortemar.

We will speak without extravagance or dissimulation when we say that the rendering of these parts was both pleasing and excellent. Mr. Kidder was particularly good as Baradas, as was Mr. Tripp in the part of Adrian de Mauprat. Nor will we forget to highly commend the Joseph of Mr. Crane. The other characters though of minor importance were in competent hands.

Two marks of credit should be awarded to the entire company, first, for being dead-letter perfect in their parts, and second for their correct elocution and pronunciation. No cockney affectations were detected, no “*evilles*” nor “*de-viles*,” no “*cous-ins*,” no *whare* (for were), no “*cort*,” (for court), no “*paurt*” (for part,) nor, in fact any other carelessness or affectation.

PROGRAM OF WORK IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FOR FRESHMAN CLASS.

The freshmen will take Course I, and the last part of Course II, on the novel. Those who wish to take this work may read: Marlowe's “*Dr. Faustus*,” and the first three books of Milton's “*Paradise Lost*,” also, Scott's “*Woodstock*,” Dicken's “*Tale of Two Cities*,” Thackeray's “*The Newcomes*,” Hawthorne's “*Marble Faun*,” and George Eliot's “*Adam Bede*,”

FOR JUNIOR CLASS.

The juniors may read Cowper's “*Task*,” and the Poems of Burns. “*The Ancient Mariner*,” and “*Christabel*” of Coleridge. Shelley's “*Prometheus Unbound*” and “*Adonais*,” Keat's “*St. Agn s Eve*,” Wordsworth's “*Minor Poems*” [Rolf] and “*The Prelude*.”

FOR SENIOR CLASS.

The seniors may read Tennyson's “*Idylls of the King*,” “*Maud*,” and “*The Princess*.” For the last part of the year they may read Browning's “*Men and Women*,” and Mrs. Browning's “*Prometheus*,” “*Sonnets*,” and “*At Cowper's Grave*.”

